



1714-3

California State Library

Presented by

Date received

No. 30598

★ ★
C 051



0 2007 0178294 4

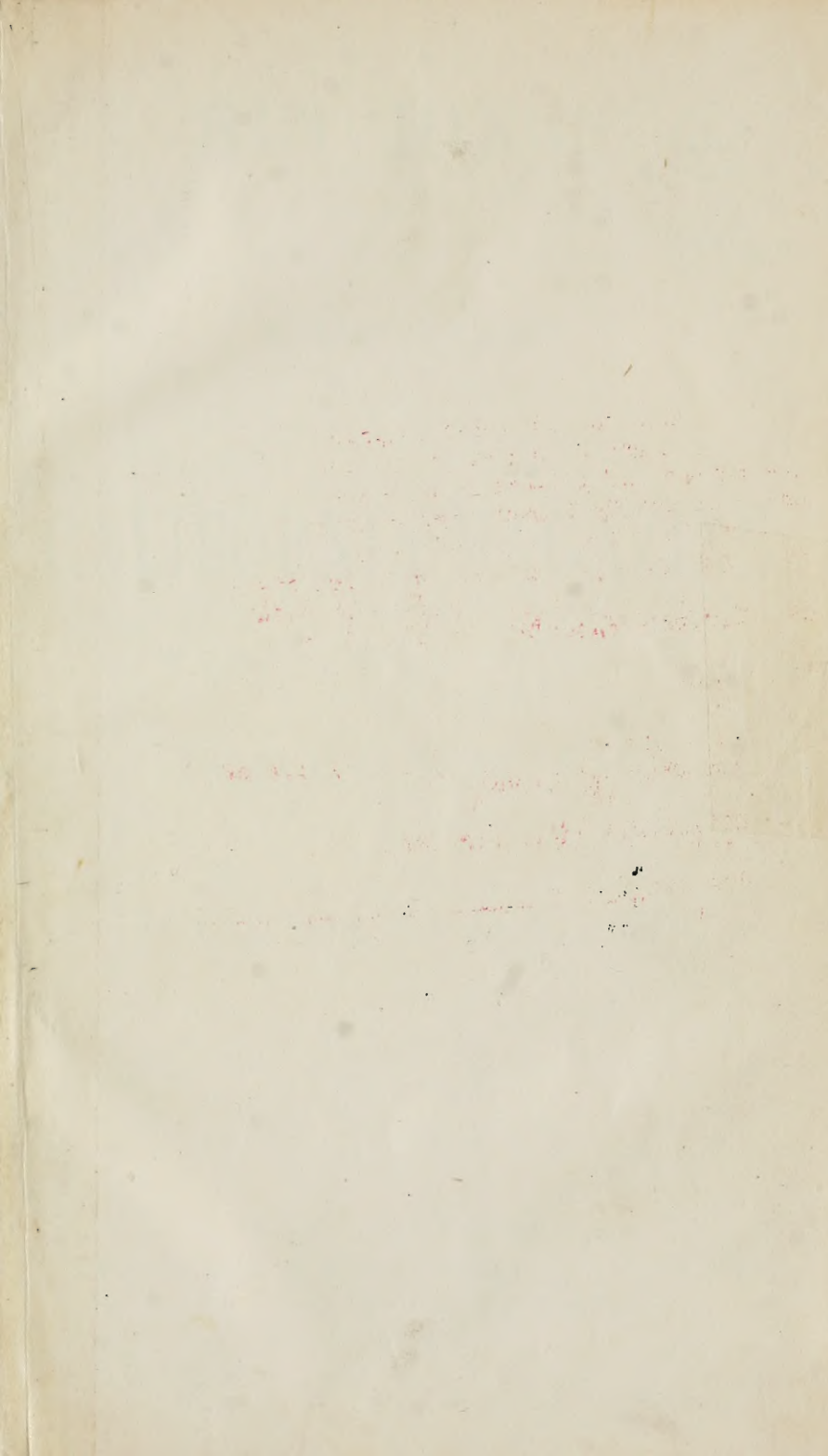
California State Library

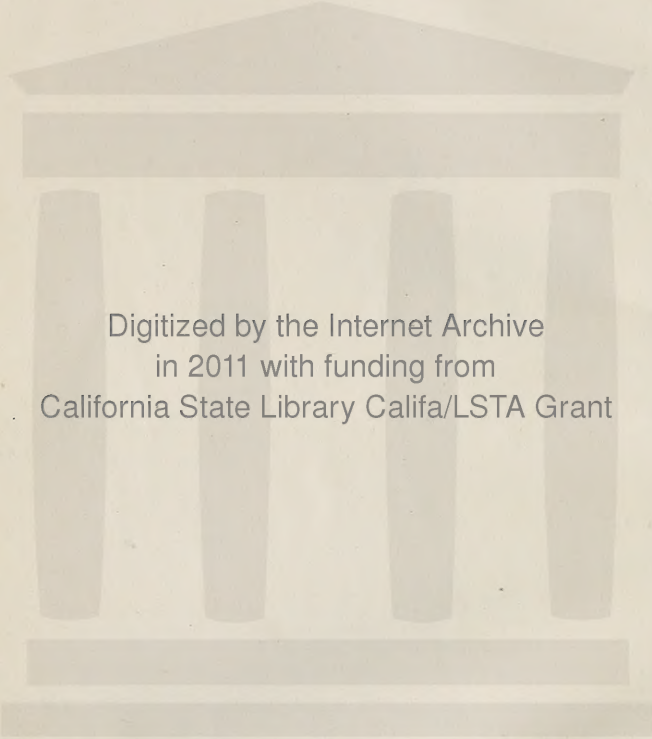
EX

*From an Act prescribing Rules for the Government of the State Library, passed
March 8th, 1861.*

SECTION 11. The Librarian shall cause to be kept a register of all books issued and returned; and all books taken by the members of the Legislature, or its officers, shall be returned at the close of the session. If any person injure or fail to return any book taken from the Library, he shall forfeit and pay to the Librarian, for the benefit of the Library, three times the value thereof; and before the Controller shall issue his warrant in favor of any member or officer of the Legislature, or of this State, for his per diem, allowance, or salary, he shall be satisfied that such member or officer has returned all books taken out of the Library by him, and has settled all accounts for injuring such books or otherwise.

Sec. 15. Books may be taken from the Library by the members of the Legislature and its officers during the session of the same, and at any time by the Governor and the officers of the Executive Department of this State who are required to keep their offices at the seat of government the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the Trustees of the Library.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
California State Library Califa/LSTA Grant

HUTCHINGS'



'8681 'ANI

ILLUSTRATED

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,

VOLUME IV.

JULY, 1859, TO JUNE, 1860.



SAN FRANCISCO:
HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 146 MONTGOMERY STREET.
1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the years 1859-60,

By HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD,

In the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the Northern District of the State of California.

PRINTED BY CHAS. F. ROBBINS,
No. 111 Clay Street, S. F.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

	PAGE.
ADVENTURES OF CAPT. FLORENCE AND PARTY.....	517
AGNES EMERSON.....	222, 258, 305, 353, 411, 470, 500, 537
A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A BLUE.....	520
ALONE.....	357
AMELIA OLDENBURGH.....	369, 414, 462, 510, 565
A MEMORY.....	75
AN ANSWER TO HORACE GREELEY'S ASSERTION.....	250
AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.....	79
A STAGE INCIDENT.....	419
A SUMMER MORNING.....	71
A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.....	38
BE PUNCTUAL.....	413
BITTEN.....	418
BLESSING THE MINE.....	337
BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA.....	67
CALIFORNIA CONDOR.....	17, 63
CALIFORNIA GOLD.....	212
CALIFORNIA SILVER FIR.....	49
CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS.....	396, 441, 486
CASE OF THE ARABELLA.....	402
CASTLES IN THE AIR.....	449
CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.....	129, 173
CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.....	313
CLEAR LAKE.....	349
COUSIN NELL.....	209
CROSSING THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.....	52
CURE FOR THE BLUES.....	557
CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.....	447
DAISYBANK.....	325, 360
DEATH AND BURIAL OF JUNIPERO SERRA.....	493
DESULTORIA.....	109
DRAWING THE LONG BOW.....	217
DRESS AS A FINE ART.....	452, 497

EDITOR'S TABLE:

The New Volume; Fourth of July; Political Trickery, 47. Proposition for a Thanksgiving Reunion of Our Contributors; Improvements in Progress; State Industry and the Fair of the State Agricultural Society; The Pacific Expositor, 95. The Desirability of the United States Having a War with France or England; Choice Language and Urbane Manners of California Politicians, 143. The Pacific Railroad, Again; The State Fair an Illustration of our Progress, 190. Charity; Mormonism as a System; Resignation of the U. S. Marshal of Utah Territory, 240. Inauguration of the Second Golden Era; Injurious Effects of the Present System of Mail Contracts by Sea, 287. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; Public School Examinations, 335. The Pacific Railroad Convention at the State Capital; Steamers Carrying the California Mails; Movement of the Post Master General in Favor of Overland Mail Routes; A Few Words to Contributors, 383. Excitements; Swamp and Overflowed Lands; San Francisco Medical Press, 431. Excitements Concerning the Washoe Silver Mines; Great Panorama of California; Steamship Opposition at an End, 478. The Pony Express; Careless Legislation; The Japanese Embassy, 527. Completion of the Fourth Volume of the California Magazine; Two Numbers wanted at \$1 each; The Washoe Indian War; The Brutalizing Effects of Publishing Accounts of Pugilistic Encounters.	
EFFIE IS DEAD: MUSIC.....	401
ELLE ME VOIT.....	369
ELLEN ASHTON.....	126
FANCIES.....	322
FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN.....	405
FASHIONS.....	45, 93, 141, 188, 237, 285, 332, 382, 429, 476, 525
FEMALE EDUCATION.....	395
FOREVER.....	420
FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS OF FATHER KINO.....	504, 545
FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF CALIFORNIA.....	29
FUN POETRY.....	71
GENTLE NELLIE: MUSIC.....	114
GOD BLESS OUR HOMES.....	396
GOD HELP US TO BE PATIENT.....	112
GOD IS OVER ALL.....	564
GOOD BYE.....	258
GOOD NIGHT.....	364
HABIT, THE SIX PAIR OF SPECTACLES.....	509
HEARTS.....	374
HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED HER.....	209
HE HAS GONE TO HIS REST.....	467
HOME GATHERING SONG.....	517
HONEY BEE OF CALIFORNIA.....	252
HORACE GREELEY'S VISIT TO THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.....	205
HOW CAME THEY THERE.....	113
I KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.....	568
INSTINCT AND REASON.....	272
IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY.....	53
LASSEN'S PEAK.....	299
LAST GIFTS OF THE DYING.....	455
LEGENDS OF THE TURNIP COUNTER.....	133, 178, 266, 318, 374, 421

LIFE'S FLEETING DREAM.....	74
LIFE SCULPTURE.....	219
LINES TO ———.....	15
LINES TO A MOCKING BIRD.....	65
MEMORY.....	266
MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA, DISCOVERER OF OREGON.....	116, 161
MEN AND WOMEN.....	303
MINING LAWS OF WASHOE.....	448
MINER'S SONG ON FRAZER RIVER.....	108
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, 46, 94, 141, 189, 238, 286, 334, 382, 430, 477, 526.	
MY GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.....	314
MY HOME.....	217
MY NATIVE STREAM.....	503
MY WINDOW SEAT.....	35
NATURAL FORCES.....	468
NINA TRAIL.....	409
NOTES AND SKETCHES ON THE BAY AND RIVER.....	1
NOTES AND SKETCHES OF THE WASHOE COUNTRY.....	433
OLD MUSIC.....	510
ONLY ONE PAGE FROM THE GREAT LIFE BOOK OF CALIFORNIA ...	275
OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC.....	44
ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.....	405, 444, 554
OTHER DAYS.....	521
OUR FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.....	123
OUR LITTLE ANGEL: MUSIC.....	25
OUR PLAY.....	168
OUR SOCIAL CHAIR:	

Summer in San Francisco; Nosological; The Lovers; Little Iva, 40. Warm Weather; "Copy" in Warm Weather; Letters to the Social Chair, from "Chair of State," "Camp Stool," "Invalid Chair," and "Sewing Chair"; Fashionable Clothing; A Chapter on the Times; You Kissed Me, 88. Donations for the Social Circle; Letters from a "Teacher's Chair"; Matrimonial Manners; Our Exchanges; The Butchers; The Naturalization Question; A Dying Sigh for Home; The Contrast, 138. Laughing Animals; Sample Clerk Wanted; Indian Preference; Provisions for a Trip to the Yo-Semite Valley; An Incurable Witness; Horace Greeley's Visit to the Yo-Semite Valley; A Strange Voter; Newly Arrived Emigrants; Undignified Proceedings, 184. The Heart-Enlarging Influences of Social Converse; Letters from a "Dentist's Chair," "School Stool," and a Waiter's Chair"; A Daguerreotype Mus-

ing, or an Epistle to the Editor; A Touching Incident; To Alice, 232. Social Pleasures are Reciprocal; A Disciple of Blackstone; Letter from a Lawyer's Chair; The Western Cattle Dealer; Mr. Green, at what time would you like to be hung?; Success of Brevity in Dunning, 282. Laugh; A Melancholy Ditty (price three cents); Amusing Incident; Betting on a Certainty; A Novel Duel; Letter to Miners, 329. Live in the Present; A Set Back to a Poetic Dream; That Bottle of Fly Poison; The Invalid Chair; Teacher's Chair, No. 2; The Stars are all Crying, to-night; Adjectives; Deacon B——, 377. Cheerfulness; Singular Cure for Drunkenness; An Affecting Epitaph, Illustrated; Bones Cost as much as Meat; What are you Digging for?; A Valentine and the Answer, 424. Horse Stealing by a Woman; Calculations on the Millenium; A Correction; A Respectable Kind of Nose;

Story of a couple of Topers; Anecdote of Daniel Webster; An Aboriginal Romance; The Blue Ribbon, 473. It is good to Hear or Relate an excellent Joke; A <i>Patronizing</i> Rebuff; A Marysville Justice's Opinion; Residents of San Diego an Enterprising People! Pluck to the Back-bone; Dividing the Punishment; Forgiveness; "Doings" to the Chair; A Dog-wood Tree known by its " <i>Bark</i> "; Taking Away his Improve-	ments; A Laugh with Nothing to Laugh at; Little Alie, 521; A Church Incident; Look out for you new Suit of Clothes; The American Eagle a Filibuster; She's out upon the Stormy Deep; Phase of Indian Life; Breach of Promise Case; Letter from the "Speaker's Chair"; "Noatis;" Borrowing; Age of Authors; Working for his Board and Clothes; Anecdote of a Three Year Old; '49 Prices in California.
PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF BEAR VALLEY.....	99
PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	273
RAIN IN CALIFORNIA.....	538
RHYME OF A PEDAGOGUE.....	271
SALMON FISHING ON THE SACRAMENTO.....	529
SAN FRANCISCO MERCANTILE LIBRARY.....	491
SCENES IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.....	340
SEKAH'S STORY.....	550
SNOW SHOES.....	358
SOME THINGS THAT I DON'T APPROVE OF.....	543
SONG.....	318
SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.....	57
SPONGES, THEIR VARIOUS FORMS AND GENERAL HISTORY.	358
SPRING BIRDS.....	16
STAGING.....	364
STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.....	97
CITY OF STOCKTON.....	350
STOCKTON.....	560
SUNSHINE.....	461
THE ARTIST AND THE MAY QUEEN.....	83
THE BURNS ANNIVERSARY.....	373
THE BURIAL.....	132
THE CARPENTER AND THE MAGIC STATUE.....	453
THE CHINESE.....	535
THE DOCTOR'S STORY.....	540
THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.....	167
THE FOUR SLAB STONES.....	455
THE GALLANT TAR.....	554
THE GOLDEN GATE.....	55
THE GRAVE DIGGERS.....	15
THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.....	17, 63
THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.....	145, 193, 241, 385
THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.....	559
THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO.....	59
THE MAMMOTH TREES OF MARIPOSA AND FREZNO.....	481
THE MANIAC.....	24
THE MERRIMAC.....	168
THE MILL WHEEL.....	32
THE MINER'S DEATH.....	172
THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.....	408

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.....	75
THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.....	345
THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.....	113
THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION MEMORIAL.....	227
THE RAINBOW.....	470
THE SAILOR'S LAST APPEAL.....	509
THE SAILOR BOY'S DEATH.....	23
THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.....	28
THE SLEEPER ON THE MOUNTAINS.....	305
THE UNKNOWN LOVER.....	227
THE WANDERER'S DREAM.....	451
THE WISTFUL HEART.....	549
THOSE SLAB STONES AGAIN.....	560
THOUGH ABSENT YET NEAR.....	22
TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS, 48, 96, 144, 192, 240, 288, 336, 384, 432, 480, 528, 576.	
TO ONE I LOVE.....	302
TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.....	288
TRYING MOMENTS.....	323
TWENTY YEARS AGO.....	497
UP THE HILL TOGETHER... ..	344
WHAT I THOUGHT.....	122
WHEN I WAS A CHILD.....	304
WHEN WE SAILED AROUND THE HORN.....	137

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO.	PAGE.	NO.	PAGE.
1. Scene at the Mouth of the Old Sacramento River.....	1	17. View at the Solano Mineral Springs	57
2. Steamboats Antelope and Bragdon at Jackson St. Wharf... ..	3	18. Scene in the Foot Hills of Suisun Valley.....	57
3. Alcatrazes Island.....	4	19. The San Francisco Industrial School	59
4. Red (or Treasure) Rock.....	5	20. The Male California Condor, on the Wing.....	62
5. The Two Sisters.....	6	21. State Asylum for the Insane at Stockton.....	97
6. Straits of Carquinez.....	7	22. Wyatt's Bridge on the Merced River	100
7. Benicia, Martinez and Monte Diablo	8	23. Ridley's Ferry on the Merced.....	101
8. Scene at Junction of Old Sacramento River and Steamboat Slough....	9	24. Sic Transit Gloria.....	102
9. View Above Steamboat Slough....	11	25. Workmen in the Bear Valley, Quartz Mine.....	103
10. Church on the Sacramento River... ..	12	26. The Town of Bear Valley, Mariposa County.....	104
11. River and Levee at Sacramento City	13	27. The Fremont Quartz Mill, Bear Valley.....	105
12. Silver Firs in the Santa Lucia Mountains.....	49	28. Residence of Col. J. C. Fremont, at Bear Valley.....	106
13. Cone of the Silver Fir, Natural Size	51	29. The Oso Quartz Mine and Mill....	107
14. View of North Fork of Amer. River	52	30. The Yo-Semite Waterfall.....	146
15. View of Iowa Hill, Placer County..	54		
15. Clipper Ship at anchor at the Entrance of San Francisco Harbor..	55		

NO.	PAGE.	NO.	PAGE.
31. Boats Leaving the Wharf at San Francisco.....	147	68. The Mountain Meadow Massacre....	345
32. The Start for the Valley.....	149	69. The Monument.....	347
33. Bower Cave.....	151	70. Clear Lake.....	349
34. Camping at Deer Flat—Night Scene	153	71. City of Stockton.....	350 33
35. Descending the Mountain into the Valley.....	155	72. The "Praire Schooner," Leaving Stockton.....	352
36. Distant View of the Pohono, or Bridal Vail Waterfall.....	157	73. The Three Brothers, Yo-Semite Valley.....	385
37. River Scene at the foot of the Trail.	159	74. View to the North-East, Looking up the Yo-Semite Valley.....	387
38. Near View of the Yo-Semite Waterfall.....	193	75. Buck, Ready for the Start.....	388
39. The Py-wy-ac, or Vernal Fall.....	193	76. The Indian Trail up the Mountain..	389
40. The Yo-Semite Hotel.....	195	77. Ascending the lower Dome..	391
41. River Scene below the Bridge.....	197	78. Benighted.....	292
42. View of North and South Domes—To-coy-ee and Tis-sa-ac.....	199	79. Sentinel Rock.....	393
43. The Ferry.....	200	80. View down the Valley, near Cathedral Rocks.....	394
44. Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah.....	201	81. Group of California Wild Flowers	397
45. Indian Canon.....	203	82. The American Cowslip (in outline).	399
46. General View of the Yo-Semite Valley.....	240	83. The Kissing Beauty (in outline)....	400
47. Fording Yo-Semite Creek.....	241	84. Virginia City, Carson Valley, and the Comstock Lead.....	433
48. Near View of the Pohono, or Bridal Vail Fall.....	243	85. The Devil's Gate, Silver City.....	437
49. The Too-lu-lu-wack, or South Fork Waterfall.....	245	86. Carson City.....	439
50. South Dome, from the Canon of the South Fork.....	246	87. Genoa.....	440
51. The Ladders.....	247	88. Group of California Wild Flowers..	441
52. Merced River Rushing through the Gorge.....	248	89. Sour Clover (in outline).....	442
53. The Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada Waterfall.	249	90. Buckhorn-leaved Gilia and Standing Cypress (in outline)....	443
54. Pueblo of San Jose, Santa Clara County.....	288	91. Scene in the Fresno Grove of Mammoth Trees.....	481
55. The Witch's Cauldron, Geyser Springs.....	289	92. The Twins in the Mariposa Grove..	483
56. Navigation of Petaluma Creek.....	291	93. Satan's Spear, Mammoth Tree.....	484
57. Well, You Need'nt Quarrel about It	292	94. The Grizzled Giant, Mammoth Tree	485
58. Which Way Now, I Wonder.....	293	95. Group of California Wild Flowers.	487
59. Ray's Ranch and Russian River Valley, from Godwin's Peak.....	294	96. The Golden Star Tulip (in outline).	486
60. The Geyser Springs Hotel.....	296	97. The Chia Plant (in outline).....	490
61. Geyser Canon.....	297	98. Library and Reading-Room of San Francisco Mercantile Library Association.....	491
62. Proserpine's Grotto.....	299	99. Portrait of Junipero Serra, Founder of the California Missions.....	494
63. Lassen's Peak, from the North Fork of Feather River.....	301	100. A Group of Salmon from the Sacramento River.....	529
64. Blessing the Mine.....	338	101. Fisherman's Hut on the Sacramento	530
65. Flume of the Hardscrabble Ditch...	341	102. Night Scene on the old Sacramento River.....	531
66. The Roanoke Tunnel, Placer County	342	103. Paying out the Seine.....	532
67. Wolverine Tunnel, Placer County..	343	104. Hauling in the Seine.....	533
		105. Indian Spearing Salmon.....	534
		106. A Chinese Soldier.....	535

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1859.

No. 1.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SACRAMENTO CITY.



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.

MANY of our readers are aware that the great navigable highway for at least three-fourths of the inland commerce and passenger transit of the State, lies through the northern end of the bay of San Francisco, from thence past the southern shore of the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, and up the Sacramento river to Sacramento city. To illustrate the beautiful scenes upon this route we find it next to impossible to obtain faithful and reliable sketches from the deck of a swiftly moving steamboat, that generally makes the upward trip (123 miles,) within ten hours, about seven of which, even in summer, are by night. To obviate this difficulty, the writer, in company with two others, engaged a sailing craft of about five tons burthen, and deposited thereon our precious lives, (without even taking the precaution of having them insured) a limited but assorted cargo of general stores, cooking apparatus, bedding, and other sundries, then gave our canvas to the breeze, and were off.

As one of our party, in addition to being an excellent draughtsman, was familiar with the mysteries of navigation, and the other with the duties appertaining to the office of a *chef de cuisine*, we all considered that our prospects of securing the end at which we aimed were indeed flattering; while the comfort and pleasure we endured would more than counterbalance all the risks that were undertaken, and at the same time allow us the opportunity of sailing when and where we pleased, for all the sketches and enjoyment that we wanted.

Inasmuch as the course of our voyage, by mutual consent, lay around several islands and among numerous sloughs and lagoons of the Sacramento, as well as on the principal streams, occupying some eight days, and as much of our time was consumed among the beaver-trappers and salmon-fishers and curers on the above named waters, we shall not now recount

our personal experiences and adventures, but reserve these subjects for a future and more suitable occasion, and take the reader, with his or her consent, by the far more pleasant and expeditious route of steamboat navigation.

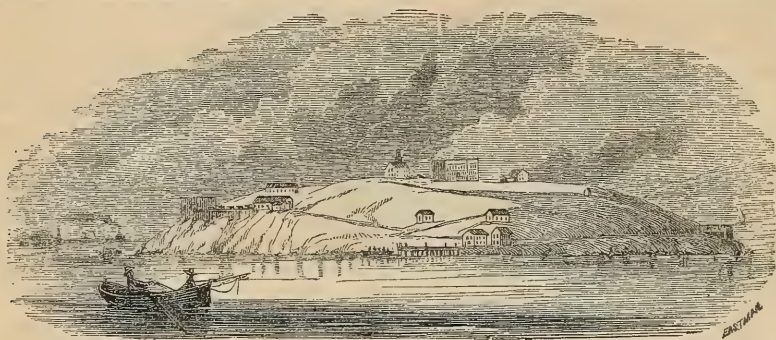
There probably is not a more exciting and bustling scene of business activity in any part of the world, than can be witnessed on almost any day, Sunday excepted, at Jackson street wharf, San Francisco, at a few minutes before 4 o'clock P. M. Men and women are hurrying to and fro; drays, carriages, express-wagons and horsemen, dash past you with as much rapidity and earnestness as though they were the bearers of a reprieve to some condemned criminal whose last moment of life had nearly expired, and by its speedy delivery thought they could save him from the scaffold. Indeed one would suppose by the apparent recklessness of driving and riding through the crowd, that numerous limbs would be broken, and carriages made into pieces as small as mince meat; but yet to your surprise nothing of the kind occurs, for on arriving at the smallest real obstacle to their progress, animals are suddenly reined in, with a promptness that astonishes you.

On these occasions, too, there is almost sure to be one or more intentional passengers that arrive just too late to get aboard, and who in their excitement often throw an overcoat or valise on the boat, or overboard, but neglect to embrace the only opportune moment to get on board themselves, and are consequently left behind, as these boats are always punctual to their time of starting.

Supposing that we have been more fortunate, by securing our passage and state-room in good time, please to put on your overcoat, as it is always cool in the evening on the bay, and let us take a cosy seat together, and while the black volumes of smoke are rolling from the tops of the funnels, and the boat is shooting past this



THE STEAMBOATS ANTELOPE AND BRAGDON AT JACK ON STREET WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.



ALCATRACES ISLAND.

wharf, and that vessel now lying at anchor in the bay or in full sail upon her voyage, or while numerous nervous people are troubled about their baggage and asking the porter all sorts of questions, let us have a quiet chat together, upon the scenes we may witness on our trip, and the historical facts connected with the early navigation of this beautiful route to the interior.

The first sailing vessel that made the voyage from San Francisco to where Sacramento city now stands, was the schooner *Isabella*, chartered by Capt. John A. Sutter, about the 5th of August, 1839; and owing to the numerous intricate outlets of the Sacramento river, he was eight days in discovering its main channel; and when about ten miles below where Sacramento city now stands, two hundred armed and hostile Indians intercepted his progress.

These however, he succeeded in conciliating, and was then allowed to proceed on his voyage accompanied by two of the natives. Other sail vessels of course followed at different times, in the wake of the pioneer schooner "*Isabella*," but as we are now more interested in steam navigation we shall not mention them more length.

The first steamboat that ever plowed the waters of the Sacramento, from San Francisco, was the "*Sitka*," a Russian built, stern wheel vessel, about sixty feet

in length by seventeen in breadth, owned by Capt. Leidesdorff, (the former owner of most of the Folsom property,) and she reached what was then known as Sutter's Embarcadero, now Sacramento city, in the summer of 1847.

The next was a stern wheel steam scow named the "*Lady Washington*," built at Sutter's Embarcadero, in Sept., 1849, and was owned by Simmons, Hutchinson & Co., and Smith, Bensley & Co., of that place, was run upon the upper rivers, and was the pioneer steam vessel above the mouth of the American river. The first trip was to where Coloma now stands; but unfortunately on her return trip she struck a snag and sunk, but was afterwards raised, refitted, and named the *Ohio*.

The next was a side-wheel steamer that was sent out on board ships from New York, put together in Sacramento city, there named the "*Sacramento*," and was run between Sacramento city and New York, on the Pacific, (a city of great pretensions, that was located near the mouth of the San Joaquin, but long since defunct,) and there connected with a line of schooners from San Francisco. This vessel was owned and commanded by Capt. John Van Pelt.

A small craft called the "*Mint*," was the next steamboat, and ran on this route through from San Francisco to Sacramento.

The large propeller McKim, of about 400 tons burthen, was the next in rotation, and made her trip from New Orleans, through the straits of Magellan to San Francisco, in 1849, and took her first trip up the Sacramento, in the latter part of Oct. of that year.

By far the most beautiful, most commodious, most comfortable, and at the same time, the most successful steamboat that ever run on the Sacramento river, was the "Senator," of 500 tons burthen. She made the voyage around Cape Horn, and arrived here on the 27th of Oct., 1849, and her first trip up to Sacramento city Nov. 5th, following. Her rates of fare were \$25 per passenger up, and \$30 down; Meals \$2, each; Stateroom \$10; Freight per ton from \$40 to \$50.

During the first year on that route her net profits exceeded \$60,000 per month; and ever since she has been a very profitable boat for her owners. The number of her passengers was generally about three hundred, and her freight about from two hundred to three hundred tons.

The next was a stern-wheel steamboat called the "Lawrence," 108 feet in length by 18 feet in width. She was brought out by a New Bedford company and put up at New York on the Pacific; and when finished, she was sent to Stockton about the latter part of Nov., 1849, and was the first steamboat that ever sailed for or arrived at that city. In December following she was taken to Sacramento and there sold, when her new owners sent her up the Feather river to Marysville, in command of Capt. Chadwick, and she was the first steamboat that ever ascended that river.

The "Linda," a stern-wheel steamer, was the next, owned by a company of which Mark Brummagem was one of the principal members. She ran between Sacramento

city and Marysville. Freight on the Lawrence and Linda was from 8 to 10 cents per pound; drinks 50 cents each.

The first steamboat that ever ascended the Sacramento river as far as Tehama was the "Jack Hayes," commanded by Capt Mosely, in May, 1850. She was first named the Commodore Jones, but being lengthened and otherwise changed, she lost her identity and her name at the same time.

The "Gold Hunter," commanded by Capt. Branham, now the U. S. surveying schooner Active, was put on about this time, but soon withdrawn.

The "Capt. Sutter," a small stern wheel boat, although only the second boat to Stockton, was the first to make regular trips from San Francisco to that city, and

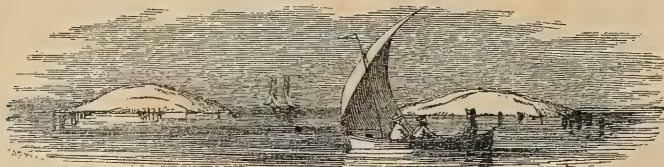


RED (OR TREASURE) ROCK.

succeeded the "Lawrence." She was put up by Capt. James Blair, of the U. S. Navy, and was more successful in proportion to her size than the Senator on the other route; and cleared not less than \$200,000 for her owners the first year.

We might mention *en passant*, to illustrate the large profits made by steamboats at that early day, that the Lawrence made a trip from Sacramento city to Lassen's Ranch, and received 30 cents per pound for freight on her entire cargo.

The following list of the various steamboats that have from time to time been running on this route, occasionally changing to some other, or been laid up, is as complete as we could make it, and we think will include nearly the whole that have ever been upon it:—



THE TWO SISTERS.

STERN WHEEL.

(High Pressure.)

Young America,
 Goodman Castle,
 Gov. Dana,
 Shasta,
 Plumas,
 Gazelle,
 Cleopatra,
 Belle,
 Gem,
 Capt. Sutter,
 Pike,
 Orient,
 Fashion,
 Nevada,
 Daniel Moir,
 Kennebec,
 Marysville,
 Clara,
 Medea,
 James Blair,
 Enterprise,
 Lawrence,
 Latona,
 Maria,
 Pearl,
 Etna,
 Sam Soule,
 Swan,
 San Joaquin,
 Tehama,
 Fire Fly,
 Kangaroo,

SIDE WHEEL.

(High Pressure.)

Urilda,
 Camanche,
 J. Bragdon,
 H. J. Clay,
 American Eagle,
 Helen Hensley,
 Anna Abernethy,
 Willamette,
 Eclipse,
 Queen City,
 Kate Kearny,
 Express,
 Caleb Cope,
 Sagamore,
 Mariposa,
 W. E. Robinson,
 Gov. Dana, No. 2.
 Sophia,
 Union, *(Iron Vessel)*
 Cornelia,
 C. M. Webber,

(Low Pressure.)

Senator,
 New World,
 Confidence,
 W. G. Hunt,
 Antelope,
 Thomas Hunt,
 Surprise,
 Goliath,
 El Dorado,
 Gold Hunter,
(now Active.)

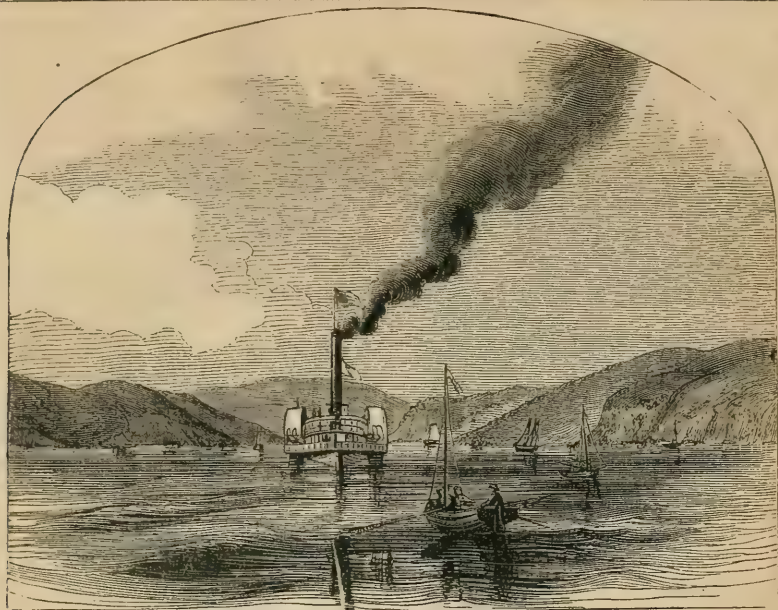
PROPELLERS.

McKim,
 Gen. Warren,
 Commodore Preble,
 Hartford,
 Eudora,
 Major Tompkins,
 Chesapeake.

While we have thus been gossiping about steamboats, we have arrived off Alcatrazes or Pelican Island. This we see is just opposite the Golden Gate, and about half way between San Francisco and Angel Island. It commands the entrance to the great bay of San Francisco, and is but three and a half miles from Fort Point.

This island is 140 feet in height above low tide, 450 feet in width, and 1650 feet in length, somewhat irregular in shape; and fortified on all sides. The large building on its summit, about the centre or crest of the island, is a defensive barrack or citadel, three stories high, and in time of peace will accommodate about 200 men, and in time of war at least three times that number. It is not only a shelter for the men, and will withstand a respectable cannonade, but from the top a murderous fire could be poured upon its assailants at all parts of the island, and from whence every point of it is visible. There is a belt of fortifications encircling the island, consisting of a series of Barbette batteries, mounting altogether about 94 guns, 24, 42, 68, and 132 pounders.

The first building that you notice after landing at the wharf is a massive brick and stone guard house, shot and shell proof, well protected by a heavy gate and draw-bridge, and has three embrasures for 24 pound howitzers that command the approach from the wharf. The top of this, like the barracks, is flat, for the use and protection of riflemen. Other guard-houses of similar construction are built at different points, between which there are long lines of parapets sufficiently high to preclude the possibility of an escalade, and back of which are circular platforms for mounting guns of the heaviest caliber, some of which weigh from 9,000 to 10,000 pounds. In addition to these there are three bomb-proof magazines, each of which will hold 10,000 lbs of powder. On the south-eastern side of the island is a large furnace for the



STRAITS OF CARQUINEZ.

purpose of heating cannon balls; and other similar contrivances are in course of construction.

Unfortunately there is no natural supply of water on the island, so that all of that element which is used there is taken from Saucelito. In the basement of the barracks is a cistern capable of holding 50,000 gallons of water, a portion of which can be supplied from the roof of that building in the rainy season.

Appropriations have been made for the fortification of this island to the amount of \$896,000, and about \$100,000 more will complete them. From 40 to 200 men have been employed upon these works since their commencement in 1853.

At the south-eastern end of the island is a fog bell of about the same weight as that at Fort Point, and which is regulated to strike by machinery once in about every fifteen seconds.

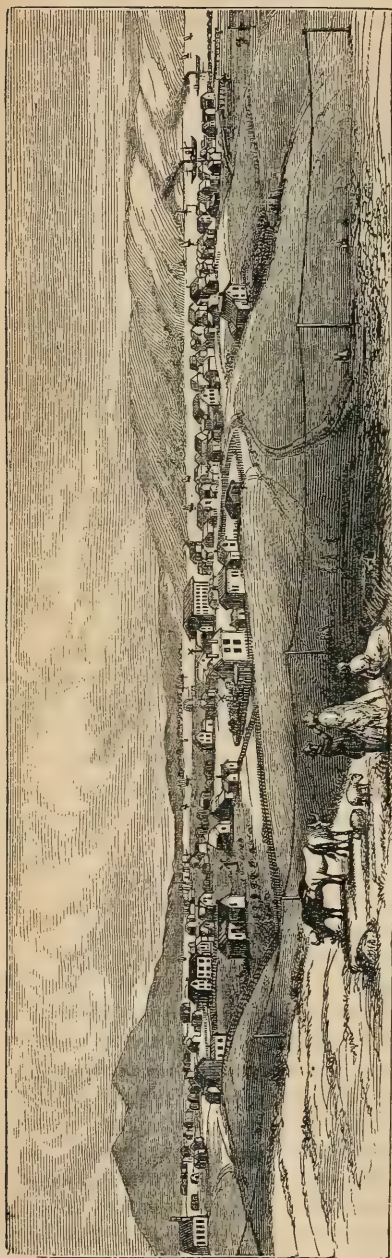
The whole of the works on this island are under the skillful superintendence of Lieut. McPherson, who very kindly ex-

plained to us the strength and purposes of the different fortifications made.

The lighthouse at the south of the barracks contains a Fresnel lantern of the third order, and which can be seen on a clear night some twelve miles outside the heads, and is of great service in suggesting the course of a vessel when entering the bay.

Yet, as we are sailing on at considerable speed across the entrance to the Bay, towards Angel Island, we must not linger here, not even in imagination; especially as we can now look out through the far famed Golden Gate and towards the golden hinged hope of many who with lingering eyes have longed to look upon it and to enter through its charmed portals to this land of gold. How many too have longed and hoped for years to pass it once again, on their way out to the endeared and loving hearts that wait to welcome them at that dear spot they still call Home! God bless them.

Now the vessel is in full sail, and steam-



BENICIA, MARTINEZ, AND MONTE DIABLO.

ships, that are entering the heads, as well as those within that are tacking now on this stretch and now on that to make way out against the strong northwest breeze that blows in at the Golden Gate for three eighths of the year, are fast being lost to sight, and we are just abreast of Angel Island and but five miles from the city of San Francisco. This Island was granted by Gov. Alvarado to Antonio M. Asio, by order of the Government of Mexico, in 1837; and by him sold to its present owners in 1853. As it contains some 800 acres of excellent land it is by far the largest and most valuable of any in the Bay of San Francisco; and the green wild oats that grow to its very summit in early spring, but ripened now, give excellent pasturage to stock of all kinds; while the natural springs at different points afford abundance of water at all seasons. At the present time there are about 500 sheep roaming over its fertile hills. A large portion of the land is susceptible of cultivation for grain and vegetables.

From the inexhaustible quarries of hard blue and brown sandstone that here abound, have been taken nearly all of the stone used in the foundations of the numerous buildings in San Francisco.—The extensive fortifications at Alcatrazes Island, Fort Point, and other places, have been faced with it; and the extensive Government works at Mare Island have been principally built with stone from these quarries, and many thousands of tons will yet be required from the same source before the fortifications and other Government works are completed. Clay is also found in abundance, and of an excellent quality for making bricks.

In 1856 this Island was surveyed by the U. S. Engineers, for the purpose of locating sites for two 24 gun batteries, which are in the line of fortifications required before our Bay may be considered as fortified. The most important of these



SCENE AT THE JUNCTION OF OLD RIVER AND STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

batteries will be on the north-west point of the Island, and will command Raccoon Straits; and until this is built, our Navy Yard at Mare Island, and even the city of San Francisco itself cannot be considered safe, as through these Straits ships of war could easily pass, if by means of the heavy fog that so frequently hangs over the entrance to the bay, or other cause, they once passed Fort Point in safety. But let us pass on to Red Rock.

This singular looking island was formerly called Treasure or Golden Rock in old charts, from some traditionary report being circulated of some large treasure having been once carried there by early

Spanish navigators. In charts of recent date however, it is sometimes called Molate Island, but is now more generally known as Red Rock, from its general color.

There are several strata of rock, of different colors, if rock it can be called, one of which is very fine and resembles an article sometimes found upon a lady's toilet-table—of course in earlier days—known as rouge-powder. Besides this there are several stratas of a species of clay or colored pigment, of from four to twelve inches in thickness, and of various colors. Upon the beach numerous small red pebbles, very much resembling

cornelian, are found. There can be but little wonder it should be called "Red Rock" by plain matter-of-fact people like ourselves. It is covered with wild oats to its summit, on which is planted a flag-staff and cannon. Some four years ago its locator and owner, Mr. Selim E. Woodworth, took about half a dozen tame rabbits over to it, from San Francisco, and now there are several hundred.

As Mr. W., before becoming a benedict, made this his place of residence, he partially graded its apparently inaccessible sides; and at different points planted several ornamental trees. A small bachelor's cabin stands near the water's edge, and as this affords the means of cooking fish and sundry other dishes, its owner and a small party of friends pay it an occasional visit for fishing and general recreation. Several sheep roam about on the island, and as they like rabbits never drink water, they do not feel the loss of that which nature has here failed to supply.

But on, on we sail, and pass Maria Island and also two low rocks called the Two Sisters, and after shooting by Point San Pablo, we enter the large bay of that name; charmed as we are with fine table and grazing lands on our right at the foot of the Contra Costa range of hills.

Just before entering the Straits of Carquinez, that connects the bays of San Pablo and Suisun, on our left we get a glimpse of the Government works at Mare Island, and the town of Vallejo; but as we shall probably have something to say about these points at some future time, we will now take a look at the straits. As the stranger approaches these for the first time, he makes up his mind that the vessel on which he stands is out of her course and is certainly running towards a bluff, and will soon be in trouble if she does not change her course, but as he advances and the entrance to this

narrow channel becomes visible, he then concludes that a few moments ago he entertained a very foolish idea.

Now however the bell of the steamboat and a porter both announce that we are coming near Benicia, and that those who intend disembarking here had better have their baggage and their ticket in readiness. One would suppose as the boat nears the wharf that she is going to run "right into it," but soon she moves gracefully round and is made fast; but while those ashore and those aboard are eagerly scanning each other, to see if there is any familiar face to which to give the nod of recognition, or the cordial waving of the hand in friendly greeting, we will take our seats and say a word or two about this city.

Benicia was founded in the fall of 1847 by the late Thomas O. Larkin, and Roland Semple (who was also the originator and editor of the first California newspaper published at Monterey, Aug. 15th, 1846, entitled "*The Californian*,") upon land donated them for the purpose by Gen. M. G. Vallejo, and named in honor of the General's estimable lady.

In 1848 a number of families took up their residence here. During the fall of that year a public school was established, and which has been continued uninterruptedly to the present. In the ensuing spring a Presbyterian church was organized, and has continued under its original pastor, to the present time.

The peculiarly favorable position of Benicia recommended it at an early day as a suitable place for the general military headquarters of the U. S., upon the Pacific. Being alike convenient of access both to the sea-board and interior, and far enough from the coast to be secure against sudden assault in time of war, it was seen that no more favorable position could be selected, as adapted to all contingencies. These views met the approval of the General Government; and according-



VIEW FIVE MILES ABOVE STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

ly extensive storehouses were built, military posts established; and arrangements made for erecting here the principal arsenal on the Pacific coast.

There already are erected barracks for the soldiers, and officers' quarters; two magazines capable of holding from 6,000 to 7,000 barrels of gun-powder of 100 lbs. each; two storehouses filled with gun-carriages, cannon, ball, and several hundred stand of small arms, besides workshops, &c.

About one hundred men are now employed, under the superintendence of Capt F. D. Calender, in the construction of an Arsenal 200 feet in length by 60 feet in width, and three stories in height, suitably provided with towers, loop-holes, windows, &c. Besides this a large citadel is in course of erection. \$225,000 have already been appropriated to these works, and they will most probably require as much more before the whole is completed.

Here too are ten highly and curiously ornamented bronze cannon, six 8 pounders and four 4 pounders, that were brought originally from old Spain, and taken at Fort Point during our war with Mexico.

The following names and dates are inscribed on some of them, besides coats of arms, &c.

"San Martin, Ano. D. 1684."

"Poder, Ano. D. 1693."

"San Francisco, Ano. D. 1673."

"San Domingo, Ano. D. 1679."

"San Pedro, Ano. D. 1628."

As the barracks are merely a depot for the reception and transmission of troops, it is difficult to say how many soldiers are quartered here at any one time.

There are numerous other interesting places about Benicia, one of which is the extensive works of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, where all the repairs to their vessels are made, coal deposited, &c., &c.

In 1853 Benicia was chosen the capital of the State by our peripatetic Legislature, and continued to hold that position for about a year, when it was taken to Sacramento, where it still (for a wonder) remains.

And, though last, by no means the least important feature of Benicia, is the widely known and deservedly flourishing boarding school for young ladies, the Benicia seminary, under the charge of



CHURCH ON THE RIVER, NINE MILES ABOVE
STEAMBOAT SLOUGH.

Miss Mary Atkins, founded in 1852, and in which several young ladies have taken graduating honors. Next to this is the collegiate school for young gentlemen under the superintendence of Mr. Flatt, and which was established in 1853. Next to this is the college of Notre Dame for the education of Catholic children.—These, united to the excellent sentiments of the people, make Benicia a favorite place of residence for families.

Nearly opposite to Benicia and distant only three miles is the pretty agricultural village of Martinez, the county-seat of Contra Costa county. A week among the live-oaks, gardens, and farms in and around this lovely spot, will convince the most skeptical that there are few more beautiful places in any part of the State. A steam ferry boat runs across the straits between this place and Benicia every hour in the day. The Stockton boat always touches here both going and returning.

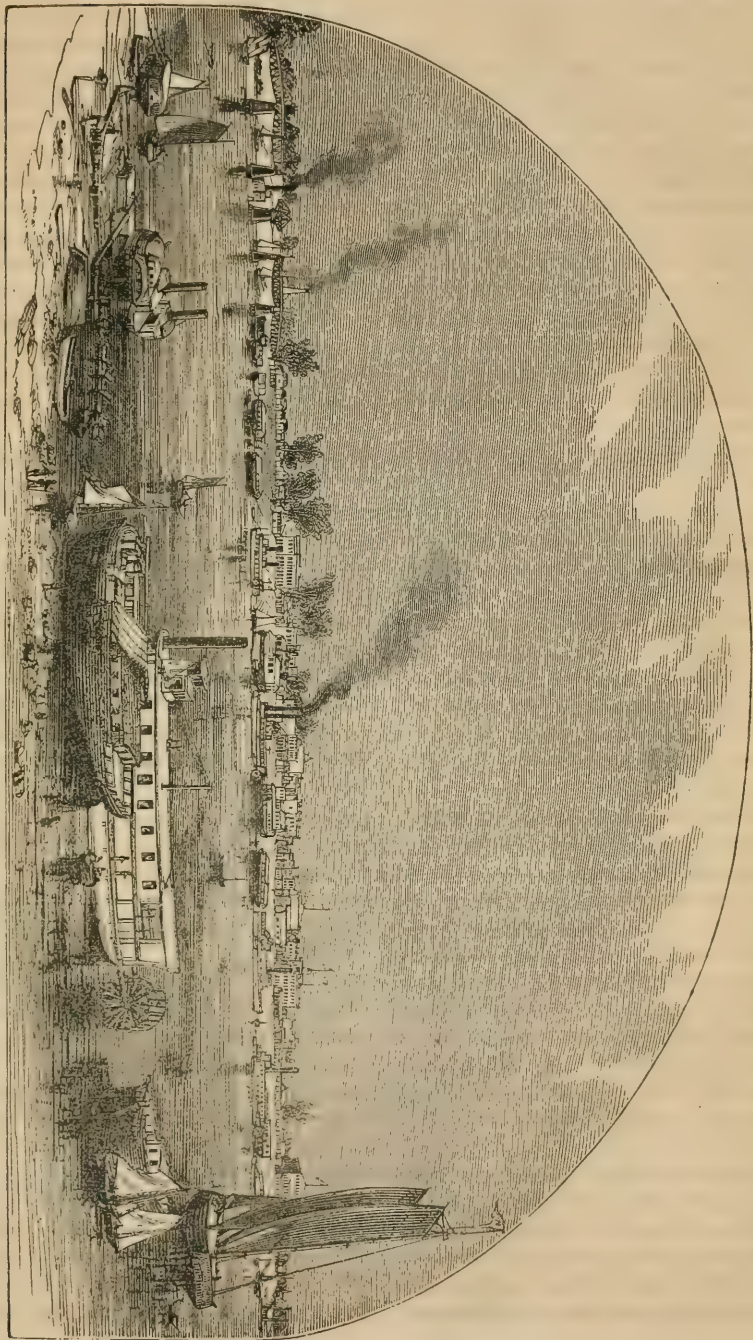
But now we must hurry on our way, as the steamboat is by this time passing the different islands in the bay of Suisun, named as follows:—Preston Island, King's, Simmons', Davis', Washington, Knox's and Jones' Islands; and passing

New York on the Pacific, we arrive at the west end of a large, low tule flat lying between the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, named Sherman's Island, and here we enter the Sacramento river. The Montezuma hills seen on our right, and a few stunted trees on the left, are the only objects in the landscape to relieve the eye by contrast with the low tule swamp, until we approach the new and flourishing little settlement of Rio Vista, just opposite the mouth of the "old Sacramento river," or more properly speaking, the principal branch of the stream.

This village is just about half-way between Benicia and Sacramento, and bids fair to be a place of some importance eventually, as arrangements are now being made to open a road past here, and between Suisun and Vacca Valleys and Stockton. From Mr. C. A. Kirkpatrick, the obliging post-master there, we are favored with the following table of distances:—

From San Francisco to Benicia.....	30 Miles.
Benicia to New York.....	20 "
" to mouth of San Joaquin.....	21 "
" to mouth of Sac. River.....	26 "
" Montezuma.....	27 "
" Lone Tree Island.....	29 "
" Twin Houses.....	32 "
" Seven Mile Slough.....	39 "
" Wood Island, [2 M. Long.].....	40 "
" Rio Vista.....	41 "
" Mouth of old Sac. River.....	42 "
" Mouth Cache creek slough.....	46 "
" Hog's Back.....	48 "
" Beaver Slough.....	52 "
" Mouth Steamboat slough.....	54 "
" Mouth of Sutter slough.....	54 "
" Head of Sutter slough.....	55 "
[one mile long.]	
" Head Steamboat slough, and junction with the main Sacra- mento river, [5 miles long.]	59 "
From Benicia to Randall's Island	61 "
[2 miles long.]	
From Benicia to Sac. city.....	90

THE LEVEE AT SACRAMENTO, FROM WASHINGTON, YOLO COUNTY.



As we have seen, six miles above the mouth of the old river, is the far famed "Hog's Back." This is formed by the settling of the sediment which comes down, caused by a widening of the stream, and a decrease in the fall of the river. It extends for about three hundred yards in length; and at the lowest stage of water is about five feet from the surface, and at the highest point eleven feet six inches. Being affected by the tides, and as they are exactly at the same point every two weeks, during the fall season of the year for two or three days at each low tide, a detention of heavily freighted vessels of from one to four hours will then take place. Persons when descending the river, as the steamboat generally leaves Sacramento city at 2 o'clock, P. M., have an opportunity of knowing when they arrive at the Hogs Back by seeing the mast of a vessel with the lower cross-trees upon it, and sometimes a portion of her bulwarks. This vessel was named the Charleston, and was freighted principally with quartz machinery, a portion of which being for the Gold Hill Quartz Co., at Grass Valley, she had discharged, but the owners of another and larger portion of it not being found, she was returning with it to San Francisco, but having stuck upon this sand bank at a very low stage of the water, she careened over and was swamped. Several attempts have since been made to take out the machinery, but as yet it has defied all attempts, and being filled with sand it will be a very difficult task for any one to perform, and the reward be but a poor one, inasmuch as it cannot be in any other than a spoiled condition from rust and other causes.

There is a little steam scow called the Gipse, that plies between the various ranches and gardens on the river, and Sacramento city, taking vegetables, grain flour &c., up to the city, and returning with groceries, dry goods, papers, &c.—

By this means she has created quite a snug little business for herself and become an indispensable visitor to the residents on the river.

Sacramento City is at length in view, but we have gossiped so much by the way, that we have not the space left to devote to the subject which we should wish to give to a place holding the second rank on the Pacific coast, and possessing as many objects of interest as does our sister City of the Plains. We shall, therefore, defer all remarks until some future number, when we intend to give an elaborate description of the capital of our Golden State.

In conclusion, we would say to those who wish to escape for a brief season the confinement of city life, and enjoy a summer's ramble, we could not recommend a tour which can be made with so much ease, and is so generally calculated to please every variety of tastes, as a trip on the bay and river. The tourist who merely journeys for amusement—the individual desirous of beholding the unbounded resources of our state, and the artist, will each find much to gratify the desires which induced them to travel.

The scenery as you steam up the river is in no slight degree picturesque. Here and there, as you turn with the sudden windings of the stream, you come upon the little boats of fishermen, and sloops, with their sails furled like the folded wings of a sea-bird, waiting for the wind. The improvements of the husbandman are everywhere seen along the shores.—Cottages half hidden among the drooping branches of the sycamores, out-houses, haystacks, orchards, and gardens, with their product of squashes and cabbages piled in huge heaps, give a cheerful domestic character to the scene. The landscape is diversified by the gnarled oaks, with vines clinging about them for support, and their branches covered with dark masses of mistletoe. Far away the

snow-capped Sierras, with a black belt of pines at their base, and nearer the mist-draped Coast Range, rise on the view. Along the plains are here and there seen clumps of trees—a sure indication of water; and occasionally the charred trunk of some blasted tree lifts its bare branches toward heaven in solitary grandeur. During these seasons when the immense tracts of tules which cover the low lands are on fire, the conflagration lends a wild and peculiar beauty to the Scenes on the Bay and River.

LINES TO —.

Talk as you will—think as you may

Of human virtues, loves and graces,
The indices of human hearts

Are rarely ever human faces;
And quite as hard to judge, I think,
Is friendship by its oft inditing—

You cannot tell of human worth,
By any test of human writing.

Beneath the merriest face I know,
There throbs a heart of bitter sadness,—
All seeming joy—all real woe—

Deep sorrow hid 'neath smiles of gladness,
And one who doubts sweet friendship's
truth,

And scouts at love's fair dream beguiling,
Will write in noblest praise of both,
As both were on him ever smiling!

I've seen the mother's love destroyed, [ed,
For hersweet child once loved and cherish—
I've seen the father's watchful care

Turned into hate when love had perished;
The sweetest friendships I have known,
Confiding, true, unselfish seeming,
A slanderous word made bitterest scorn,
And taught the heart it was but dreaming.

There is one friendship—not of earth—

A boon to weary mortals given,
That ne'er forsakes in darkest hours,
And draws the soul to God and heaven.

This is "true friendship"—be it thine,
Secure it now with brave endeavor;
Its silken bands of love and truth
Not even death itself can sever!

THE GRAVE DIGGERS.

UNCLE RALPH'S STORY.

BY G. T. S.

You see, brother Tom and I courted sisters, and there were no nicer girls in all the village than Hetty and Nancy Rice, who afterward became our wives. I say it who ought to know; although it may sound foolish for a man to be heard praising his own kith and kin.

Well, we had been at Deacon Rice's sitting up with our girls—it was one Sunday night in the month of September.—How well I remember it—just one of those nights that we have after the fall winds set in—the moon riding high, and the wind coming in gusts, and driving the great heavy masses of white clouds, looking like snow drifts, over the whole face of the sky.

We had started to go home together—I should think it must have been about half past one o'clock—and we had to go by the old burying ground on the green; for our house lay just beyond Minister Moore's old stone parsonage. We walked along by the east wall where the road lay, talking pretty briskly, and whistling to keep off bad thoughts, when suddenly, Tom stopped and said, "Ralph, don't you see something? Look there!" pointing towards the west end of the churchyard, where an old yew tree stood near the wall. I looked and saw some object; but I could not tell what it was. Just then the moon shone out, and I made it out to be a horse and wagon, standing under the old yew.

I said to Tom, "This bodes no good.—The grave diggers are about—that is their horse and wagon standing under the old yew, and they must be at work somewhere among the graves."

Presently we thought we heard voices, and the sound of steps approaching, and then we saw two men moving from the

centre of the churchyard towards the old tree. We watched their movements. They pulled out what looked to be a blanket from the bottom of the wagon; we saw them wrap it around the corpse—we knew it was such, for it was in the shape of a man and dressed in white—and then they carefully laid it away in the bottom of the wagon. They then went as we supposed to fill up the grave.

I said to Tom, "don't let us let the rascals escape. Let us go and take that body and hide it under the shadow of the wall; and, Tom either you or I will take its place, and they will find when they get home that they have got a living man to deal with instead of a dead one."

"Good!" said Tom, "Ralph, I'll be the man to play that game. Nothing I should like better, only lend me your dirk-knife so that if worse comes to worse I can take care of myself."

"Done," I replied, and we crawled along in the shadow of the wall and came to the old yew.

We quickly got the body out of the wagon and laid it close under the wall in the shade, and Tom wrapped himself in the blanket and laid himself in its place.

"A sound sleep to you," I said, "and don't wake up till at the best time and place." I then hastened and secreted myself in the shadow of the wall.

Presently I saw the men approaching. They had shovels on their shoulders, and were on a fast trot, stepping lightly as they were able among the thick brush wood. They went directly towards the wagon, and I heard one of them say, "Jack, this body is too long to ride here in the bottom; you will have to lift it up, while I drive, and we will ride with it between us. Look, I have brought my old hat, in case it should be needed. Put it on his head and set him up. It is cloudy you know, and nobody will mistrust."

I saw them lift Tom up, and the one he called Jack, put the hat on his head. At

the same instant, I saw Tom, the corpse, throw his arms out and clasp him around the neck.

Was not there a scene? Jack yelled like a devil, and struggled to free himself from Tom's grasp, and at the same time the other fellow took to his heels and ran off as if he had been possessed. Tom had his hands full, for the fellow was strong and brawny, and Tom had his match as he clung to him with one hand, and pommelled him in his face with the other.

At last he cleared himself of Tom, and took to his heels, with Tom after him—he running as only a man can run who has a dead man chasing him, close to his heels.

At last Tom came back puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and said, "Ralph, we have made a good night's work of it. We have got a horse and wagon for our pains. That fellow won't be back again, and he is welcome to depart after the rich mauling I gave him.

We got into the wagon and drove home, and nobody ever came to ask us where we got it, or how a man who had just been dug out of his grave could run so fast and and fight so well.

SPRING BIRDS.

BY L. R. GOODMAN.

Sweet birds of Spring! from sunny climes,

Where orange-groves are blooming,
You have returned; your notes and rhymes

With silver throats resuming:—

But when shall she, whose every strain
You emulated, come again?

When Autumn woods are fringed with gold,

And Autumn winds were sighing,

And you your tender farewells told

While ferns and flowers were dying,

She bade us all a fond adieu,

And went away, sweet birds, with you.

The lark is piping to the sun,

The linnet loudly singing,

The noisy jay has just begun

To set the woodland ringing:—

But she no more shall wake the lay

That ushered in the golden day.

Mount up, sweet lark! above the skies,

Beyond the ken of mortals,

And catch the morning melodies

That float through Glory's portals;

Then bring to me her new-born lay,

And I will wipe each tear away.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

(Continued from page 543.)

One of these birds, killed a few days ago in Carmel bay, near Monterey, a friend informs me, measured, including breast, eleven feet from tip to tip of wing. It is even possible that the oldest birds approach in dimensions the Condor of Chili and Peru. It is not known to what age they attain. Probably there are three or four species of the *Sarcorampus*, in the territories before designated, which hunters have confounded as being the same bird. The Condors range throughout the Sierra Nevada, and the Tulare and Sacramento plains.

The historian of Sebastian Vizcaino's California Voyage, in describing the country and animals around Monterey, in December, 1602, mentions, among other birds, the Vulture—doubtless meaning the Condor. This expedition disembarked at Monterey beach, and encamped, with their sick crews, under an encinal of oaks, where a small stream comes down from the Redoubt hill. Several of these oaks are still standing, but the great encinal, which covered the beautiful slopes of Monterey at that time, has been mostly cleared off for firewood. On one of the granite masses on the site of this encampment, may still be seen the holes made in the rocks by the Indians, for pounding their acorns and grass seeds.

The site of this town, according to the above authority, was roamed over by an astonishing variety of the animal kingdom, most of which are recognizable at the present day. As the expedition stopped on land nearly a month, they had ample time and opportunity to make careful observations.

In the foregoing notes of the writer, some mistakes have occurred in reference to the female of the *Sarcorampus Californianus*, from their infrequent appearance during our former observations. On the 26th July, 1855, one of the female birds was shot near the beach of our town, which was the first instance wherein we had the opportunity of comparing the two sexes together, from specimens killed within our own direct knowledge. The sex of the bird was ascertained by dissection, by our friend, Dr. J. L. Ord, of Monterey.

The female has very distinct exterior features from those of the male bird. It appears in flying to be considerably larger than the male, yet this one weighed 20 lbs., which is the usual weight of the other sex, as ascertained from five specimens. The entire upper exterior of the female is of a dusky, brownish-black plumage and hue. The wings have a triangular white band underneath, which band is mottled with blackish-brown spots, immediately over the wing bones; the white band is five inches broad at mid-wing; the feathers next to the shoulder-joint (pin feathers of wing near to the breast) are six in number, dashed blackish near the roots, and of a light salmon color to the ends, and are ten inches long. One of the wings measures four feet three inches long, by eighteen inches broad in the middle; it has seven outer wing feathers, the largest of which is two feet long. It has no exterior band of white feathers or white tips to the wings, as in the male bird.

The upper plumage of the back, tail and wings, is of shining, dusky brownish black; that of the breast and belly is of a lighter cast, similar to those of the male. Besides the seven long wing feathers, it has twenty-six inner ones on each wing. The tail feathers are fifteen inches long, and in number *twelve*. From the outer or elbow wing joint, to end of wing feathers, is two feet and seven inches. From the beak to extremity of tail feathers, it measures four feet; from socket of the neck on back to the vent, it is fifteen inches long. The circumference of the body and wings folded in, is about five feet.

The color of the bill and beak is of blackish horny brown color; their shape, size and other features, exclusive of color, is same as in the male bird; the nostrils are oval and go through and through, (*i. e.*, you can see daylight through them,) and one-half an inch long by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad, and situated nearly half-way between the eyes and end of the beak; the nasal groove or line, but slightly defined, and about one inch in length from nostrils, and does not extend more than half-way to end of beak. The tongue and inside of mouth is similar to that of the male, and likewise colored yellowish. The tongue of both birds is serrated sharply downwards towards the gullet, while the roof of the mouth has hard spinous points inclining the opposite direction; which

enable the birds to bring their deglutinizing and masticating powers into *immediate* effect, as the food is thus quickly passed into the digestive organs, in the state of a comminuted, pulpy mass, like the "thrice chewed *sejer*" of a sailor, on short allowance of tobacco.

Its head and neck is of a curious dusky, copperish-olive, blackish-brown color, and covered with a thick, furry down, or featherets of same color, looking like the nap of an old hat. This is continued down the neck to near its base. The head is six inches long, by two and a half inches breadth and depth. The skin immediately at base of bill is bare of down, as it is also around the eyes, which have a yellowish-olive circle enclosing the lids. The iris of the eye is of a greyish pink. The neck, from base of head to connection at the back bone, is thirteen inches long, and two and a half inches in diameter. The thigh, (as in the male,) is covered with feathers to knee-joint, and is two inches thick near the body—the legs from thigh-joint to end of toe nails are nineteen inches long—from knee-joint to end of claws, ten inches; front of legs below knee, covered with scales colored blackish, with yellowish rings; under parts of dirty yellow; the foot is six inches long; foot when spread radiates about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and thickly corrugated on its lower surface. Upper part of toes is blackish; claws black, and never sharp in either sex. The features are similar in size and proportions to that of the male bird, only a little larger.

The circumference of the body across the breast and inside of the wings, with the feathers on, is twenty-five inches; the same parts of the bird when skinned measure twenty-two inches; around the length of the first wing bone (of the skeleton) is thirteen inches long, and half an inch in diameter; the vertebræ of the neck (skeleton) is seventeen and a half inches long, and one and a half inches in diameter. The head across the crown measures ten inches in circumference. The entire skeleton of the animal, when well dried, weighs only three pounds avoirdupois. The bones of the thigh are one-sixteenth of an inch thick; and the bones have very little marrow, but are well braced up with bony *spokes*. The bones of the legs and wings are as hard as ivory, but very light. The female bird described had but little of the musky bright yellow fat, over the breast and over

lower entrails, as was found in the male.

We have never seen, in any work on California, or its natural history, a description of the female bird above described, and it seems that it has not been heretofore delineated in any work of a popular character. It is not as often seen as the male—twenty of the latter may be in sight, with only two or three of the opposite sex. The same feature obtains in these parts with the Cathartes or Zopilotes of this country, which also have a black head for the female bird, while the head of the male is of a bright red.

Many of the Condors make their nests in the high mountains east and south of the Carmelo Valley, and also near Santa Cruz, and in the Santa Lucia Range, where they may be seen at all seasons of the year, but in greater numbers from July to November. These huge creatures may often be seen fighting each other, over a carcase on the beach; generally striking with their outstretched wings, and running along the ground like the common turkey buzzard, with the dolorous looks of a feathered Muggins.

It is found extremely difficult to preserve the colors of either bird, (of the head and neck,) as they exist in nature. In dried specimens, the bright lemon color of the head of the male is lost after a week's keeping.

The California Condor, may therefore be described generally as follows:

Male: With bright yellow head and upper neck. *Female*: With dark copperish-olive neck and head, covered with feathery down on head and most of the neck; plumage brown black; both birds about same weight; female appearing considerably larger than the male.

The following are some new facts from a male specimen shot near Monterey, in July, 1855, by one of our friends, which measured eight feet across the wings and breast, and weighed over 20 lbs. On dissecting the animal, it was found to have an immense development of the internal viscera. The stomach contained first meat, and muscles with the *shell* on—the shells in a half digested state; it held on measurement *half a gallon of water*.—It has two gizzards, the upper one small as a chicken's, but the lower and larger one four times the size of the first. The large gizzard has a very singular appendage of a bunch of long, stiff bristles on the inside, mingled with hard warty excrescences. The inside of this gizzard is

lined very roughly after the fashion of coarse sand paper. The gut is six feet long; heart, liver, lungs and gall bladder, same size as those of a young pig. The large gizzard was filled with the hair of animals which the bird had eaten, and was about the capacity of four fluid ounces. The whole of these viscera had an abominable smell of musk. The meat of the animal though, is of a bright arterial red, and of very fine grain.

During the early part of the present month, (July,) large quantities of sea lions have been killed on the southern coasts for the oil; the carcasses of these animals on the beach may be seen at times surrounded by hundreds of the Condor. A friend of ours informed us that he saw a few days ago, as many as three hundred of these creatures near such feeding ground, within the distance of a league.

The voracity of these birds is astonishing, and is always noticed by observing travelers in California and the north Pacific countries. This feature of its character was noted by Lewis and Clark, the first American travelers from the Mississippi to the western Ocean. They describe a similar species of the *Vulturidæ*. A friend of ours engaged in the cattle trade, informs us, that in going from the Mission of Santa Clara towards San Francisco, in 1850, he accidentally dropped a quarter of fat beef from his cart, while a number of the Condor were in sight. On discovering his loss, after a few minutes, he turned back and observed the Condor in numbers which he estimated at over three hundred, hovering over and near his lost beef. On coming up with it, he was surprised to find that the fat and kidneys of the quarter, with all the inner meat, had been completely cleaned off the bones, and the piece had lost more than half its weight.

A large grizzly being killed on the Sur rancho, in this county, some fifteen years ago, the Vaquero left the bear on the plain, near the sea shore, to return to the house, about three miles off, for assistance to skin the animal. Before the herdsmen arrived back, which was in about two hours, a flock of Condors had cleaned the entire carcass of its flesh and viscera, leaving nothing but the skin and skeleton.

The same custom of capture and sport, which the foregoing writers mention as practiced in Peru and Chili, was followed

in places by the Rancheros and Vaqueros of California, with the Condors of the country, and may even to this day. A Vaquero gets into the inside of a fresh hide, with the carcass of the recently killed animal near by, and being armed with a covering over the hand, seizes the bird by the feet, whilst he is partly gorged; or he sets the noose of a lasso of small hide rope, with a choice tit-bit in the centre, and as soon as the Condor "puts his foot in it," the enemy hauls his trap in quickly, and immediately gets a purchase around some stick, or the beasts horns; the better to secure his prize from escaping, or from its attacking any incautious looker-on, with its formidable beak and wings. The Rancheros sometimes pit them against bears and dogs, or turn a small enclosure into an extempore cock-pit, with eagles for combatants. We have never had the opportunity of witnessing any of these fights between the Ornithological Gladiators.

It will be seen that the description of the Condor of South America, agrees very materially with the description we have made of the Condor of California. It is probable that our species of this family, is also found in parts of Mexico, and Central and South America, where it has been confounded with the larger bird which has so long been the marvellous wonder of travelers, but which not one of them, within the narrow bounds of our literary reconnoissance, have as yet thoroughly and clearly depicted as to sexes, or as to species. It is highly probable that the Peruvian Condor is also an occasional visitor of the arid districts, and the coasts of the Pacific south of Santa Barbara and to Acapulco, and eastward to the Tulare country and Tizon Pass, and as Charles Bonaparte suggests, also to the table lands of Mexico and Central America. The species which is asserted to be found near Los Angeles, and has a caruncle on the head, is said to be considerably larger than the one we attempt to delineate. We have never been able to procure a specimen, and conclude there must be some mistake about it.

A few days ago we got within about seventy yards of a number of the male and female Condor. They were feeding on the carcass of a whale on the sea shore, and must have been gorged, as we could make out every outer feature of both sexes with distinctness, except that

the color of the head and neck of the male appeared of an orange color instead of a bright lemon. When it is dead, it is certainly of the latter color, but it *very soon fades*, and the color is scarcely preservable in specimens dried. The female appeared when standing upright, as perfectly black: glossy brown black as the black cat of the necromantic alchemist Dr. Wotumahollum—from the beak to the end of his tail feathers he was in sombre mourning. We got within thirty yards of the male, but he kept his position on a pine tree hard by, without moving more than his head in great anxiety; he appeared incapable of flight. After examining him very carefully, we left him to enjoy his gluttonous dignity. All the noise we made tramping around in the bushes and dry sticks was not sufficient to frighten him from his roost. They are usually exceedingly scarey of travelers and intruders. Sometimes they make a smothered and squeaking noise or hiss, but they are generally mute. The color of the iris of the eye, may be influenced, (like the neck skin of the male of a bright orange, and then of a very light orange or lemon,) from its being gorged with its comminuted flesh food, which must send the blood flushing into all its extremities—or when it is empty, or famishing of food.

Dr. Canfield, a resident of our town, tells me that during his sojourn in the mountains of our county on the line of the San Benito river, he has seen as many as one hundred and fifty condors at one time and place, in the vicinity of antelopes he had killed,—he invariably observed that they sighted their prey, or *first came to the carcase* from the leeward; he has often noted this feature of its habits during his camp life there of some three years duration. The Condors and Turkey Buzzards often feed together over the same carcase, and generally in such cases do some fighting and biting—they may sometimes be seen soaring and circling together in the air. Dr. S. Haley, who has traveled a great deal in Nicaragua and Western Mexico, on the Pacific, to Panama, informs me that the California Condor is found in all those countries.

In January, 1858, a large Condor was killed by Mr. S. B. Wright, near St. Helena, in Napa County, while flying off with a nine pound hare it had killed. The bird measured fourteen feet from tip to tip of wings. The *Alta* has one of the

tail feathers in its office, that measures twenty-six inches in length. This is the largest specimen I have yet heard of and must have been a very old bird. [See "*Alta Calif.*" p., 8, Jany. 1858.]

A male bird was killed near the Carmel Quarries last year by one of our friends, which measured twelve feet across the wings, and we have elsewhere noted one measuring eleven feet.

The Condor is often killed by feeding on animals, such as bears and cattle, when poisoned with Strichnine by the Rancheros—the poisoned meat kills them readily. The rancheros have very little fear in California of their depredations on young cattle and stock, though it has been known within my knowledge for five or six Condors to attack a young calf, separate it from its mother, and kill it; the Californians also say they are often known to kill lambs, hares and rabbits. But the cattle owners here have no such dread of them as the Haciendados of Chili have of the Southern Condor.

We think continued observations on these two species of Condor, will prove, that their natural food is dead meat or fish, or wounded animals they kill; but that they never eat spoiled, tainted, or putrid animal matter, like the Cathartes, until *compelled* by great hunger and fasting—being intermediate in their habits and characteristics to the Eagles and Vultures.

The male bird at times, as I have seen, has presented a most gallant and dandified appearance. This may have been when his craw was empty—when youth favored him, and his amorous faculties were in inflorescence. Certain it is we have seen him standing and looking as clean, handsome and black, as a young undertaker about to do the honors to his first burial.

* Audubon in his American Ornithological Biography—Edinburgh—15th vol. 1839, says of the California Condor, on page 241:—

"Dr. Townsend informs me that the California Vulture inhabits the region of the Columbia river, to the distance of 500 miles from its mouth, and is most abundant in spring, at which season it feeds on the dead salmon that are thrown upon the shores in great numbers. It is also met with near the Indian villages, being attracted by the offal of the fish

*Note made March 30, 1859.

thrown around their habitations. It associates with *Cathartes Crusa*, but is easily distinguished from that species in flight, both by its greater size, and the more abrupt curvature of its wing, (exactly so, as observed in California, Indians whose observations may generally be depended upon, say that it ascertains the presence of food solely by its power of vision, thus corroborating your own remarks on the Vulture tribe generally. On the upper waters of the Columbia the fish intended for winter store are usually deposited in huts made of the branches of trees interlaced. I have frequently seen the Ravens attempt to effect a lodgement in these deposits, but have never known the Vulture, although numerous in the vicinity, to be engaged this way. I have never seen the eggs of the California Vulture. The Indians of the Columbia, say that it breeds on the ground, fixing its nest in swamps under the pine forests, chiefly in the Alpine country. The Willamet Mountains, 70 or 80 miles south of the Columbia, are said to be its favorite places of resort. It is seen on the Columbia only in summer, appearing about the 1st of June, and returning probably to the Mountains about the end of August. It is particularly attached to the vicinity of cascades and falls, being attracted by the great number of dead salmon. Thither therefore resort all the unclean birds of the country—the Vultures, Turkey Buzzards and Ravens.—The California Vultures cannot however, be called a plentiful species, as even in the situations mentioned it is rare to see more than two or three at a time, and these so shy as not to allow an approach to within one hundred yards, unless by stratagem. Although I have frequently seen this bird, I have never heard it utter any sound. The eggs I have never seen, nor have I had any account of them that I could depend upon. The color of the eye is dark hazel—I have never heard of their attacking living animals. Their food while on the Columbia is fish, almost exclusively, as this food is always found in great abundance near the falls and rapids—they also feed on dead animals. Near Fort Vancouver I saw two feeding on the carcass of a pig. In walking they resemble a turkey, strutting over the ground with great dignity; but this dignity is occasionally lost sight of, especially when two are striving to reach a dead fish, which has just been cast upon the

shore—the stately walk then degenerates into a clumsy sort of hopping canter, which is anything but graceful. When about to rise, they always hop or run for several yards, in order to give an impetus to their heavy body; in this respect resembling the Condor of South America whose well known habit, enables it to be easily taken in a pen by the Spaniard—a plan I shall try, if I ever return to the Columbia, as I am satisfied it would be successful.”

Audubon continues, “Mr. David Douglas has published the following account in the 4th vol. of the London Zoological Journal. The length of this bird is 56 inches; the measure around the body 40 inches; weight 25 to 36 lbs., [probably old birds after gorging—A. S. T. 1859] beak $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, of bright glossy yellow—head 9 inches round, deep orange, with a few short scattered feathers on the forepart of the beak—Iris pale red, pupil light green—neck 11 inches long, 9 inches round, of a changeable color, brownish yellow with blue tints—body 24 inches long, black or slightly brown. Collar and breast feathers, lanceolate, decomposed, white on the outside near the points. Quills 34, the third longest—extent between the tips of the wings, 9 feet 3 inches—under coverts white—upper coverts white at the points. Tarsi $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, bluish black, claws black, blunt, having little curvature.—Tail of *fourteen feathers* [we could only find 12—A. S. T.]—square at the ends and 15 inches long. *In plumage both sexes are alike*: in size the female is somewhat larger! [Douglas is incorrect about the plumage—the color of head, neck and plumage appearance of the female, are very evident in difference from those of the male bird—A. S. T. 1859.]

“These gigantic birds which represent the Condor in the northern hemisphere, are common along the coast of California but are *never seen* (A. S. T.) beyond the woody parts of the country. I have met with them as far to the north as 49° N. Lat., in the summer and autumn months, but nowhere so abundant as between the sea and the rapids on the Columbia river. They build their nests in the most secret and impenetrable parts of the pine forests, invariably selecting the loftiest trees that overhang precipices, on the deepest and least accessible parts of the Mountain Valleys. The nest is large, composed of strong, thorny twigs and

grass, in every way similar to that of the Eagle tribe, but more slovenly constructed. The same pair resorts for several years to the same nest, bestowing little trouble or attention in repairing it.—Eggs two, nearly spherical, about the size of a goose egg, and *jet black* (A. S. T.) Period of incubation 29 or 31 days—they hatch generally about the first of June. The young are covered with thick whitish down and are incapable of leaving the nest until the fifth or sixth week. Food, carrion, dead fish, or other dead animal matter. In no instance will they attack any living animal unless wounded and unable to walk. Their senses of smelling and seeing are remarkably keen. In searching for prey they soar to a very great altitude, and when they discover a wounded deer or other animal they follow its track, and when it sinks precipitately descend on their object. Although only one is at first seen occupying the carcass, few minutes elapse before the prey is surrounded by great numbers, and it is then devoured to a skeleton within an hour even, though it be one of the larger animals, as the Elk or horse. Their voracity is almost insatiable, and they are extremely ungenerous, suffering no other animal to approach them while feeding. After eating they become so sluggish and indolent as to remain in the same place until urged by hunger to go in quest of another repast. At such times they perch on decayed trees with their head so much retracted as to be with difficulty observed through the long, loose feathers of the collar—the wings at the same time hang down over the feet. This position they invariably preserve in dewy mornings or after the rains. Except after eating or while protecting their nest, they are so excessively wary, that the hunter can scarcely even approach sufficiently near even for buckshot to take effect upon them, the fullness of the plumage affording them a double chance of escaping uninjured. Their flight is slow, steady, and particularly graceful; gliding along with scarcely any apparent motion of the wings, the tips of which are curved upward in flying. Preceding hurricanes, or thunder storms, they are seen most numerous and soar the highest. The quills are used by hunters as tubes for tobacco pipes. Specimens, male and female, of this truly interesting bird which I shot (about 1827,) in Lat. 45° 30' 15" —Long. 122° 3' 12" were lately present-

ted to the London Zoological Society, in whose Museum they are now carefully deposited."

[*Concluded in our next.*]

THOUGH ABSENT, YET NEAR.

BY W. H. D.

Though far apart, we still are near,

Through that most sacred tie,

A bliss, a memory ever dear,

A love that cannot die;

My thoughts tend ever to thy home,

And from that distant shrine,

A voice I hear where'er I roam,

Responding unto mine.

What bliss filled up the circling hours,

When thee I fondly prest,

Within Love's fragrant roseate bowers,

Unto my raptured breast;

A rapture thrilling, ever dear,

From that low whispered vow,

Which through all time still echoing clear

Is all triumphant now.

Then let our true and constant faith,

By grief and absence tried,

Ever unchanging unto death,

Within our hearts abide;

And if upon the shores of Time,

'Tis not our fate to meet,—

We shall in Heaven's eternal clime,

With purer joys replete.

Emory's Bar, Frazer River, B. C., }
June, 1859.

OUR THOUGHTS.

BY LUNA.

Thoughts might be called the lightnings of the mind, for, when left to passion's impetuous sway, they are as ungovernable and destructive as the unchained thunder-bolt, but when brought under the control of reason, become as the electric telegraph, flashing forth intelligence to every part of the earth.

From thoughts arise convictions, and from convictions principles are formed, and these produce actions, the result of which is happiness or misery, in propor-

OUR THOUGHTS.

tion as truth or error, good or evil predominated in their incipient stages of thought. Much therefore depends upon right thinking as being the original source of every crime and every virtue.

Since man has become free to think for himself upon every subject, many theories have been advanced for the improvement and the amelioration of the human race so much so, that this has been called, "an age of theories." And, why is it? Because those who have exercised their reasoning powers have come to the logical conclusion that minds of like abilities and faculties of observation and the same powers of investigation, have equal chances of knowing what is truth. The consequence is, many minds are open to conviction and can discern between truth and error, yet, are not fully persuaded upon the most momentous subject of all, the immortal destiny of man; and all thoughts or actions, not having this glorious end in view, are like trees that blossom, but bear no fruit.

To the close observer, there is much food for thought, since he finds that a knowledge of books does not make him acquainted with men, and that which is called theft, when applied to the poor, is called by a much milder term when applied to the rich, and that those who boast of their virtuous principles have often less fear of God than of the eyes of the world; and he sees many trodden down into the depths of vice and degradation, for less sins and follies than in others are only looked upon as mere peccadilloes.

The mind is bewildered by the incongruities met with on every hand, and it is only after much reflection, that just conclusions can be formed of what is right, and what is wrong; and, were it not for the light of revelation, man never would have been able to have solved the great mystery of life.

It is in the secret chambers of thought

that spirit holds communion with spirit; and here, nature speaks to the soul in the unwritten language of harmony. Sweet companions of solitude are pleasant thoughts; they seem to lead us insensibly to the very fountain of goodness, and to "lift the shadows from our waked spirits," and reveal to us the secret workings of Nature's eternal laws, until we feel as if standing in the unveiled presence of the Infinite.

Evil thoughts should never be admitted into this sanctuary of the mind, and not allowed to desecrate this inner temple where God may dwell.

But cultivate beautiful, loving thoughts, which shall be a living fountain of joy forever, filling with gladness the hearts of all who come within its influence.

Thoughts are immortal, they will never die, and we shall meet them again upon eternity's far off shore, either as forming part in the great anthem of universal harmony, or, as part of that unholy discord which can never enter Heaven.

When man shall have put on charity, the highest attribute of his nature, then will it be proclaimed as the end of human perfection that he "thinketh no evil."

THE SAILOR BOY'S DEATH.

BY 'A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Lay me to rest in the ocean wave,
It has been my home, let it be my grave;
Let the restless surges with solemn roar,
Peal my funeral dirges forevermore.
My spirit has ever been wild and free,
Bury me deep in the chainless sea."
'Raise me up on deck,' the sufferer said,
Rough forms stood round his dying bed—
'Take my parting words and my last farewell
To the home where my brother and sister
dwell.

Tell my younger brother, a noble youth,
With an open brow and a heart of truth,
That my dying blessing rests on his head,
He must take the place of his brother dead;

Let him be like me, a sailor free,
And seek his home on the deep blue sea.

My little sister, whose eyes of blue,
Reveal the depths of her soul to view, [tears,
She will mingle her own with my mother's
May God watch over her innocent years.

There is another," his voice was low, [slow,
His eye grew dim and his pulse throbbed
"There is another, whose gentle eye, [bye,
Was dimmed with tears, as she said 'good
'My mother, my mother," he said no more,
The voyage of the sailor youth was o'er.

As the sun rose up from the placid sea,
Reposing in bright tranquility,
A prayer was breathed, a service read,
O'er the shrouded form of the sailor dead,—
A sullen sound of the parting wave,
He sank consigned to an ocean grave.

THE MANIAC,

A True Story of San Francisco in 1849.

BY WILLIAM D. C.

On the 4th day of June, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, I arrived in the bay of San Francisco, and landed somewhere in the vicinity of Jackson street wharf, and proceeded from there to the corner of Kearny and Jackson streets to a small place then called an "Hotel." If you were here, then, reader, you can remember that the water came nearly up to Kearny street, so that I had not far to walk or to have my baggage taken; but, short as was the distance, the man that had my luggage in charge only asked twenty dollars for the trouble, and remarked that he considered that very cheap—well, it was cheap. After having been shown to my room by an old *Caballero*, I made use of some soap and water, and putting on a clean *camisa de hombre*, I started for the street.

As I locked my door and dropped the key in my pocket the Landlord, came, as he said, "to see how I got along"—informing me at the same time that if I would

leave my key he would have my trunks and room placed in order. "Was'nt he cunning?" I thanked him for his kindness, but informed him that I considered my room in as good order as I desired.

"Oh! oh! well, very well—so much the less work of course. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yes," I said, "of course—of course."

"I presume you are going to see the sights now," said he, trying to continue the conversation.

"Yes sir," said I, "I am," and moved away, leaving the honorable gentleman standing in the hall, thinking no doubt that I was an "impudent fellow."

Hurrying to Kearny street, I walked towards the Plaza, and taking from my pocket a bundle of letters, I glanced over them, at the same time counting the number, as I soliloquized, "well, here's ten letters, five of them are letters of introduction, and the other five for persons I shall probably never find, but here goes. The first I find is for Col. S——, of the New York volunteers, they told me his office was on the Plaza.

Thus musing I approached the "Old Adobe," a building standing on the western side of the Plaza, exactly where the Hall of Records now stands. Looking over the names on the signs I noticed—Col. J. D. S——. To my great delight I found the Col. sitting in his old arm chair, and talking to a beautiful young woman; I had but a glimpse of her, (as she drew a veil over her face when I entered,) but that glimpse was enough—I saw to my astonishment that she was an American—I approached the Col. and handed him my letter. He opened it and glanced over its contents.

"Are you Samuel Bristol?" said he.

"I am, sir."

"Well, my son, I'm happy to see you, but being very busy, just now, I will be obliged to you if you will call again."

"Very well, sir," I replied, "I'll call again this afternoon."

"Very well—but stay, won't you come and take dinner with me this evening?"

"Thank you, Col., I will."

"I live on Broadway near Dupont street, in a large brown house, you can't mistake it."

"Thank you sir, I'll come. Good day sir."

And I moved away, leaving my new acquaintance to continue his conversation with the fair confidante I had just left with him. As I walked across the Plaza my thoughts reverted to the young nymph I had just left in the Col's. office. It seemed strange, aye, even mysterious, to see this young woman in *his* office and veiled also.

"Strange! strange!" muttered I as I moved on, "how very strange; but by jove, she is handsome; I wonder who she is. There is something mysterious about this;—but pshaw, I have'nt been here a day yet, and am beginning to lay my plans already." I moved on some distance further when I ran against some person, for being thoughtful and agitated I did not look up.

"Halloa here, where are you running to?" asked the person I had so rudely and unconsciously assaulted. The voice roused me from my reverie, when I looked up, and started with joy as I beheld the speaker.

"Ike Tripp! why, old fellow, how are you?"

"What!" he said, starting, "Sam, are you here? in California! why I hardly knew you, how are you?"

This conversation took place in much less time than I have taken to relate it. I had found my oldest and one of my dearest and best friends. I asked him whither he was bound—and recoiled with horror at his answer,—“To the Hall, Washington Hall, a gambling house.”

Ike saw that I was astonished, and informed me that every one in the city attended such places. After an earnest en-

treaty, I yielded and went with him.—(Washington Hall, reader, stood about where the “Louisiana” now stands, and then was next door to the *Alta* office.) I had never gambled for a cent in my life, but here I was tempted, and yielded; and as a rich father had amply supplied my purse, I placed twenty-five ounces on the “*Black spot*” and won,—again I placed fifty ounces on the same, and lo! I lost; I did not bet the next time; but Ike whispered in my ear, “do not give up.” So I placed one hundred ounces on the black spot again, and won. Feeling extraordinary *rich*, I concluded to leave the hall, and did so, in company with Ike.

“Your’e a lucky dog Sam,” said my comrade as soon as we were once more in the street.

“And are you not, Isaac, also?” I asked.

“Yes—yes, I’ve won about eight hundred dollars.”

We moved on across the Plaza and from thence proceeded to different parts of the city. At last we brought up at our boarding place, (for I found my friend boarded in the same shanty that I had chosen.)

We proceeded to the bar and “smiled,” and then moved up stairs, to dine. As we sat eating, I gazed eagerly about me to try if I could see any familiar faces, but none met the glance of my searching eyes. We ate our dinner in silence, and not a word passed between my comrade and myself. My attention was attracted by his heaving a sigh once now and then, but I said nothing to him until we had finished our meal, when I asked him where he spent his evenings.

“Well,” said he, “to-night I am going to Washington Hall, as there is going to be a grand ball there to-night—won’t you go?”

“That Washington Hall! There he goes again!” thought I, “but never mind, he is in California.”

“Yes,” said I, aloud, “I’ll go with you.”

"Very well, meet me at nine o'clock."

These were the last words that passed between us, as I moved to my room to dress for the Col's., and he, I presume to Washington Hall. Reader, perhaps you will think it strange that I was going to eat another dinner, but I had my reasons, and what I had previously eaten was but a trifle, for I expected something extraordinary at Col. S——s, and such indeed did I find. All the delicacies of the season were on his table, and I quite forgot that I had taken a previous though an early dinner. After we had partaken of the sumptuous repast, we proceeded into a well furnished room, and the Col. kept me busy answering his numerous questions, relative to my friends and his, in the States. Neither did the venerable old man fail to give me some good advice.

"Samuel," said he "if you do not place yourself on guard, you will fall in with some young men, who are anything but good companions for you. A young man who has such motives as I am led to believe you have, (from my long acquaintance with your relations in the East) should be very careful with whom he associates in this country; many young men who have, and will come here, will be led into the gambling houses in this city, and thus be ruined. A man that can resist all these temptations, has strong principles to be guided by, and a strong determination, I hope to see this in you for your father's sake as well as your own."

I remained at the Col's. until a few minutes before nine; when I took my departure, to meet my old companion. As I moved rapidly through Dupont street I perceived a female but a short distance ahead of me, who seemed to be walking with nearly the same velocity that I was; I immediately quickened my pace, and when within four feet of my unknown friend, she turned around to look at me (as I supposed) but having a very thick veil on, I could not get a glance at her

features. She turned down Washington street, and to my astonishment, entered Washington Hall.

I noticed the color of her dress, in order that I might know her when I met her "*a la bal.*" "By Jove," muttered I, as I proceeded to my lodgings, "I've '*spotted you,*' my little señorita, and if I do not know you when I see you again, then I am blind."

In a few minutes I arrived at the "shanty" and went to Tripp's room where I found him dressing himself for the ball. I related to him my adventures since I had left him, and he promised to inform me who the "little woman I had seen" was, as he said that he "was acquainted with all the women in town."

I took his word for it, and as soon as he was ready we proceeded to Washington hall; how differently that room looked after I had won twelve hundred dollars, in not five hours before. Then it was crowded with men eager to snatch up what they might win, to waste in various ways, but now it was full of the sweet faces of the young Mexican girls—then the principal female inhabitants of our city. My companion introduced me to many of the most beautiful present, with whom I had longed to have a *tete-a-tete*, and a dance, at least for once. About twelve o'clock I saw my lady friend with the green dress enter, (this was the one I had seen on Dupont street;) I immediately sought some one to introduce me, which was done by a young Spaniard by the name of Gonzales. In her face I recognized the person I had seen in Col. S——s office in the morning. I conversed with her some time, and soon discovered that I had known her in other States, but the knowledge I had of her there was but little. Oh! how she was changed! She was pale and languid, and I saw that some heavy burden was on her mind. I engaged her for the Spanish waltz, and when we had finished, I left her with

Gonzales, to search for my friend Isaac. I hunted the room high and low, but he was nowhere to be found. At last I entered the ante room where we had left our coats and hats, and there I saw him seated in an arm chair, in the corner, with his head leaning on his hand.

"Halloa, Ike," said I, slapping him on the shoulder, "what are you doing here." He raised his head slowly and looked me straight in the face—

Oh! that look. God of heaven shall I ever forget it? His eyes were half opened, his face pale and much agitated. He reminded me more of a man on the verge of death than aught else I can imagine. In fact I thought he was dying, until he spoke thus, slowly:—

"Sam—Samuel—do—you—know—who you—were dancing with."

"No—Ike, no—tell me—quick!"

"It was Martha, Martha—my miserable, forsaken wife."

"What! what! can this be true?"

"Yes—take me home, I'll tell you more to-morrow."

I placed him in a cart, had him taken home, and put in bed. I then returned to the hall to tell Martha Tripp what I had seen. I met her at the door as she was just coming out.

"Where are you going, Martha?" I enquired.

"I'll be back in a minute, Samuel."

"Well, I've got something of great importance to tell you, and it must be told in private."

"Well, I'm going home in a minute, come with me, and then you can tell me, if it is so important."

"In a minute" she was ready and I went with her. In a short fifteen minutes we arrived at our destination. We entered a well furnished room in a small house on Dupont street, and when I was seated I began to question her about her marriage.

"I never was married, I tell you."

"Oh! Matty, but you have been married; did you ever know a man by the name of Isaac Tripp." She started to her feet, and with her beautiful black eyes, stared wildly at me—then with a wild cry she fell at my feet. I raised her in my arms and gazed eagerly in her face. After a pause she opened her eyes slowly, and muttered:—

"Isaac, Isaac, I forgive you—your Matty—di—es." As she said this her head fell back and she expired. As I examined her body, I found a portrait of Tripp and some other ornaments with his name on them. By her side lay a dagger with which she had just stabbed herself.

I went immediately to Tripps room and found him with a raging fever. He turned in his bed, and looked up in my face.

"Samuel," said he, "I married Martha three months after I left the quiet city of Hartford. We lived in New York for three years, in what I might call extreme felicity. We were very happy—if anything more than happy. You remember perhaps my often expressing my hatred for children"—"yes—yes—I know you have"—"therefore I never had any. Well, I had occasion to leave my wife for eighteen months, during which time I traveled in Europe. My business would not permit me to return sooner. At last I did return—I proceeded to my home, but it was deserted—my wife had gone, but heaven only knew where. One day a woman sought me in my own private room. With her, she carried a child; that woman was my wife. She knelt down and begged me to pardon her—to forgive her wickedness. She told me she was forced to a life of shame for a living, and begged me to take her, as my servant—not as my wife. But, Samuel, I refused; could I have done aught else? You will answer no! I bade her begone, and let me never see her face again. This you see, has been the cause of my misery—but tell me where is she."

"Tripp," said I, "she is dead—I told her that you were in the city, and she stabbed herself."

He did not say a word to this, but fell exhausted in his bed. I watched with him all that night, and I saw the next day that his fever was increasing—I sent for a physician, but he said the man was going mad fast. Frequently, while we were conversing, he would yell and tear his hair. Two days after Martha had died he called me in a whisper to his side:—

"Look, Samuel," said he, his eyes starting from their sockets, "look, don't you see those fearful eyes, there, in front of me, they are Martha's—look! look! she is coming nearer, to strike me. Oh! save me—save me." Here he threw his arms around my neck, and laid his head upon my shoulder. He raised it in a short time, and I perceived he was weeping.— Suddenly he stopped crying, and yelled as loud as was possible:—

"Help! help! murder! murder! Martha! don't! I forgive you. Oh! Samuel, Samuel, nearer, nearer, her hand is near me, look at it! look, it comes! Oh! it grasps me—tighter—murder—help! mur—mur!"— Gasping and struggling to loosen himself from his supposed enemy, his spirit passed away into another world.

This was my first adventure in San Francisco, if an adventure I may call it, and may God grant that I may never witness such a one again.

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4th, 1776.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Why stand they in that lofty hall?

They of the noble mein!

Men of high heart, and eagle eye,

Such as earth hath not seen!

Courage, and faith, and manly thought,

Sit, stamped on every brow—

As if each of them were a king

Before whom realms might bow!

High hearted men; great souls and true,

Are with them gathered there,

Men in the glory of their youth,

And with the silver hair.

They of rare wit, and lofty speech,

And deep scholastic lore—

These were the men who ruled the world,

In the stormy days of yore.

What do they? Wherefore have they come

Within these halls to day?

Ye who have seen your country bleed,

Great patriots! ye can say!

Not for the wealth of all the world,

Not for the crowns of kings;

Not for the lofty boon of fame,

Nor all the pomp it brings.

Not these! Oh, no! A mighty voice,

Had struck each startled ear; . [earth,

And shook the heavens, and swayed the

And filled weak hearts with fear.

To them it came with trumpet tone,

High echoing o'er the sea;

And it said to every waiting soul,

"Arise! be strong! be free!"

They heard it—heard it! all arose—

Those men of mighty heart!

They rose, and in that temple stood,

Each with a hero's part.

They laid them on the altar there—

Their home, their lives, their blood!

They rose, and stood erect and fair

E'en in the face of God!

Earth saw them! and a song went up,

From every land and sea;

Heaven saw them! and it answered back

The anthem of the free.

The mountains caught the mighty sound,

And hurled it to the blast;

And on the wings of mighty winds,

The song went sounding past.

They reared an altar, on whose top

The watch-fire ever glows;

They raised a banner—'tis unfurled

To every wind that blows;

They sang the song of Liberty!

The distant nations heard;

And rolled it down the tide of time,

And the World's great heart was stirred.

San Francisco, June 7, 1859.

SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND EARLY PROGRESS OF THE FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM IN CALIFORNIA.

In the last number we gave as full a sketch of the schools existing in this city previous to September, 1849, as the materials procured after careful search would permit. These schools, with the exception of that taught by Mr. Morton, were short lived, and failed to fully meet the wants of the times. Their attendance was thin, owing rather to high rates of tuition, than to a scarcity in children of suitable age. According to a census of the town in June, 1847, there were over one hundred who could not read or write. As the number under fifteen years of age amounted to 107, it is probable that the children made up a large portion of the latter class. Those not in school were strolling about and acquiring vicious habits. In 1849 a large portion of the families resident here were from Australia and other foreign countries, and many of them were neither able nor inclined to incur the expense of educating their children. Mr. William's school at no time probably during that year contained more than a quarter of the children who should have been receiving instruction. Had private schools continued, undoubtedly a large proportion of the youth would have grown up unlettered. After the close of his school on the 20th of September, the town was left without any means of education, and amid the universal gold excitement, no measures were taken to remedy the evil.

But during the following October, Mr. John C. Pelton and wife arrived from Boston, after a tedious voyage round Cape Horn. Mr. Pelton had been engaged in teaching at the east, and we understand that for several years his attention had been turned to the Pacific coast as a field for useful labor in his department. At the commencement of the great emigra-

tion to California he decided to remove hither with his family and make it his permanent home, with a view to establishing here the free common school system of New England. So laudable an object was looked upon with much interest at home, and his efforts were heartily seconded by many friends of education in New England.

It may not be generally known that the thanks of San Francisco are due to Henry N. Hooper, Esq., of Boston, for the donation of a bell, presented to the first free grammar school that should be organized in this city. It was large and fine-toned, cast expressly for the purpose, and bore the following inscription in raised letters, "Presented to the first free grammar school in San Francisco." It was shipped in the *New Jersey*, in which Mr. and Mrs. P. took passage, and was designed to hang in the belfry of his school-house, should he succeed in his object. It was placed in a position on board where it was called into requisition for the ship's use, sonorously tolling out the watches through the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But unfortunately, like the fate of many other human collections it was not destined to be raised in its appropriate position. Our city, though receiving hundreds of thousands from taxes and the sale of its lands, while its citizens also were accumulating princely fortunes was too poor to give it a shelter. While slumbering in the private warehouse of William Hooper Esq., brother to the donor, waiting for the "good time coming," its "tongue" was forever silenced by the great conflagration of the 4th of May,

Among others who lent their aid and encouragement, were Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, Rev. H. W. Beecher of New York, B. F. Whittemore, Esq., Rev. Nathaniel Colver, Deacon Moses Grant, Deacon Timothy Gilbert, William B. Fowle Esq., and Phillips & Sampson, of Boston; Mark H. Newman & Co., of New York,

and Sanborn & Carter, of Portland; the three latter firms donating a large quantity of the most approved school books then in use. These donations proved of essential service in defraying expenses during the incipient stage of the school, besides remedying a want which could not then be fully supplied here by our bookstores.

Soon after making provision for the comfort of his family during the inclement season of 1849-50, Mr. Pelton set about making preparations to carry out the object of his mission. In the month of December the following advertisement appeared in the *Pacific News*, viz:

"A FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL. The subscriber purposes to establish in San Francisco a *Free Public School*. In order that the school may be free to all, who may be disposed to avail themselves of its advantages, it is proposed to admit, free of tuition, all who may apply, no other compensation being required at present than what friends of the school may be disposed to contribute. It is also proposed, until better arrangements can be made, that the school consist of children and youth of both sexes, and of the different ages that usually attend primary and more advanced schools, and that the course of study include those English branches taught in the public schools of New England. The school will commence on the 26th inst. [Dec. 26, 1849.]"

The old chapel of the Baptist church on Washington street was procured for a school room, which the trustees generously offered rent free.

It is worthy of remark that this relic of early times, and the birth place of our free schools, though somewhat re-modeled on the erection of the new church edifice, is still occupied for the same purpose to which it was devoted by Mr. Pelton. At the organization of the California College in this room in 1857, Dr. Gibbons made some happy allusions to this

spot as the "holy ground" on which the humbler departments of learning had their origin in this State.

The generous loan of the building was a very opportune and important assistance to the infant enterprise in those days of exorbitant rents, and one which was continued for more than a year after the school came under the control of the city. Mr. Pelton fitted it up with writing desks and other articles necessary for the purposes of the school, at his own expense; and on the day advertised took his position as teacher in his spacious room.—Three scholars constituted his school on the first morning, but the number rapidly increased. During the first quarter 130 were admitted.

The branches of study taught, were in accordance with those proposed in the above advertisement. The free system was a great puzzle to some of the foreign residents, and they suspected something must be out of joint, when their children were educated without money and without price. They would sometimes send in the usual fee, and it was difficult for them to understand why a man should "work for nothing and find himself."—Through all the embarrassments and difficulties incident to this new undertaking the free principle was strictly adhered to, and no sum was ever received unless with the express understanding that it was a donation. The friends of the enterprise were warm in their encomiums, and a few of them were liberal in their contributions; but the pecuniary aid thus rendered fell vastly short of meeting necessary expenses. Indeed \$200 only was the total amount contributed in cash, which defrayed but about one half the expense of fitting up the school room.—Thus the whole burden of the first quarter fell on the teacher. Some of the friends of the school, though highly approving of the object, and admiring Mr. P's. perseverance and sacrifices for its

promotion, thought him insane, or to say the least, indulging in a strange idiosyncrasy to neglect the tempting opportunity then offered, of the extraordinary facilities for acquiring wealth, to secure for himself a fortune in the general scramble for gold.

Nothing now appeared to be wanting to secure complete success, but the means of providing for his support. The school was large and flourishing, and in it was the germ of a mighty influence which was hereafter to be exerted on this western slope of the continent; this doubtless he realized. Rents and the expenses of living were at that time enormously high, and it soon became evident that some way must be devised to procure the means to defray them. To abandon the free plan and charge for tuition would defeat his long cherished object, and could not be entertained. In this dilemma, towards the end of the quarter, Mr. Pelton petitioned the City Council to take the school under its control, and provide the means for its support; or, in other words to constitute it a *free common school*, in every sense of the term, as contemplated from its first inception. That this petition was *literally* granted is put beyond all question by the action of the board which soon followed. Particular attention is directed to this point, as what we conceive to be the plain facts in this matter have been repeatedly ignored by parties who have been connected with the school department—and others.

The council being composed mostly of men who came from a part of the country where the "Yankee notion" of free schools had not been established, did not at first adequately appreciate this important institution, and the proposition met with a cool reception, and a decided opposition from a small minority. The opponents of the measure were willing, *as an act of charity*, to pay for the tuition of the children of the poor, but deprecated

squandering the public money in educating those of the rich. But wiser counsels finally prevailed. A second petition signed by the friends of free education, and headed by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, was more successful. A resolution was adopted, March 29th, employing Mr. and Mrs. Pelton as teachers, and making an appropriation for their support, and at the next meeting, April 8th, an "*Ordinance for the Regulation of Common Schools*," (a very significant title,) enacted, by which it was made "the duty of John C. Pelton to open a school in the Baptist church," and in which all children were required to be instructed "free of charge." The intentions of the council could not have been more plainly expressed, and no fact can be more clearly demonstrated than that the city opened, controlled, and supported this school. The objection to this position that it was previously established is mere trifling.

In this connection, honorable mention should be made of Rev. O. C. Wheeler, C. L. Ross, Esq., and the late W. D. M. Howard, through whose influence, more than that of any others, out of the council, we are indebted for this result.

As an item of public interest, we insert the entire proceedings of the council in relation to this matter, as far as the distracted state of our city archives enable us to obtain them. We would make a suggestion to our city fathers relative to the importance of immediately taking some measures for the arrangement and preservation of such early municipal records as have escaped destruction, which it must be confessed are now, through the negligence of former officials in a shameful state of disorder, on loose scraps of paper.

"At a meeting of the town council held March 29, 1850, on motion of Mr. Green it was

Resolved, That from and after the first day of April, 1850, John C. Pelton and

Mrs. Pelton, his wife, be employed as teachers for the public school in the Baptist church (which has been offered to the council free of charge;) and that the average number of scholars shall not exceed one hundred, and that they shall be entitled to a salary of five hundred dollars per month, payable monthly during the pleasure of the council."

"On motion of Mr. Jas. S. Graham the committee on education, [consisting of Hugh C. Murray, Esq., Frank Tilford, Esq., and Col. Wm. M. Stuart,] are instructed to draft an ordinance for the regulation of said school."

"At a meeting of the town council April 8, 1850, on motion of Mr. Murray, the following ordinance was adopted—

"An Ordinance for the Regulation of Common Schools"—

"SEC. 1. Be it ordained &c., that from and after the passage of this act, it shall be the duty of John C. Pelton, who has been employed by the council, as a public teacher, to open a school in the Baptist church.

SEC. 2. Said school shall be open from half past eight o'clock, A. M., to twelve M., and from two P. M., until five P. M.; and shall continue open from Monday until Friday at five P. M., of each week.

"SEC. 3. The number of scholars shall not exceed the number of one hundred; and no scholar shall be admitted under the age of four, nor over the age of sixteen years.

"SEC. 4. All persons desirous of having their children instructed in said school shall first obtain an order from the chairman of the committee of education; and all children obtaining said order shall be instructed in said school free of charge.

"SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of said Pelton to report to the council on the first of each and every month the number of scholars, and the progress of said school."

Thus, in accordance with the above action of the council, the school became on

the 1st of April, a public school, supported and controlled by the city, though in all other respects remaining as before.—The school ordinance, though brief and imperfect, answered all purposes for the time, while there was but one school. This action constituted it, in kind, as well as in fact, a *free common school* as truly as would the most elaborate enactments and regulations.

Those schools immediately succeeding, after a short vacation, organized under the *second* school ordinance, were regular successors of the parent school.

Yet, in the face of all these facts, the first superintendent, who was the author of the second school ordinance, in his quarterly reports, uniformly dated the commencement of our free school system in California, at the time of its adoption and his inauguration! The second superintendent also, in a historical address delivered before the Teachers, Normal Class in September, 1855, says, "*Four years* have not yet fully elapsed since the time of their establishment," and *in which the original school was not once alluded to!* And, what is still more singular, seven of our oldest and most respectable citizens endorsed the error, by requesting a copy of the "able and valuable address" for publication. On the resignation of a prominent teacher in 1857, in some complimentary resolutions adopted by the Board of Education, substantially the same error was re-iterated. On the occasion of the dedication of the Bush street school house, in 1854, it was stated by one of the speakers that "this is the *first* free school ever established on the shores of the Pacific!" The article on education in the "Annals of San Francisco" is reputed to have been written by the first superintendent. It is there stated that Mr. Pelton's "*was called a public school, although the city council had nothing to do with its organization or management!*"

Why this position should have been so

pertinaciously and blindly persisted in, and another school, subsequently established, be hoisted into notice as "the pioneer free school," and a subsequent teacher, though worthy of all praise for his distinguished services, be styled "the pioneer teacher," we cannot understand. The school referred to, instead of being *free*, was opened nearly seven months after that of Mr. Pelton's, and was *supported by tuition fees* for more than a year after its commencement in Happy Valley.— If there is any merit in having established this school, the merit is due to Mr. Pelton, who was exclusively instrumental in opening it. It was free for a few of the first weeks, but was afterwards changed to a private one until the adoption of the second school ordinance. This piece of injustice to the real "pioneer," is certainly not "rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

The subsequent enactment of another and more perfect school ordinance, adapted to the wants of the department when it had become more extended, was a new era in the history of our common schools, but not their origin in this city, as has been frequently asserted. A third ordinance and a radical re-organization have since been substituted for the second, but no one on that account dreams of discarding what had previously been done under the second. These attempts to entirely ignore the early labors and sacrifices of Mr. Pelton, by those who have ample means of more correct information, is utterly futile and ungenerous, as every one knows who was here in 1849 and '50. Our only object in this digression, is to set the matter right before the public.

To return; for some time after its adoption by the city, the school went on prosperously; but, very singularly, this very prosperity was ultimately the cause of serious embarrassments to the principal. It will be seen that the school ordinance restricted the attendance to one hundred

pupils; but they continued to pour in, and the principal of the school could not refuse to admit them. Upon consulting with individual members of the council, they advised him to receive all applicants and, if necessary, employ another assistant; and they promised their influence to obtain from the council an appropriation to meet the additional expense. He accordingly employed another teacher, and, as the school still continued to increase, a second assistant was necessary. Both were paid from his own means, under the expectation that the money thus expended would be returned from the city treasury. But month after month passed, and no appropriation was made. The teacher's salary was apparently liberal, but the payment was made in scrip, which his necessities compelled him to get cashed at a ruinous discount. At one time the city credit was so depressed that he could obtain but 33 per cent. of its par value, and his entire salary for more than six months, in 1850-'51, was exhausted in paying these assistant teachers. Daily expecting relief, he continued these disbursements from his private income until he became seriously involved in providing for his own support, and the little property he had accumulated was sacrificed to liquidate these debts.

It is true he had no *legal* demand against the city, having, in his zeal, taken the risk of the generosity of the council; but this refusal to remunerate him was certainly a most pitiful piece of economy. In view of the disastrous pecuniary results to Mr. Pelton, however, some generous citizens came forward and contributed a sum sufficient, nearly, to cover these disbursements; but these favors came too late to avert the sacrifice of his comfortable homestead. With a full knowledge of these difficulties in his early labors in the cause of free education, we doubt not a generous public will not longer refuse the cheap reward of an

acknowledgment of his agency in laying the foundation of our present flourishing free school system.

During the first quarter of the public school one hundred and fifty-two pupils were admitted, between the ages of four and sixteen. To the curious the following view of the mixed character of our population at that time may be interesting, extracted from the teacher's report showing the nativity of the pupils:—

“Maine.....	1
New Hampshire.....	2
Vermont.....	1
Massachusetts.....	4
Rhode Island.....	3
New York.....	15
New Jersey.....	4
Pennsylvania.....	5
Maryland.....	3
Ohio.....	3
Iowa.....	3
Wisconsin.....	3
Tennessee.....	1
Missouri.....	5
Mississippi.....	1
Louisiana.....	14
Arkansas.....	6
Oregon.....	1
California.....	2

Total Native.....77

England.....	5
Scotland.....	4
Ireland.....	5
Germany.....	1
France.....	1
Chili.....	20
Peru.....	1
Australia.....	20
New Zealand.....	15
Sandwich Islands.....	3

Total Foreign.....75

The monthly reports required by the school ordinance, were published in the papers of the day, and were extensively copied at the East and in Europe, as a gratifying evidence of the prosperity of this useful New England institution at that early day, in California. The school excited much interest in the community generally, and received the encouragement of our most prominent citizens, by

their frequent personal inspection and counsel; and the press also often gave flattering notices of its success.

At the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, in this city, in 1850, the public school formed an interesting feature in the programme, and is thus noticed by the *Pacific News* of Nov. 1st:—“We were much interested to see displayed in the midst of the assembled thousands in the Plaza on Tuesday last, in front of the speakers’ stand, a banner with the inscription on it—‘*The First Public School in California*!’ Around it were clustered some scores of children with hearts all full of delightful sensations, and enjoying, if it were possible—and we do not doubt it—more happiness than any others in the vast throng. They were accompanied by their head teacher, Mr. J. C. Pelton, and his assistants, who have been unobtrusively laboring for the last ten months in educating all the children in San Francisco which could be gathered together. We have been acquainted with his operations in this department for the past six months, and can testify to his zeal, efficiency and success. The school has been constantly on the increase ever since, and now numbers 140 pupils, most of whom attend steadily. Being many of them children whose parents are unable to pay for their education, it becomes necessary to look to some other source for the support of their teacher. And we regret to say that here in ‘the land of gold’ the school master has been badly paid, and that he asks the City Council in vain for relief. Pay him, and pay him well, we say. It is not a large sum, but its useful effects will be seen after we all are laid beneath the clods of the valley.” The editor here refers to the pecuniary embarrassments of the teacher, and his claims on the public treasury before attended to.

The fire of the 22d of June 1851 having injured the building occupied up to

that time by the school, it became necessary to procure another room. After a short vacation, the school was accordingly removed, for a short time, to the Methodist chapel on Powell street, and then again to the First Congregational church on Jackson street, where it remained until about the first of September following. The city was exempt from the payment of any rent for school purposes, or any care in regard to providing a room during the entire period of Mr. Pelton's services—his solicitude for the prosperity of the school, in the absence of any provision for its accommodation, prompting him to look after its pecuniary interests, in addition to his legitimate work. He officiated as sexton for the three societies, during the occupancy of their premises, as a partial compensation for the use of their churches.

During some portions of the term of Mr. Pelton's service, the number of pupils on the list of attendance amounted to 300, which, as we have seen, had grown out of the very small beginning of *three*. During the entire period, a year and three quarters, the whole number that had received instruction in the school was about *eleven hundred*. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and discouragements which had been encountered, this result certainly shows a very gratifying view of the success of the pioneer school, and one which most assuredly deserves honorable mention. The probabilities are that the successful introduction of the common school system would have been delayed a number of years but for the persevering efforts of this teacher. The council which by the adoption of the common school ordinance of April 8th, 1850, gave birth to the free school system in this city, was at first only lukewarm on the subject, and as we have shown above, only moved in the matter after urgent appeals of the friends of free education; and the favorable views of the next council were con-

sidered as so doubtful, that the teacher thought it not expedient to present his bills until its members were convinced of the importance of the object by outside influences. Strange as it may now sound, it was thought an extravagant waste of the public money by some, to expend \$6,000 a year for the education of the youth of our city, while hundreds of thousands were being squandered on very questionable objects.

On the 25th of September, the school department was reorganized by the adoption of an ordinance better adapted to the educational requirements of the time. The population of the city had greatly increased by the immigration of families, and had become spread over a large surface, and wider and more perfectly arranged school facilities were of course now needed. The provisions of the second ordinance were carried into effect on the 21st of October, by the election of a Board of Education and a Superintendent, and the city was divided into five districts, to be supplied with schools as soon as the council should deem necessary. At the same time \$35,000 were appropriated for school purposes, which, with the addition of \$25,000 previously ordered, was constituted a school fund.

We have now brought the history of the school department of this city down to the month of October, 1851. In our next we shall bring the record down to the present time, should space permit.

MY WINDOW-SEAT.

A PAGE FOR MATTER-OF-FACT-FOLKS TO SKIP.

REVERIE THE FIRST.

Did it not sound too presumptuous, Corydon, you should have the confession, that I think I came very near being a poet—that somewhere in the elements of the vital fire which warms my nature is hidden a spark, such as glows in the bosoms of the children of Song. It may be

this germ of Poesy was implanted at too great a depth, and, like seeds which have been buried too deep, perished before it struggled up into the genial air and sunlight—or, haply, die for lack of the fostering warmth of love, or the refreshing dew of tears—or perhaps it was enclosed in a shell, which circumstances never opened—or that the soil was arid and sterile, or—I know not what: no matter—it never grew—never bloomed—never bore fruit; and, if it ever existed, was numbered in the sad list of things that were created in vain.

Yet, as I sit by my window and watch the day's closing scene—how quiet and beautiful for the busy city,—and see the soft sunbeams stream over the barren sand-hills, and rest on the flowers in the garden below, that receive in sleepy languor the parting rays, and hear a confused din of drowsy sounds which my ear cares not to distinguish, save the vesper chirp of that little caged bird, and the whispered consultations of some mischief-plotting children in the garden—as my senses drink these sights and sounds in dreamy happiness, I complacently cherish the thought that I came very near being a poet. Not I alone, Corydon—I am not so egotistical as that; but you, also—everybody. We all have the elements of Poesy implanted in us, which it needed but circumstances to develop. The deep emotions awakened by the power of poetry, speak of a like force in ourselves: the strong passions roused by the martial bard's stirring lay—the tear bestowed upon the minstrel's tender strain, are the sympathetic responses of accordant depths in our bosoms. The heart that has the capacity to sympathise to the fullest extent with any sentiment is capable of conceiving it.

Perhaps the first note has never been breathed forth, nor the first tenderly conceived fancy been embodied in a sweet-numbered strain. But we are not to

judge of a person's capacity for song, their depth of feeling, their power of ideal conception, only by what they have sung. Unworded, unexpressed, and locked in the hearts of those who created them, have lived and died sweeter strains and finer images than were ever written. A thousand sad causes may have repressed the gush of feeling; a fear of critical severity—a cold indifference for the world's applause—an unhappy lot, or a lot too full of happiness—or some may have experienced the bitter pang of being unable to give utterance to their thoughts, and felt their hearts swell with its burden of unutterable harmony, until it became a weary pain which caused it to break.

No matter what the cause: enough—our hearts are songless! But, hidden deep within its secret cells—even in its very holy of holies—is somewhere a little shrine consecrated to Poesy. The temple lacks a priestess, and no "incense kindled at the Muse's flame" has ever burned upon its sacred altar; but who shall say an offering might not have been given there, the sweetest, the grandest ever devoted to song!

But, Corydon, however near I came to being a poet, I missed it—and thank my stars for having gone astray. I would not be a poet! They are looked upon as poor unfortunates—their works and actions licensed, as savages tolerate the wild freaks of madness, supposing it to be in some way connected with the supernatural; and their dealings with imaginary subjects exclude them from the pale of humanity, keeping them apart in a sphere of cold ideality—denied even the attributes of common mortals. Such is my idea of them, derived from experience.

Some bard once fired my boyish breast with his entrancing numbers, until my heart swelled with the desire to pour out similar strains; and with earnest solemnity I announced to my youthful compan-

ions that I was going to turn poet, and couldn't play with them any more. Accordingly, one morning I forsook the little group of children who went forth to sport among the May flowers, with hearts as light as the breezes that fanned their cheeks, and retired to my study, which I had fitted up in a garret. The scene that met my view as I irresistibly peeped out of the little garret-window, might have inspired any poet. The sun shone so brightly on the whole landscape—on the distant hillsides, white with daisies—on the meadows, golden-hued with buttercups, where my little playmates were searching for the first ripening strawberries—or sometimes a lone cloud wandered along the clear sky, and then over the meadows the sunshine was chased by a shadow, which was pursued in turn by the bright floods of sunshine. From the rocky hill-lands the looing of cattle came on the air—the laborers' shouts were heard in the neighboring fields—in the alder-grove down by the little brook the birds were singing gleefully, and my mother's gentle voice hummed a happy tune as she busied herself with her household duties. I saw and felt it all; but could not give my feelings utterance.—Rhymes are stern things, Corydon, and the bark of many a fine poetical fancy has been wrecked on them, and its struggling, hopeful freight sunk down, to rest, unhonored and unsung—but not unwept. The power was not given me to write the emotions that swelled vaguely in my breast; but I could express them in the language of childhood's poetry—by roving free over the fields, culling flowers, chasing butterflies, and singing in a strain whose joyousness echoed back the birds' happy songs. So I abandoned my study, and sought my playmates in the meadow. I walked abstractedly apart from the group, fearful of their deriding laughter, but when some of them commenced to rally me upon my inconstancy to the sacred

Nine, sister Nell reproved them, and said so solemnly: "Don't talk to him—he's a poet now."

Childish simplicity!—but does not the world repeat the admonition every day? "Don't talk to him—he's a poet!" as though there were something in the mere name that excluded him from all intercourse with men. Poor things! raised by general agreement to a superior realm fitted for clay poetically tintured—beings too exalted to bestow upon them our warm sympathies and affections, and only to be admired through their works, which are supposed to fall upon our lowly head from sources as unworldly and pure as the snowflake that descends from the sky or a spotless plume dropped from the pinion of an angel.

Yet how erroneous the opinion! If there is any one who possesses deeper, tenderer and more general sympathies—who is more thoroughly endowed with every attribute of humanity than another, it is the poet. The being who holds the power so skillfully to touch the sources of feeling in others, must himself be acutely susceptible of the emotions he awakens. And in this intense susceptibility lies the secret of their unhappiness as a class. It is easy to imagine how hearts so sensitive—so exquisitely alive to joy or so keenly wounded by misfortune—are pained and broken in a world, which, if it is not all sorrow, is neither entirely sunshine and happiness.

AN ECLOGUE.

CORYDON.

How blest, O friend! must be the poet's life,
By Heaven exempted from earth's scenes of strife,
Endowed with gifts that kings have vainly sought,
My bosom burns with envy of his lot!
How blest, Alexis, thus to lie supine,
Embowered by the thickly-tangled vine,
And watch the hours in happy pleasure speed,
Cheered by the pipings of your tuneful reed!!
The grazing herds which spot the grassy plain
Should gather round to list the happy strain,
While feathered songsters of the shady groves
Should hush their own to list to others' loves;
And when night's shadows stealing o'er the plain

Released from toil the neighboring maid and swain,
The group should dance upon the moon-lit mead
To the blithe numbers of the poet's reed.
By heaven thus favored, Alexis, who would not
Envy the pleasures of the poet's lot?

ALEXIS.

Go, silly youth! thou'rt like the man I know,
Who saw a slave decked for the pageant show,
And, in the joy the glittering trappings gave,
Cursed fate that he had not been born a slave.
I knew a poet once!

CORYDON.

O happy man!

What was he like?—did'st well his figure scan?
Had he the radiant brow and dream-lit eyes
Of some bright wanderer from Paradise,
Who passed in happiness earth's scenes among—
His breathing music, and his accents song?

ALEXIS.

His heritage was woe; e'en from his birth
His lot was the unfortunates' of earth;
His natal-hour did Misery attend,
And walked through life—his only constant friend:
To sorrow born, a melancholy child,
On whom the sun cast shadows, but ne'er smiled.
His was a soul which lived but to aspire—
Yet poverty suppressed its generous fire;
His was a heart of that peculiar kind
Which longs for peace—yet peace could never find.
Yet oft his subdued nature broke control,
And flames poetic rapt his fervid soul,
And bright conceptions in a beauteous train
In soft delirium swept his heated brain:
And then he was inspired, and breathed forth thought
In words whose tone had heaven's own beauty caught;
Sparkled with gems the current of his song,
As swelling torrents pour their tide along,
Dash into foam, and rise in snowy spray,
With diamond sheen and iridescent play.
Oft themes exalted woke the poet's lyre,
Or stirring scenes, or deeds of martial fire;
But better suited with its gentle note
The sad heart-history of some humble lot,
Whose lowly joys, to wealth and fame unknown,
Were but a reflex of the minstrel's own:
Soft Pity's hand swept o'er the poet's heart
And woke a strain—he sang its counterpart;
In sorrow he conceived their hopes and fears,
And like earth's daughters brought them forth in tears.

* * * * *

He died: no funeral-train with signs of woe
Followed his bier with solemn steps and slow;
And, save the drops of fond affection shed
By one young bosom whom the gentle dead
Had taught the fatal art of tuneful numbers,
No mourner wept the humble poet's slumbers:
For want of love, no joy existence gave—
For want of tears, no flowers bloom o'er his grave.

A TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

Genius, the Pythian of the beautiful,
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the dull;
From eyes profane a veil the iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means.
BULWER.

The glorious gifts of genius are often fatal to the possessor; and those lofty aspirations and golden poetic reveries—ethereal fancies—are likewise often doomed to a bitter disappointment. The dreamy devotee of literary idols is often crushed amid the gorgeous ruins of his own castle building, which, before the dome is properly fixed, totters and tumbles upon him. Above all the fine faculties that the munificent hand of the Creator has lavished upon poor earth-worms, is that of using the pen. Many a rapt enthusiast has toiled away, up in his old rickety dormitory, with his brain wild and feverish, and his heart—the human heart—throbbing, teeming, bursting with the unsatisfied yearnings of the immortal soul. He is shrinkingly sensitive, dreamy and morbidly melancholy, and recoils like a fawn from the contaminating touch of the worldling. His hoarded treasures, his fire-side thoughts, his heart's nestlings, his brightest jewels, and soul-gems are given to the world—often how very thanklessly? "The knights of the quill" are usually poor in this world's goods, but rich in the mine of golden thought and vision; and one that follows the entrancing pursuits of literature often toils for a daily pittance that will scarcely keep the haggard monster, the hungry wolf, from the door.

The world's blight and human unkindnesses, and even death, cannot quench the fire that glows within the chastened soul; and the homage the world gives to genius—the child of tears—is a poor consolation, a shabby recompense, for a lifetime of toil and heart-pains. Yet all who write cannot expect to clamber to Parnassus' heights, and slake their burning

thirst at the fountain of knowledge.—Though one's influence is delicate, and comes not with the power of an Archimedes' lever, it will live, it will exist, when our humble names and habitations are thickly overgrown with the dark mosses of oblivion—when the chaotic silence of forgetfulness shall cover with its dark pall the crumbling remains of departed loveliness, and hoary Time with his obliterating fingers shall have erased our simple names from the decaying tombstone. The world's unkindness and wrong is continually recording itself upon the tablets of the soul. How many at this moment would gladly ask the heart now stilled forever, to be forgiven? Yes! many a proud, soaring spirit the world hath crushed—and many a deep-loving heart has been torn, broke and lacerated by bitter scorn, haughty pride and indifference.

Byron was driven, like another Cain, over the teeming land and dangerous sea, seeking that Paradise of rest he never found; his own frailties and the *Musé* united to work out his heart-felt calamities and death; and Greece has all that remains of the unfortunate English bard. If the stripling Shelly had not poured out all the wormwood and gall of his nature in the "*Cenci*," he would probably have not been shipwrecked on the little "*Don Juan*," nor his ashes been reposing in a Roman grave. While living, the English reviews thought the pale youth leagued with his Satanic majesty, and were on the alert to crush with their heartless criticisms the youthful bard into an untimely grave. "I feel the daisies growing over me," said the dying poet: those were the prophetic visions of the last hours of his miserable existence; and among the broken walls and daisies of the Eternal City lies another victim of English lampooning, satire and abuse. To die as young as Keats—at the youthful age of twenty-three, when he was

just budding into promise—was indeed melancholy in the extreme; and, as he said, the perennial daisies bloom summer and winter above the finest poet that ever graced this earth. Mrs. Hemans, the queenly poetess, was shamefully deserted by her ungrateful husband, and was one of the most wretched women at heart that ever lived. She was tenderly affectionate and constant in her attachments—ever ready to forgive an injury, and even in the last agonies of death loved to madness the destroyer of her happiness. Her sad heart was ever thirsting for love and sympathy, and with tremulous susceptibility was ever looking about the cold places of this earth to find some object to wind the tendrils of affection about. There is something pensively mournful and sweet about her poetry, that makes one long for the shores of Immortality and a glimpse of that "undiscovered land" beyond. A religious sentiment of compassion and deep suffering pervades like a broken strain of an Eolian lyre all her writings.

Yes, genius is a fatal gift, and often springs from mere obscurity. Homer, the blind poet, was a street-beggar—Plato it is said turned a mill—Terence was a slave—Boetius died in the gloomy vaults of a prison, without a friend to call his own—Paul Borghes, had fourteen trades, but starved with them all—Tasso was often in want of a few shillings—Camoens, the author of "*Lusiad*," ended his days in a dilapidated alms-house—and Vangelas left his body to the surgeons, to liquidate his debts. In Merry England, with her kings and her queens, her wealth and grandeur, Bacon lived a life of stinted meanness—Sir Walter Raleigh perished on the scaffold—Spenser died of want—Milton sold the copyright of "*Paradise Lost*" for fifteen pounds, and ended his days in obscurity—Otway died of hunger—Lee expired in the street—Dryden lived in haggard poverty and

want—Steele was always at war with the bailiffs and officials—Richard Savage, for a debt of eight pounds, ended his career in the Bristol prison—Butler lived in penury and died in want—Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself by his own hands—Dr. Johnson was so reduced in circumstances that he wrote “*Rasselaes the Prince of Abyssinia*,” in the evenings of a week, to defray his mother’s funeral expenses. Even in America, the boasted land of freedom, Edgar A. Poe, the laureate-poet, died without a farthing to call his own. After all these human miseries, Parnassus is not deserted; the Castalian spring flows on as ever, and the Apollo of antiquity smiles as benignantly upon the present generation as when Eastern mythology recorded only fiction and wonder. And even in this golden-sunset land, the

bard has tuned his lyre to the song of the Muses; and, when the gnome of darkness has buttoned the night-curtains, the trudging miner hies away to his little cabin to while away the hours of twilight in the delicious raptures inspired by prose and verse. There is genius of a high order in California—most frequently to be met with among the beetling crags and rocks of the imperial snow-clad Sierras—who only need a pedestal to elevate them above the common dilly-dally rhymsters of the present day. What Californian is not proud of our own McDonald, the King of Editors on the Pacific coast, who breathes the sweetness of his own great soul into the columns of the “*Trinity Journal*?” And who can forget the late Edward Pollock—whose harp sounded the sweetest strains ever awakened upon our sunny shores?

Our Social Chair.

SUMMER has set in with its usual severity upon this sainted city by the sea. The ocean breezes come in loaded with entire fog-banks; and fierce simooms—their hot, arid breath changed to a chill dampness—sweep over the bleak sand hills. The famous Gate which forms the entrance of our lovely Bay does not always wear its golden aspect. We have seen it when it was peerless in its splendor and gorgeous dyes—when its dazzling effulgence seemed a radiance streaming in from the realms of Glory, which lay just beyond—when, as the stately vessels rode out into the sea of light,

“The tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold;”

—and we have seen it, too, when gloomy fleets of mist passed in, and wrapped city, hills and bay in darkness, and drizzled their cold spray in dreary showers through the cheerless streets. Providence with a just distribution of its favors, seems to have

imposed this inclement and disagreeable summer weather upon us, as an offset to the numerous advantages of the Drama, Music, Literature and Commercial benefits which we, as a Metropolis possess over all other portions of the Golden State. We San Franciscans enjoy a decided superiority in the luxuries and elegancies with which Art and social refinement have adorned our homes; but our interior brethren bask in a climate the most glorious ever bestowed upon any land. As this Social Chair on these Summer afternoons sallies forth along Montgomery street—panoplied in a heavy overcoat, to resist the fierce assaults of the chill, sandy breezes—it contrasts our weather with the long, gilded summer-days that rest in halcyon peace upon the Plains of the Mesa, or the sunny hills and vales of Los Mariposas. The sun shines as brightly there as it ever shone on classic lands, and sinks in the hazy west with as ineffable splendor as it ever sank in the *Ægean* sea.

The crags of Yo-Semite rise bolder than Drachenfels; and vines are springing on plain and mountain side, whose vintage shall be under skies as mellow and golden as bend over the vine-harvests of fair Italy. Yet for those mornings—there are some—when the sun gleams warm and brightly on fair Yerba Buena and the distant hills of Contra Costa, we can well afford to

“Watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.”

APROPÓS to the inclemency of San Francisco summer weather, a young friend of the Social Chair tells a ludicrous incident, which illustrates its sad effects under certain circumstances. Our friend with another young man went, on one of our most characteristic afternoons, to call upon a lady acquaintance, who lived in the suburbs; and, after wandering for awhile, uncertain of their way, among the sand-hills, during which time they had the full benefit of a chill sea breeze, they arrived in the vicinity of the young lady's home. As is very natural in cases where persons are desirous of making a favorable impression they inspected each other's personal appearance before approaching the house.—Our friend expressed the result of his critical inspection in the exclamation:

“Charley, your nose is as blue as an indigo-bag!”

“So is yours!” replied his friend.

Thereupon they both commenced violently rubbing their noses—trying, as our friend expresses it, “to nicely get up a circulation.” But what tyro in color-mixing does not know that blue and red, makes purple?—and the truth of this infallible law of nature was never more beautifully exemplified than in the present case. With the violent friction, the deep blue changed to a deeper purple; and the two chivalrous young men, perfectly satisfied with the result of “getting up a circulation,” and concluding that the appearance of their countenances would not be over fascinating to the young lady's eyes, followed their noses—or the inclination which those organs inspired—back towards the city.

THE LOVERS.

'Twas night: the placid moon rose slowly
To span the sky with shining girth,
And shed her light—serene and holy,
Upon the slumbering earth:
And glistened in its silvery beams
A thousand merry-dancing streams,

There stood a porch a cot before,
Half hid by day from view,
Yet mid the vines that clothed it o'er,
The moonbeams struggled through,
And flitted faintly on a pair
Of youthful lovers seated there.

O fit the place for gentle lovers
Where Zephyr sports 'mong leaves,
Where Cupid, screened by darkness, hovers
And Heaven an air of wooing breathes—
Where, half supprest, the moonlight's gush
Betrays no tell-tale maiden blush.

O fit the time, when fairies tread
Gay measures in the leafy bowers,
Or mirthfully their banquets spread
Within the corals of the flowers;
When elves and sprites their revels keep,
And care-encumbered mortals sleep.

The lover clasps the hand in glove,
And lowly kneels beside the maiden,
But vainly strives to tell his love—
With fears too deep his heart is laden;
And she mid vine-leaves slyly seeks
To hide the blush upon her cheeks.

Gaze on him, lovers—ye who've sought
To ope the Ætnas of your breast,
Who've striven to, yet spoken nought
Of passion which your heart oppressed—
Gaze on that speechless lover there,
And feel again thine own despair.

Gaze on him, fair ones—ye who've felt
Your hearts respond to words unspoken—
Who've waited long for one who knelt
To break suspense by word unbroken—
Who've turned aside a blush to hide—
Gaze and let not your spirits chide.

Ay, let no chidings from your hearts
Say that the lover acteth illy,

For Cupid's hero's must act parts

That sober minds consider silly;
And sure, 'tis orthodox to love
With lips that utter nought, yet move.

Tis done!—the awful word is spoken!—

The murmured vow his lip escapes!

He falters low, in accents broken,

"Say, Bet, du you like these 'ere grapes?"

And echoes back a soft response—

"You bet, Zeke—a right smart chance!"

FROM an esteemed contributor we have received the following feelingly written obituary of a dearly loved child. Bereaved parents, alone, can fully sympathise with the touching sentiments expressed.

LITTLE IVA—"Say not thou art bereaved! there is no sorrow like unto mine!"

Died—at Sacramento, Iva, daughter of E. C., and Laura C. W., aged one year and five months.

Beautiful, oh! how beautiful and lovely was this little bud of promise, so suddenly torn from the parent vine. But the other day, there was joy and happiness in the unbroken home circle, to which little Iva was as a radiant sunbeam brightening a cloudless sky—and all around was light, and love, and beauty. Little did the fond ones dream that a night of such darkness would so soon o'ercast the bright horizon of their life.

A sweet angel was Iva—everybody loved her. Her beautiful face, and pleasant ways won your heart at once; and, as you looked into her soul-lit eyes, you were reminded of the picture of a cherub. But Death, the unwelcome visitant to all, claimed her for his own, and ere we were aware, the awful truth of his dread presence—so stealthy was his tread—flashed suddenly upon our bewildered minds, and the pure unspotted soul had passed away from earth.

Oh! Father! forgive us, if in such an hour as this, impious thoughts should crowd themselves upon our selfish hearts: there are so few in the world to love us, and surely there was room enough on this great earth of Thine for this little one to

live unmolested by the fell destroyer! It is so hard to "pass under the rod," and realize that blows given from heaven are but to strike down the "tares and weeds of dark luxuriance" that grow about our hearts. In calmer mood, we kiss the hand that smote so heavily, and crave His pity and forbearance who afflicts not willingly the children of His love.

A perfect picture of health was this little one, and so sudden was her death, it left no impress upon her beautiful features; and as she lay in her little white coffin, with the pure buds of spring nestling around the fair waxen form, she seemed like an angel sleeping among the flowers, too dainty and life-like to be hid away in the green earth.

Oh ye! who love so deeply, clasp not so closely your idolized ones, the grave is not far distant, and in a few days the earth will have made room for them in her warm embrace. The green fields lie around, and the vernal winds are piping of the flowery summer-time; the earth is full of music, and the sky is lost in an eternity of blue; but "mid the deep shadows of this night of woe," sky and earth are alike joyless to the hearts of the afflicted parents, whose chief joy and delight hath fled never to return. The voice of nature is sweet, but the songs of the Angels in the fields of Bethlehem were not sweeter to the shepherds than the little soft voice of Iva was to us; who, but one week ago was crowing with wild delight, and lisping her first little words of infantile sweetness.

Sweet be thy slumbers, precious dust; sleep on thou young inheritor of heaven's bliss; sleep sweetly until the arch-angel's trump breaks in upon thy dream. There is a shrine within thy little grave, where we can hoard away our holy love; and we pray that the pure heart-felt devotion, which is born in sorrow, and the religious lustre which adorns a humble christian's life, may not fade away under the smiling auspices of fortune and pleasure. Look up, ye afflicted parents; cast thy cares upon one who has said "As the waters of Noah

shall never return to cover the earth, so the covenant of my peace shall never depart from thee."

BESSIE.

To this we cannot resist the temptation of giving the following stanzas from the beautiful poem by T. B. Aldrich, entitled "BABIE BELL."

Have you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Angels go,
Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.
* * * * *

It came upon us by degrees:
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell.
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears
Like sunshine into rain.
We cried aloud in our belief,
"O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;
Her little heart was cased in ours:
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

Chit-Chat.

A Few Words About our Music.

"At present our notions of music are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is we do like, only in general we are transported with anything that is not English: so it be of a foreign growth—let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch—it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing is yet planted in its stead."

So wrote Addison, more than a hundred years ago and there is an odd suitability

in his words that fits the present time as neatly as possible. Surely, if ever there was a musical community, it is ours. Some time ago dancing swayed a rival scepter, but its reign is no longer an absolute monarchy; we still dance, but without giving up our life to that one grace, and existing only in the feel and to the sound of the Mazourka, Varsouvienne, Esmeralda, &c., as we formerly did. We now ascend scales, we quaver, we vocalize, and music is in the ascendant. A melodious tarantula seems to have bitten us all, and we trill and chirp and cultivate our voices. Not that we have produced the result that sanguine expectation might have desired; for, in consideration of the number of music-schools, the large class of pupils, and the money expended, one would naturally suppose San Francisco to be a perfect nest of nightingales, the melody of whose voices would constantly ascend "like a cloud of sweet rich sound." On the contrary the study of music apparently incapacitates its votaries for using their voices, and their being not of, or in practice, (I believe it is of very little importance which) is the unfailing excuse with which they decline singing for the mere pleasure afforded to listeners by a sweet, simple, unaffected voice. Some of the most beautiful and tender poetry ever written has been in the form of songs and ballads; and when requisite tones and fine words flow in unison, there can be no purer or more delightful treat for the senses than in listening to them. But a silly speech of a musical critic (he must have been ashamed of it, viewing its effect) declaring that we cannot understand words and melody at once—either one of them must be sacrificed—has received such universal credit that song-writers of the present day present the musical world with words as nearly approaching the nonsense to which they are expected to be reduced by the music, as is in the nature of English verse to render—no meaningless sound can be beautiful. The great triumph of Opera music is the power it possesses in expressing delight, grief, fear and passion;

its thrilling sounds impress the senses like cunning pantomime, and with the added effect of words become still more powerful. If the words by themselves have no merit, they detract from the melody, but if they have, the union adds to the beauty of each. If the music possess words at all, they should be as nearly as possible equal to the thrilling sounds to which they give expression, or all the beauty of unity is lost.

There is something infinitely amusing in Addison's fear on seeing an Italian opera-singer giving vent in his own tongue to wild and excited bursts, lest he should be abusing and deriding the company present, who look on admiringly, without understanding a single word. But as that language is said to be the natural channel of music, and as its sweet liquid syllables seem to run naturally into it, it is delightful enough to listen to the melody and take the sense on credit, as three-fourths of the people who go to the Italian opera must; they not being familiar with that tongue, at least as it is spoken in Italy.

It were a vain task to sum up the charms of music—a work of supererogation; for, after pages of earnest panegyric, a few notes from some sweet instrument, struck by a skillful hand, or the soft, rich tones of a fine voice, singing some favorite air, will make all wordy praise seem faint and weak. Still, like everything else, it is only beautiful in its place; and when pursuing it as a study, to the exclusion of all else, and for the purpose of modulating a weak wiry voice that heaven only intended for the mere use of the owner, it becomes a bore indeed. To quote the *Spectator* again—and he is generally acknowledged pretty good authority: "Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature; I confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth."

M. H.

Operatic and Dramatic.

The great feature for the past month has been the New Orleans English Opera Troupe composed of Miss Rosalie Durand, Miss Georgia Hodson, Miss Ada King, Mrs. Boudinot, Mr. Lyster, Mr. Trevor and Mr. Boudinot. With one or two exceptions, the Press of this city greeted the first performance of these artists with a most savage onslaught, which the public has failed to endorse. The severity of the criticisms was not lessened by the fact that they were uttered in general terms, and without mention of the points of defect, inducing the conclusion that the performances were without a redeeming trait. Had the company been less talented than they really are, or less attractive, they would have sunk irretrievably under the attack. The opening selection, "La Sonnambula," was truly unfortunate; the music being unsuited to the force and capacities of the Troupe, and by no means calculated to show them off to the best advantage. This was, however, not so much the fault of the company as the result of circumstance, for their whole repertoire had been inadvertently left on the Isthmus, and they were forced to open with whatever they could find in this city. Since then they have performed the "Bohemian Girl," the "Child of the Regiment," "Don Pasquale" and "Cinderella," and all with steadily increasing success and effect. The personal beauty of the ladies, their evident desire to please and manifest happiness at having pleased; the fine acting of the entire company, the superb manner in which the pieces have been mounted, the fullness and excellence of the choral adjuncts and the superior quality of the orchestra have disarmed criticism and established the English Opera Troupe in a firm and enviable position in the favor of the community. It has been very justly observed, that California could not support a first-class Opera Troupe. It would be folly to expect of San Francisco what no city in the United States, or even in the world, has ever been able to accomplish

without material assistance from the government or heavy private contributions; nevertheless, the most captious critic cannot fail to appreciate the immense superiority of the entertainments furnished by the English Opera Company over those we have been so long patronizing. Burlesques and extravaganzas of doubtful propriety, sensation dramas of undoubted immorality, thread-bare bloody tragedies, and lugubrious comedies, with now and then a dash of Negro Minstrelsy or a few circus antics, have composed the rational entertainments of our people for several years, and we are greatly indebted to the Opera Troupe for the refreshing and refining change they have inaugurated. Miss Durand possesses a large share of personal beauty, is an excellent actress, and has a clear, but not powerful, voice. This lady is certainly not an Alboni; but if she does not sing so well, she more than compensates by her fine acting and many attractions. The imagination is not put upon the rack when Sulpice in the "Child of the Regiment" declares "she is divine," whereas those or kindred words addressed to Alboni merely provoke laughter. The audience should not see Alboni while she is singing, whereas they take an evident delight in looking at Miss Durand. Miss Georgia Hodson is likewise very beautiful; of classic face and symmetrical figure, with a rich, sympathetic contralto voice, but not powerful, this lady has made herself a great favorite. She assumes masculine roles, and renders them with much skill and artistic merit. Miss Ada King is also a great acquisition to the troupe, and is always listened to and seen with pleasure. Mr. Boudinot, the *basso profundo*, is a capital actor. This gentleman possesses one of the finest voices for an orator we have ever heard, but lacks volume in his singing. As a stump-speaker, Mr. Boudinot would be very affective. His deep, rich, well-modulated voice would wield a potent influence with the multitude. Mr. Trevor, the *tenore*, has a sweet and musical voice, but by no means a strong one. This gen-

tleman is steadily advancing in public favor. The true *role* of Mr. Lyster is evidently in buffo characters, such as "Pompolino" in the opera of "Cinderella," which was particularly well rendered by him. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Maguire, proprietor of the Opera House, for the very liberal and elegant style in which the various pieces have been presented. It is certainly very pleasing to see an array of pretty women in the choir, and to know that they perform the parts allotted to them with grace and merit. The orchestra has never been surpassed in this city, and is probably equal to any other, of the same number of pieces, to be found elsewhere. Taken as a whole, the entertainments given by the English Opera Troupe have been eminently successful, and have been received with unmistakable pleasure by crowded and fashionable audiences. The troupe will leave for Sacramento on the 27th inst., and will be succeeded by Mr. Collins, assisted by Miss Fanny Morant, a lady of decided talent, and one, we predict, who will become a marked favorite. Nothing of importance has transpired in our other theatres. Mlle Pitron, the popular and pleasing French actress, returned from Paris by the last steamer. She is the *enfant gâtée* of our French population, and will be welcomed back with enthusiasm.

The Fashions.

Boys' Toilet.

Irish poplin, small plaided, neutral colors, are meeting with special approbation for pants; no other change in the cutting, from last year's style, than slightly narrower in the legs.

Cloth jacket, of a color harmonizing with the pants, (ashes of roses is quite the favorite) cut a tight fitting body flaring out over the hips loosely, and reaching a little lower in the back, somewhat pointed; narrow collar turned down, with side lapels turned completely back, extending from the top to the bottom, these are orna-

mented with rows of metal buttons set close together. The buttons intended for fastening are sewed on the under side and are laced across with bright silk cord, or as is sometimes thought best a piece of the stuff with eyelets is sewed on to lace this cord diamond shaped, which looks very pretty over the white dickey, now so fashionable; the sleeves are plain close fitting coat sleeve, with narrow white linen cuffs upturned.

Leghorn Hat,

Narrow brim, bound with straw color or black galoon with plain straw cord and tassel wound three times round the crown and tied on the right side, the tassel barely falling over the brim.

Patent Leather Boots.

The above is adapted to boys of eight to twelve years—younger ones will look more becomingly dressed in white pants loose sitting, and box-plaited on the hips.

The Corsican Sacque,

Is handsome and comfortable; made of cloth or velvet, is intended to sit rather loosely and has but the seams under the arms—reaches nearly to the knees and is buttoned up the front to the throat; sleeves loose-tight, reaching half way from the elbow to the wrist and a little wider at the bottom; a wide cuff of gay plaid, left open both front and back and bound with the material of the sacque; finish the four corners of the cuff with tassel buttons—bind down the front and around the bottom with the plaid of the cuffs. White cambric sleeve—ruffled, with double ruffle at the neck tied with plaid ribbon about one inch wide.

White straw hat with brim turned up all round, and gaiters buttoning up at the sides.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

There were in this port, May 20th, 26 ships, 14 barks, 4 brigs and 4 schooners, besides coasters, and 68 vessels are reported on their way to this port from the Eastern States.

The steamer J. L. Stevens, on the 20th of May, carried from this port 420 passengers and \$1,792,727.00 in treasure. We were also relieved of over a quarter of a million in depreciated foreign coin.

Three new steamboats are in different stages of construction at Steamboat Point.

The State Treasury contained \$512,318.-17 at the close of business May 24th.

The fair for the benefit of the Sisters of Mercy netted \$10,500.00.

The Branch Mint at San Francisco has the capacity for coining \$40,000,000, annually.

An order has been received by a foundry in this city from Pesquera for four thirty-two pound howitzers for the armament in northern Mexico.

The coinage in the Branch Mint for the week ending May 30th was \$357,000.

June 1st, the *Morning Call* entered upon the sixth volume.

Rates of Passage to the Eastern States for the past month have been quite uniform at \$150, first cabin; \$90, second cabin; and \$40, in steerage, although some obtained tickets at a slight reduction.

The Overland Mail, in April, carried, from this city 8,328 letters. In May the number was increased to 15,240, being an advance of more than one hundred per cent.

The amount of treasure shipped per Golden Age, June 6th, was \$2,375,277.31 being the largest shipment of the season. 1,420 passengers left our shores by the same steamer.

The Frazer river mines are looking up! The Northerner of May 13th brought down \$50,000 in dust from Victoria, and the Pacific of June 5th about \$60,000. Some one wise in such matters has calculated the last shipment is an average of \$209, per man, for the two months' work.

The number of letters by Overland Mail were, 27th of May, 2,489; the 30th, 2,890; June 3d, 1,762; June 6th, 1,635; the 10th, 4,089; the 14th, 1,393; and the 17th, 2,490, making a total of 16,748, showing a gradual increase in the amount of mail matter forwarded by this route.

Snow fell on the Sierras last winter to the depth of thirty-seven feet.

Our markets this month were teeming with luscious strawberries in the greatest abundance.

William Morris *alias* Tipperary Bill was executed for the murder of Doak, on the 10th of June.

Editor's Table.



WITH the present number we commence our Fourth Volume.

The beginning of a new volume is generally allowed to be an event which brings readers and publishers in closer friendly communion—when the former are gratified with pleasing words and confidential disclosures, and the latter make the most enticing promises for the future; and we shall not make the present occasion an exception to the general rule.

To us, kind readers and friends of the Magazine, the relation of the past three years has been one of unbroken agreeableness; the many friendly words of approval and encouragement have come to us like the gentle tones of loved voices, and we have found our Magazine a means of increasing to a vast extent that circle of warm hearted, generous friends whose numbers can never be too great. And we look to the future with no desire for more happiness in our kindly relations, than has been offered by the past—except as our field becomes more extended.

We have no great promises to make for the future, but will simply say that we shall strive, as ever, to do the best in our power. We shall be guided in our endeavors by a determination to select whatever we think will be most pleasing and acceptable to our readers. If our Magazine has not contained articles of as sterling value or of as much literary merit, as those of Eastern Reviews and Magazines, it has not been because we would not gladly have given them; they were not within our reach.—But many papers of really great value and literary excellence have appeared in our pages, and the most enthusiastic admirer of California cannot but commend the zeal and labor which has been exhibited in giving to the world facts and illustrations connected with the history, scenery and resources of our State.

If there are homes—and we would fondly deem there are—where the California

Magazine has become as a part of the necessities of the family-circle, and been shrined among their household-gods—where gentle eyes anxiously look forward every month for its arrival, and hail its coming with gladness—whose sympathetic hearts trace its pages, and find in its familiar appearance deeper feelings and tenderer sentiments than the magic letters have expressed—who generously overlook its faults and find a merit in even the endeavor to please;—if there be such homes, our labor has its reward; and encouraged by the gentle tones and warm wishes of such devoted friends, we look with bright anticipations to the future.

THE Fourth of July—the eighty-third anniversary of our Independence—is at hand, and American patriotism will again be jubilant, expend itself in the usual amount of burnt powder, buncombe speeches and bad whisky, and be laid aside to repose quietly for another twelvemonth. Is the national ardor of our people cooling, or the glorious spirit which whilom vented itself in grand celebrations of this day becoming extinguished? It would seem so, at least in San Francisco, where not a move has been made to publicly honor the coming anniversary. There was a time—it is treasured among the most vivid recollections of our youth—when the Fourth of July was a day only equaled by general-training—a day long to be remembered by youthful hearts for the gorgeous pageant of military processions, cannonading, orations, gingerbread, and fire-works at night. Let us deem that, even if the exhibitions of our patriotic spirit be less general than formerly, the flame has not diminished, but burns with deeper and steadier force in the breasts of our increasing millions of free-men. The sarcastic may ridicule and laugh, but why, if they can find no worthier way to give expression to their feelings, should not the boys burn fire-crackers, the men

drink whisky and the orators make long-winded speeches? The "spirit of '76" animates them—the same spirit that glowed in the patriotic bosoms of those who opposed the veteran soldiers of Europe at Lexington, and fought the battles, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, which form our nation's pride and glory; and, if ever occasion shall require, they will go forth to do deeds that shall equal in daring those of their forefathers. What American heart may not feel proud on this day? In the Old World unstable dynasties are tottering to their fall, and the light of empires grows faint, but Peace and Prosperity attend as hand-maidens upon our favored land, and this day our flag floats on the breeze with another bright star in its glittering constellation. All hail, ye glorious Thirty-Three!

"Forever float that standard sheet!—
Where breaths the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

In our last issue, in the course of some remarks made in view of the approaching election, we stated as our candid belief, that the majority of voters were unconscious tools in the hands of political tricksters and wire-workers. The question naturally arises, wherein lies the cause of this lamentable state of affairs?—and we purpose to devote a few words to the subject.

It must be apparent to every impartial examiner, that the fault has its source in the strong party-feelings by which the great mass of the people are actuated in their political conduct. It is a fact indisputable that of late years mere empty sounds—names conveying no definite ideas of principles or measures to one-half of those whose actions are governed by them—have influenced the majority of our people in their choices in their sovereign capacity of electors. The political opinions of many are hereditary—they are thus, or thus, because their fathers were so before them; others have based theirs upon early prejudices; while the number is small indeed who have chosen their party after having thoroughly considered and weighed the

principles of the different factions. A more unhappy state of affairs for the welfare of a commonwealth cannot easily be imagined. By obeying the instincts of blind party prejudices, good principles and men are often sacrificed, while political intriguers and wire-workers, who possess the cunning to direct the popular movements, use these violent partizan feelings to attain their own election and the success of their unworthy measures. An earnest desire for the public weal would naturally bespeak an ardent zeal for the party which stood as the exponent of our views; but to follow with bigoted perverseness a mere name, is unworthy any rational being, and an abuse of the high trust confided to us in the right of suffrage. An eminent essayist, in speaking of the evils of strong factions, says:—"A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under the greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion and humanity."

To avoid being made the powerless tools of designing politicians and kindling a violent party-spirit, we should all think for ourselves; weigh and compare the relative value of principles and men, and vote according to the decision of our judgment, and not be led by the sound of empty names shouted by political intriguers.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

B. M.—North San Juan.—We cannot do it—at least not until you fully explain where and by whom it was written.

Jennie.—"The Caged Bird Set Free" will hardly do to print. Try again, Jennie; the heart that conceived the sentiments of those lines—imperfect though they be—is not destitute of poetry. Endeavor patiently to perfect yourself in ease and elegance of expression. The bird whose regained freedom you sing did not mount to the sky at his first attempt; and, probably, as he folded his little undisciplined and powerless wings, and watched the eagle in his peerless flight and the other birds in their free and graceful motions, he felt a kind of despair settle in his breast. But he had the pinions, and time and practice enabled him to equal their highest flight. So, try again, Jennie.

SEVERAL articles received too late for inspection this month.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1859. No. 2.

THE CALIFORNIA SILVER FIR, PICEA BRACTEATA.



VIEW IN THE SANTA LUCIA MOUNTAINS.

THIS view of a portion of the Santa Lucia mountains, was sketched on the spot, by Mr. Wm. Peebles, and kindly furnished us by the politeness of Mr. W. Murray, of this city.

It presents one of the most singular scenes in this, or perhaps any other country. These mountains are most remarkable for their unparalleled steepness; being sharpened up, without the least allowance, to the very last limits of the laws of nature.

We have chosen to direct the attention of the reader more particularly to its characteristic and rare arborea, on

account of the great scientific and rural interest it possesses, in being, so far as now known, the sole monopolizer of one of the most beautiful and symmetrical *Silver Firs* in the known world. We refer to the *Picea* (or *Abies*) *bracteata*.

We prefer the sectional division of Conifers into the order *Picea*; or those firs with erect cones; a difference readily recognized at a great distance. So very manifest is this practical distinction, that when seen for the first time, the cones are apt to be mistaken for birds standing upon the branches.

Picea bracteata, or the *Leafy-bracted Silver-Fir*, may be technically described as follows:—Cones, egg-shaped, studded with a glistening terebinthenate exudation—size as exhibited in drawing; sitting down upon the branches; they are densely clustered upon the almost inaccessible tip-top of the tree. Scales somewhat kidney-shaped, rounded on the upper margin. Bracts, wedge-shaped, three-lobed, the middle lobe slender, 1 or 2 inches long, curved over, somewhat of the color and appearance of ordinary leaves, the lateral lobes short, barely extending beyond the scales. Seeds, wedge-shaped, soft and angular; the wing shortish, broad and membranaceous.

Leaves solitary, two rowed, alternate, bright lively green above, two white silvery lines below. The branches are in whorls, slender and spreading, the lower ones drooping. Trunk very slender, and as straight as an arrow; commonly clothed to the ground, although often naked on the lower third; 2 or 3 feet in diameter, 120 feet high. First discovered by Douglas, on the mountains of the Columbia River. (Why have not collectors been able to find it in this locality?) In Upper California, on the San Lucia mountains, it is found at an elevation of about 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

Mr. Murray, in his notes, remarks: "This species of Fir was discovered by

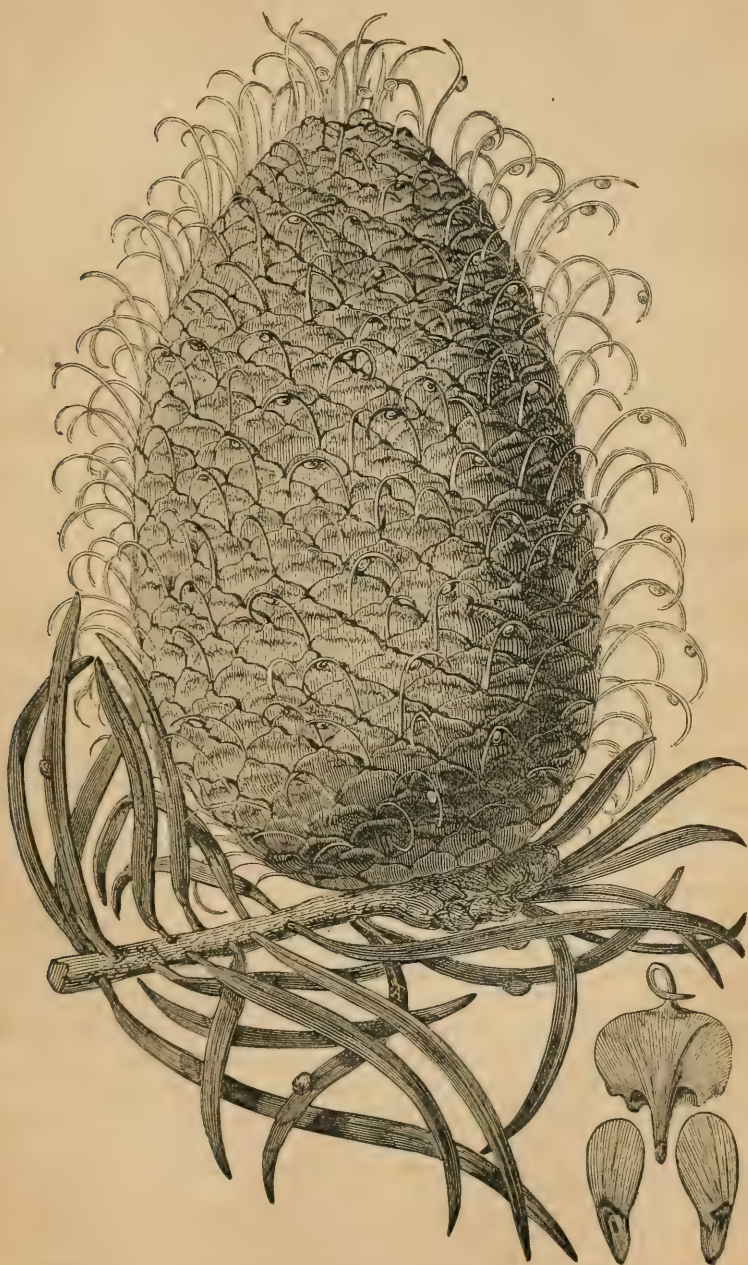
Douglas, and the locality afterwards visited by Hartweg, whose notes may be seen in the London Horticultural Transactions. Neither of these eminent botanists, however, succeeded in obtaining the seed. Mr. Lobb, a well known and most successful collector, was the first to introduce this tree into Europe, where it caused a great sensation, seedlings only a year old, selling as high as \$16.

This trim and beautiful Fir tree grows to the height of two hundred feet, branching out from the ground, and maintaining throughout, its conic symmetry, with the utmost precision; or as Mr. Lobb expresses it, creating an impression that a scientific gardener must have trimmed it with his shears.

The only district in California where this tree is found, is the one here represented, near the Mission of San Antonio.*

Or, to be more specific still, we will suppose one wishing to visit this locality. Starting, then, from this Mission, we go up the San Antonio Creek to an Indian Rancheria, (in a little valley,) called "Milpitas;" thence we take the trail west to the sea coast, crossing over a small ridge in our route, descending into a little valley abounding in grass and water, rare camping ground. Here we find the *Pinus Coulteri*. We follow the trail up this valley until we come abruptly to the end; still on our winding way, we keep trail up the bluff to the first slope; here we find a fair resting or camping place; here we also observe the *Pinus Coulteri*, *P. Benthamiana*, *P. Lambertiana*, and *Libocedrus*. Along this ridge, about a mile or so, our path is conglomerates; then through a forest, in which are a few *Picea* (or *Abies*) *bracteata*. Next we strike a slate formation. At the summit, on our left, looking towards the sea, we observe the very deep gorge here represented, covered with a variety of vegetation and

* Will any of our friends be kind enough to inform us, if they know of any other locality.



CONE OF THE PICEA BRACTEATA.

[Drawn from Nature, by A. Kellogg, M. D.]

trees, among which the most numerous are the *P.* or (*A.*) *bracteata*. On our right is a similar gorge, but not so deep or large. The geological formation here is calcareous, and many fine specimens of marble may be found in the gulches.

Into these obscure and remote recesses, the Spanish people formerly drove their herds, to hide them from the occasional descent of the plundering Apache Indians.

It affords us much pleasure to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. A. F. Beardsley, also a well known and enterprising collector. The beneficent collectors, the naturalists, the artists and journalists, who lend wings to science, are worthy of all honor. It has been re-

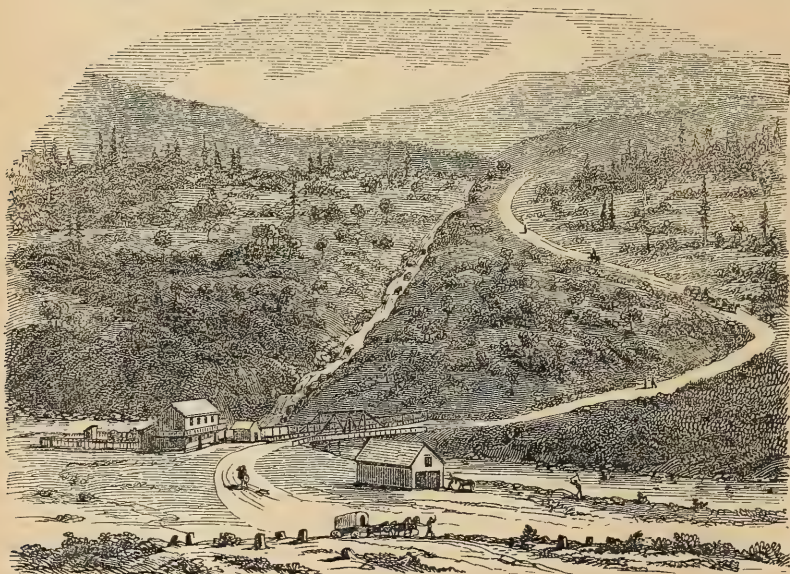
marked by a wise man, a member of the English Parliament, "that the divine laws of nature are so exceedingly comprehensive, that no object—*not one*—can possibly exist, which does not bear some useful relationship to the welfare of every individual man."

Let none of us, then, in the infancy of one age, presume to estimate the boundless pleasures and uses that are to flow along the golden ages yet to come!

Do we live in an age, and country, yet too young to see native nurserymen cultivating a few of these truly beautiful trees for home use?

A. KELLOGG, M. D.

CROSSING THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.



VIEW ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE AMERICAN RIVER.

This wild and beautiful scene is situated on the north fork of the American river, on the direct road from Auburn, via Illinoistown, to Iowa Hill; and, as the traveler descends the northern side

of the mountain, by an excellent road, on an easy grade, and casts his eye to the eastward, tall mountain tops that tower upward, in rough and uneven grandeur, create within him a feeling of wondering

admiration. After passing the bridge, he begins to climb the southern side of the mountain, and as he winds his way past this ravine, and around that rocky point, for the most part, upon a precipice of several hundred feet, he looks around him and upward, and is filled with surprise that even a trail, to say nothing of a stage road, could, by any possibility, be built on a bold, precipitous mountain of solid slate rock. In some places, the inner side bank is forty feet in height above the level of the road, in order to obtain a space sufficiently wide to admit a wagon upon it. Of course, the cost of constructing such a road must be great; and we were informed that \$35,000 were expended upon this road before a wagon could possibly pass over it.

Being a toll road, although a large and expensive undertaking, it has been, and is, a remunerative investment. Even while we were ascending, no less than \$25 must have been taken at the bridge for passengers and teams, at the usual rates.

Doubtless all such enterprises are a public benefit, especially when we take into the account the difficulties attending the tedious unpleasantness connected with traveling over such places before suitable conveniences were established. And who does not call to mind the wrecks of vehicles and harness so frequently to be seen by the way-side; and the numerous teams that were worn down and stalled by excessive straining to haul a small load up the various spurs and ridges of the mountain, when the pack-saddle was superseded by the wagon. Besides, as fearful oaths seemed to be the only relief to the patience-tried teamster in his difficulties, we contend that morality has been the gainer by all such improvements—and that is no small item in State progress. But let us go a little further on to the flourishing mining town of—

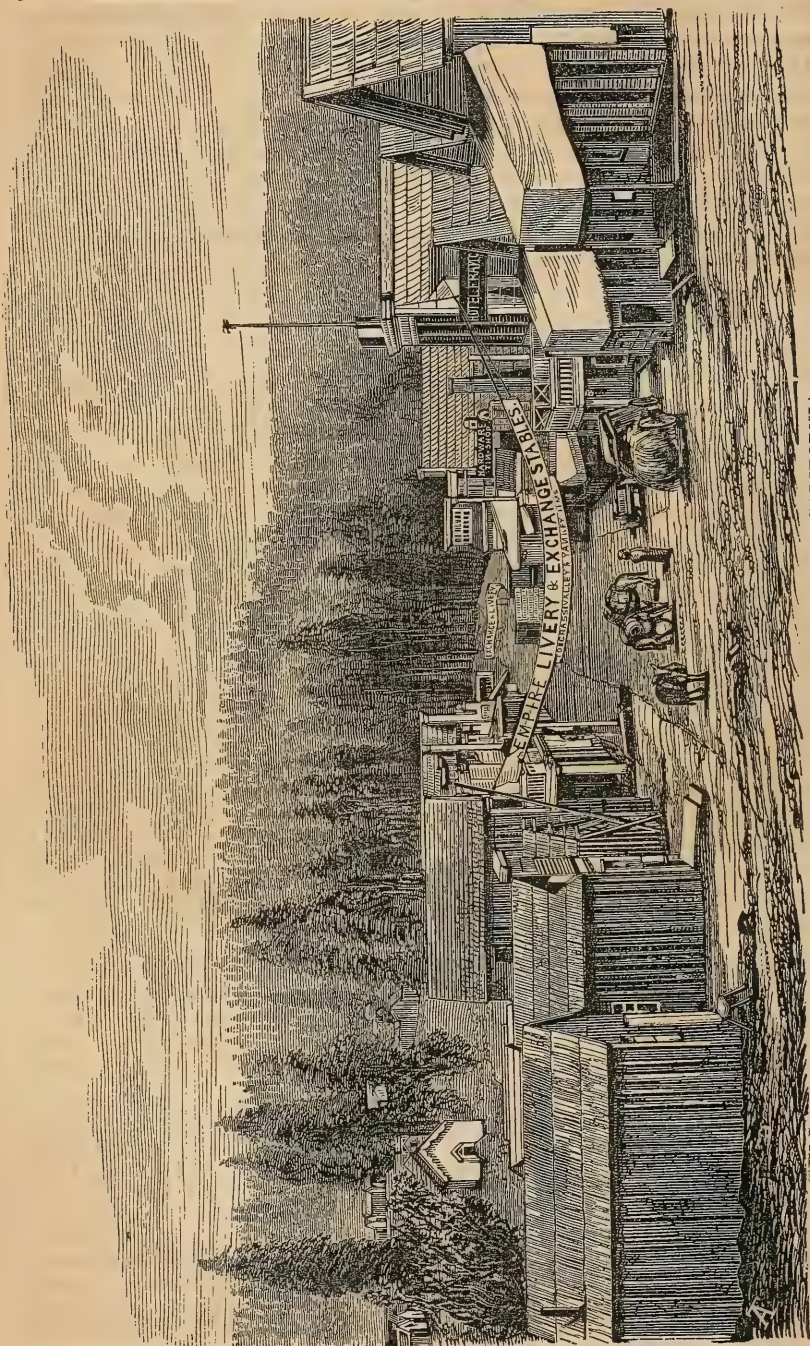
IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY.

This picturesque settlement is in the

centre of an immense pine forest on the dividing ridge between the north fork of the American river and Indian Cañon, about twenty-eight miles from Auburn, (the county seat of Placer county,) and sixty-three miles from Sacramento city. The principal buildings that constitute the main street being built on the centre of the ridge, follow the course of the mountain; and the mining claims lie on either side, and even under a portion of the town, so that the water and debris that gurgles and rumbles through the sluices of the miners flows in opposite directions. That of the north-east side into the American, and that of the south-west into Indian Cañon.

The discovery and working of the famous "Jamison claim," first opened in 1852, caused the forest solitude that then reigned here to be broken by the sharp clicks from the woodman's axe, so that the busy hum and stir of people flocking to the new diggings, and engaged in constructing their tents and cabins, told that the tide of population was setting hitherward. Presently, shafts were sunk, tunnels commenced, and diggings opened that proved of fabulous richness, from five to seventeen pounds of pure gold being taken daily from a single claim—the Jamison. Others, such as the "Hazel Green," "Sailors," "New York and Wisconsin," "New Orleans," and numerous succeeding ones proved to be nearly as rich.

The consequence was, that tunnels were driven into this dividing ridge on both sides, for several miles, and the surrounding villages of Independence Hill, Roach's Hill, Wisconsin Hill, Bird's Flat, and several others, sprung into vigorous life, creating the necessity for two saw mills and five water ditches. The latter named were built at a cost of about fifty-five thousand dollars. As soon as the first of these was completed, the hydraulic process of mining was intro-



VIEW OF IOWA HILL, PLACER COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

duced here, and the sides of the ridge began to melt down before it.

At the present time there is a population in and around Iowa Hill, of about 1,800; supporting several hotels, express offices and banking houses, and stores of various kinds; and a weekly journal, entitled *The Patriot*, published every Saturday morning, by E. B. Boust, editor and proprietor, and devoted to the best interests of the town.

A mile or two above the town, on the road to Michigan City, you enter a magnificent forest of pines and firs, that shadow your path for nearly the whole distance. We here measured a Douglas Spruce (*Abies Douglasii*) that was twenty-four feet six inches in circumference; and a sugar pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) that measured twenty-nine feet in circumference.

THE GOLDEN GATE.



CLIPPER SHIP AT ANCHOR ON THE BAR, WAITING FOR A BREEZE.

There are probably but few persons, comparatively, who have ever passed through the Golden Gate, that are familiar with the origin and meaning of the name, the popular idea being that its name was suggested by the staple mineral of the country—gold. This is incorrect, as it was called the “Golden Gate” before the precious metal was discovered; and the first time that it was used, most probably, was in a work entitled “A Geographical Review of California,” with a relative map, published in New York, in the month of February, 1848, by Col. J. C. Fremont; and as gold was discovered on the 19th of January preced-

ing, in those days it would have been next to impossible for the news to have reached the office of publication of that work, in time for the name to be given, from such a cause.

The real origin of the name was from the excessively fertile lands of the interior—especially of those adjacent to the Bay of San Francisco. There may have been some “Spiritual Telegrams” sent from California (!) to the parent of the name, telling him of the glorious dawn of a Golden Day that had broke upon the world at Sutter’s Mill, Coloma, and that such a name would be the magic charm to millions of men and women in every

quarter of the world, in the Golden Age about to be inaugurated. We do not say that it was so. We do not wish the reader to believe it, as our opinion, that it was thus originated; but in this age of spiritual darkness—we allude to the limited knowledge of mental phenomena—we start the supposition, in hope that it may stir up the spirit of enquiry. This one thing is certain, that from whatever source the name "Golden Gate" may have originated, it was most happily suggestive in its character. Having dwelt at some length upon the *name*, we will now more briefly describe the spot.

That it is the gateway or entrance to the magnificent harbor of San Francisco, every one is well aware. The centre of this entrance is in latitude $122^{\circ} 30' W.$, from Greenwich. On the south of the entrance is Point Lobos (Wolves' Point) on the top of which is a Telegraph Station, from whence the tidings of the arrival of steamers and sailing vessels are sent to the city. On the north side is Point Bonita, (Beautiful Point) readily recognized by a strip of land running out towards the Bar, on the top of which is a Light-house, that is seen far out to sea, on a clear day, but seldom before that on the Farallone Islands, some twenty-seven miles west of Point Bonita.

In front of the entrance is a low circular sand-bar, almost seven miles in length, but on which is sufficient water, even at low tide, to admit of the largest class of ships crossing it in safety—except, possibly, when the wind is blowing from the north-west, west, or south-east; at such a time it is scarcely safe for a very large vessel to cross it at low tide.

From Point Bonita to Point Lobos the distance is about three and a half miles; and between Fort Point and Lime Point (just opposite each other) the narrowest part of the channel, and the "Golden Gate" proper, it is 1,777 yards. Here the tide flows out at the rate of about six knots an hour.

THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.

BY J. A. RANKIN.

Among the various wonders that Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon California, but few are more deserving of notice than her Mineral Springs. As though inten-

ded that nearly every physical ill should be provided with an antidote, healing waters are made to gush forth from the bowels of the earth, and bubble up on the tops and sides of mountain chains. In these, the counties of Solano and Napa seem to be the most favored.

The Solano Springs—to the description of which I shall confine my attention at the present time—are situated about five miles north of Suisun City, at an elevation of about eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and in the midst of the most beautiful and most romantic of scenery. For more than half the distance from Suisun the road runs across the level valley, that, in the spring-time, is carpeted with green turf, variegated with wild flowers of every hue. Groves of dark-green live-oaks, with an occasional farm house peeping from among the oak-openings, and here and there cattle and sheep quietly reposing, or eagerly feeding, displaying a scene of beauty, that I have seldom seen surpassed: and, as I journeyed through it, in the peaceful serenity of the evening, I could almost imagine myself again in the beautiful Chilian vales of Umui and Dormida.

Ascending the steep, but smoothly sloped and gently rounded hills, dotted with trees, a panorama of vast extent and great beauty is rolled out before you. To the south-east, a broad plain extends as far as the eye can reach; to the south, Monte Diablo is the crowning point of a long chain of hills; to the east, and north-east, the shimmering tops of the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas, shine through the deepening haze, with a richer glow, than the glittering gold that is hidden deep beneath their icy crest.

Arriving at the "Empire Spring," and looking down the cañon, is the "White Sulphur Spring." Before going further, perhaps I ought to mention that there are several mineral springs in this chain of



VIEW OF THE SOLANO MINERAL SPRINGS.

hills, the principal of which seem to be the Empire, White Sulphur, Seltzer and Congress. The former is located near the head of a ravine, on the south side of Soda Spring Cañon. This spring furnishes a considerable volume of water, that issues in a jet, with a gurgling noise at intervals of from one to two seconds. The numerous bubbles that rise to the surface would indicate the pressure of a larger amount of carbonic acid gas in this, than in any of the other springs; but a careful analysis has failed to confirm it.

The White Sulphur Spring, as I have said, is near the foot of the cañon, some 200 feet above the bed of the small stream that runs thro' the latter. The flow of water from this spring is small, probably not more than from three to four gallons, daily, but it is highly impregnated with sulphur, the smell of which is perceptible for some distance. From this spring can be seen the famous Suisun marble quarry.

The Congress Spring is but a short distance from the Empire, and very much resembles the latter, except that the escapement of gas is less.

The Seltzer Spring is on the west side of the divide, overlooking the upper por-



A SCENE IN THE FOOT HILLS OF SUISUN VALLEY.

tion of Suisun Valley. Its pellucid and sparkling waters are equal in taste to the best soda water ever drank, eclipsing, in flavor at least, the more celebrated Congress and Empire. Each of the Springs, with the exception of the White Sulphur, issue from the fissures of a light, porous, calcareous rock, of singular formation.

These mineral waters have been known to, and even the resort of, native Californians, for more than twenty years, but they have received but little attention until recently; when the following careful analysis of two of the springs, by Dr. Hewston, of San Francisco, discovered the valuable medicinal properties they contained.

	Congress.	Empire.
Specific Gravity,	1.0056	1.0132
Iodide of Potassium,	0.24	1.64
Chloride of Potassium,	0.71	1.66
Chloride of Sodium,	26.90	90.83
Carbonate of Soda,	6.67	14.38
Biborate of Soda,	2.57	6.44
Carbonate of Lime,	6.04	4.46
Carbonate of Magnesia,	1.36	4.57
Carbonate of Iron,	0.08	0.09
Alumina,	0.12	trace
Selica,	0.20	0.40
Dry Solid Matter in 1 pint,	45.00	124.47
Free Carb. Acid Gas, cub. in 33.735		26.297

Their value will be the better appreciated by the perusal of the following note from Drs. I. Rowell and B. A. Sheldon, and with which I shall close this description :

“We have carefully examined the results of Dr. Hewston’s analysis of the waters of the Congress and Empire Sprngs and believe them possessed of remedial virtues superior to any other of the vaunted waters of California, and equal to any in the world. Their Tonic, Alterative, Antacid and Aperient qualities, render them invaluable, when judiciously administered, in the treatment of various chronic affections.”

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

“This institution, designed for the reformation and care of idle and dissolute children, as also those convicted of crime, was established by an act of the Legislature, passed April 15th, 1858. It provided that the necessary funds for the erection of the buildings should be raised by an enrollment of life and annual members, and when a fund of \$10,000 had been so realized, then the Board of Supervisors were directed to appropriate the sum of \$20,000 from the city treasury towards that object. The act also provided, that upon the organization of the school, a further appropriation of \$1,000 per month should be made by the Board of Supervisors, for the care and maintenance of the children and the salaries of its officers.

So deeply impressed were our citizens with the urgent necessity of such an institution, that sixty life members and four hundred and thirty-three annual and contributing members enrolled themselves at once; and the sum of \$10,850 having been raised in that way, the appropriation by the city was made, thus placing \$30,850 at the disposal of the Board.

The act fixed the number of managers at seventeen; fourteen of them to be elected by the members of the department, and the other three to be appointed by the Board of Supervisors from their own body. The officers of the department and the chief officers of the school are made amenable to the general laws of the State relating to misdemeanor in office, and the secretary, treasurer, and superintendent and his deputy, are required to enter into bonds for the faithful discharge of their duty. By these wise provisions, the institution is invested with many of the useful features of private charity, while, as a branch of the municipal government, its affairs and the conduct of its officers are subjected to public scrutiny.

Upon the election of the Board, steps were at once taken to select a proper site for the institution. In this some difficulty was experienced, but finally the Board determined to adopt the lot purchased some years ago by the city for a House of Refuge. The tract contains one hundred acres, most of it good, arable land, and lies about five and a half miles to the south of the city, on the San Jose road. The produce of this land will supply the house, and perhaps in time yield some income. The building is placed near the middle of the tract, on a gentle slope towards the east, and commands a charming view of the surrounding country. On three sides, the elevated hills at a distance of three or four miles surround it in a graceful curve, while directly in front lie the broad expanse of the bay, and the well-defined coast range, with its towering peak of Monte Diablo.

In adopting a plan, the Board had before them descriptions of numerous buildings intended for the same purpose in other cities, and they selected that one which experience had shown to be fittest in every respect. The designs were drawn under instructions from the Board by Mr. Reuben Clarke, and the contract was awarded to Mr. J. J. Denny for the erection of a center building and one wing, at the sum of \$23,000. In consequence of the continued rains of the past winter, the buildings were not finished as soon as the Board had hoped for, but the slower progress has resulted in the better work. The building is Roman in architecture, and constructed of stone in the basement, and brick in the other stories. The centre building is forty-five feet by fifty-seven feet, and consists of two stories and a basement. The height from the ground line to the top of the cornice is thirty-eight feet, and to the top of the bell-tower fifty-six feet. The basement story is ten feet high, and contains the officers' dining room, the kitchen, four



VIEW SAN FRANCISCO INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

closets, two store rooms, two servants' rooms, and halls eight and ten feet wide, extending through the building. The principal story is fourteen feet in height, and contains two rooms sixteen feet by twenty feet, two fifteen feet by twenty feet, two seven feet by fifteen feet, and a front hall eight feet wide, and a back hall ten feet wide, in which latter is placed the stairs. A transverse hall, five feet four inches wide, leads to the wings. This story is devoted to the officers of the institution.

The second story is twelve feet in height, and is intended for the apartments of the superintendent and other resident officers, and contains a bath room and the necessary closets. The plan contemplates two wings of similar design and finish. The southern, however, is the only one yet built. The height of the wings is twenty-nine feet from the ground line to the top of the cornice. The extreme southern part of the wings is twenty-three feet by fifty-nine feet, and two stories high. The first story, fourteen feet high, contains the dining room of the pupils, twenty-one feet by thirty-three feet, pantry, washing room and water closets for the pupils. The second story of this part of the wing is twelve feet high, and contains the hospital wards, bath rooms, etc. That part

of the wing connecting the southern part just described with the main building, is one story high, with six windows on each side, extending the full height of the wing. In the interior of this stands the dormitory portion, built of brick, eighteen feet by fifty-one feet six inches, three stories high, and each story containing sixteen dormitories, which are five feet six inches by seven feet six inches. The dormitories face outwards towards the walls of the building. A corridor fourteen feet wide, and open to the roof, surrounds the dormitories, which, on the second and third floors, open upon galleries protected by iron railings. The dormitories are ventilated through the doors and the roof, and each gallery is connected with a wash room and water closets. The galleries are approached by the staircases at each end.

The institution was inaugurated on the 17th May last, with appropriate religious services by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, and an address by Col. J. B. Crockett.

The Board have elected Frederick Hennell, Superintendent, and George H. Peck, Teacher, who will also act as Deputy Superintendent for the present. Mrs. Hennell will act, without salary, as Matron, until a regular election."

The above concise history and description of the Industrial School, for the city and county of San Francisco, from the report of the first Board of Managers, will show how this institution came to have "a local habitation and a name."

A few days ago, in order to inspect the building, and ascertain the working of the system employed, and the present condition of an institution established from motives so purely philanthropical, and so glowingly inaugurated, we paid it a visit, and regret to say that we were somewhat disappointed. The situation is excellent; the building, externally, is prepossessing;

and *some* of its internal arrangements are admirably adapted to the noble aim and end of its generous founders; but after passing into the sleeping quarters of the boys, and looking at the iron-barred windows, and the little brick cells with small iron gratings in the doors, the first impression was, "this is more like a prison than an 'Industrial School.'" It is true that several of the youthful inmates have sought to make their little cells as inviting as possible by pasting engravings from illustrated papers on the wall—and even these, on the morning of the day of our visit, some crusty and self-important personage of the old foggy school requested that "them things" should be "torn down."

The antiquated and exploded idea of "ruling with a rod of iron" seems, unfortunately to have found its way into this institution; and all the angel arts and elevating tendencies of such agencies as taste, refinement, physical and mental amusement, mechanical conception and employment, and a thousand other progressive influences, with all their happy effects, are, as, yet, excluded.

At 5½ o'clock, A. M., they are called up, and from that time to half past six they are preparing for breakfast; immediately after that meal is over, they are taken out to work—not at any light, mechanical business, forsooth, but to use a pick and shovel in grading the hill at the back of the building; such labor that is not only much too heavy for their strength, but in which a couple of Irishmen would do more in half a day than the entire corps of twenty-two boys, (the present number in this institution,) could perform in a whole week. At noon, dinner is served up; from one o'clock to half past two, they are employed at picking and shoveling, same as in the morning; at three o'clock they go to school until half past five; supper is given at six; at seven o'clock they again go to school until half

past eight; and at nine they are sent to bed.

There are also three girls here, who are allowed to perform any kind of employment in accordance with their tastes and wishes, under the supervision of the matron.

Now we ask,—and we do it anxiously and in the kindest and most forbearing spirit,—“How is it possible that, with such a routine of daily employment, they can possibly be improved in morals, and which is the great and laudable aim of the founders of the institution?” There is no gymnasium; no workshop; no suitable play-ground, so that now they are all huddled together in the basement story, in front of their cells, during the little time allowed them for leisure. Indeed, they are made to feel by far too much that they are *juvenile prisoners*, rather than boys and girls who are placed there, by a generous public, for their physical, mental, and moral improvement. This should not be, and we earnestly commend the subject to the careful investigation of the Board of Managers.

THE GREAT CONDOR OF CALIFORNIA.

BY ALEXANDER S. TAYLOR.

[Continued from page 22.]

The minute descriptions which Audubon makes in his note on this bird, at page 243, following Douglas' memorandum, agrees very nearly with our own observations on the living animal, or when recently killed. The exceptions are in the singular elongated diamond-shaped band of feathers (on a white skin) which covers the crown of the head of the male bird, coming down before the eyes, over the sides of the head or chops;—the *female* has no such marks, but its head and neck-skin are all of a copperish dark olive, and pretty well covered with feathers. The wing of the female in five specimens I have seen, living and dead, always has the white band across the under part of the wing, and this white band has a line

of mottled, dusky spots in the middle—a fact which can be easily proven with a glass (which I have often done) on a clear day, when the two sexes are seen soaring together in the air, at certain seasons.—*These evident differences have been left unexplained* (so far as we have been able to read) from the year 1779 to the year 1859, and often causing confusion among scientific naturalists and amateurs, as to whether there might not be another species of the California Condor in existence, north or south. It is plain that the specimen procured by Dr. J. K. Townsend in Oregon (about 1836) and noted by Audubon in 1839, was a female—“the young individual” mentioned by him on the last-mentioned page, answered, in colors, exactly to a female specimen examined in 1855, by Dr. Ord and myself, and heretofore detailed. Audubon's specimen from Townsend, were as follows: Length to end of tail, 48 inches; bill, along the ridge, 4 inches; wing, from flexure, 32 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, 4 inches; middle toe, 4 inches; its claw, 1 9-12 in. Audubon also says the iris of the eye is hazel. In ten birds I have seen killed, of both sexes, they were of a light pink or carmine. Another specimen mentioned in the aforesaid 5th volume, and likely the Condor figured in his splendid painted engravings, was from Douglas' specimens in the London Museum, measured 55 inches from head to end of tail; bill, along the ridge, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; wing, from flexure, 34 inches; tail, 16 inches; tarsus, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; hind toe, 1 5-12 inches; its claw, 2 inches.

Bonaparte, in his *American Ornithology*, Vol. 4,—Edinburgh, 1831—says of this bird, that “it was introduced to the notice of naturalists by Mr. Menzies, who brought a specimen from California in 1795, and deposited it in the British Museum.” Dr. Archibald Menzies was the surveyor of Vancouver's English expedition, which surveyed the Coast of California and north-west America, in 1792, and had also served under Capt. Cook in 1770-75, and carried to Europe the first specimens of natural history from our present Territories on the Pacific; he afterwards obtained a great reputation in the scientific world. He died in Ireland, only a few years after the discovery of California gold, at the vigorous Eldorado age of a ninety genarian, a man held in the highest esteem among his friends and countrymen, as well as by learned men.



THE MALE CALIFORNIA CONDOR, ON THE WING.

The first description of this bird given to the world, seems to have been made by Dr. George Shaw, in his *Naturalist's Miscellany* of 1779 or 1789, probably from Menzies, on his return from Cook's voyage, (it is difficult to say, exactly, as there is ten years difference in the dates of this work, as quoted in the 9th Vol. October, 1858, of *Pacific Rail-road Reports*.) The full figures of the bird seem to have been first made by Audubon about 1838, from stuffed specimens in his grand illustrated work on the *Birds of America*, a copy of which may be seen in the San Francisco Mercantile Library—and one also to be found in Gray's *Genera of Birds*, published in London, 1844-49—as stated in the *Rail-road Volume* above quoted, *both, doubtless, from dried specimens*. The California Condor has been called by Scientific Naturalists, *Sarcophagus Californianus*—*Vulture Californianus*—*Cathartes Californianus*—*Vulture Columbianus*—*Cathartes Vulturinus*, and for aught we know, many other latin names. In California it is known as *Buitre Auro-Gallinazo Grande*, in Spanish—the American hunters and rancheros in California, also call it *Vulture*, and *Condor*, *red-headed* and *yellow-headed Vulture*.

It remains only to say that preserved specimens of the California Condor are now, (1859,) as we are informed, to be found in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; in the Museum of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science; in the Museum of the California Academy of Science, San Francisco, and, we believe, that of Stockton also; in England, in the British Museum, and the Museum of J. A. Gurney, Norwich, (which is said to be one of the most valuable collections of Raptorial Birds, or birds of prey, in Europe,) and in the Museum of the Garden of Plants, Paris. The two English Museums contain specimens, male and female, full grown, and accompanied by skeletons of the bird, which were forwarded by the writer from California, to Mr. W. in 1853, to more fully clear up the doubts among naturalists in Europe, and to add to the valuable collection of an honored friend, whose scientific tastes he had the pleasure to gratify with specimens of the veritable Condor of California. The eggs of the bird have been much sought after by hunters and vaqueros, to supply the demand of Museums at home and abroad, but, as yet, as far as we know, without

success, from their extreme scarcity, and the difficult and dangerous access to the haunts of the bird. The diversities of descriptions, opinions and names of these two distinguished giants of the feathered kingdom of the Pacific Americas, among learned writers and scientific men, may well cause a smile with literaries and readers, at the empiricism and uncertainties of science. It is even not yet known, *only surmised*, that the Condor of California is an inhabitant of the country of the Great Buffalo Prairies, at the eastern bases of the Rocky Mountain chain, where there is such abundant food for them. The buffalo itself is asserted never to have come west of the Rocky Mountains, at least as far as the California Snowy Range, though in December, 1858, the *Territorial Enterprize*, printed at Genoa, Carson Valley, is informed by a correspondent, that one was seen in that vicinity at the Eastern declivities of the Sierra Nevada, quietly browsing on his daily greens of good grass. There is an old tradition, as we have been told, among some of the California Indian tribes, that the buffalo was once numerous in our El Dorado. And we see no reason to doubt it. They may have come over the Nevadas after a succession of very mild seasons. In Vancouver's expedition, in 1602, an animal is described at Monterey, which can be hardly anything else but a buffalo. In none of the works spoken of in the foregoing notes, have we seen mention made of faithful portraits being taken from nature of the California Condor, nor even of the Chilean Condor—those of Audubon and Shaw, of the California bird, were from stuffed specimens in London, or Philadelphia, and of course can be worth but very little as representatives of true life. Now, as the art of painting animals has obtained great celebrity in later years, and occupied the life-long labors of such artists as Audubon, Rosa Bonhem, Landseer, Duncan, and the most celebrated of those of France, Germany and the United States, how is it that none of our numerous painters of San Francisco—and it may be confessed that works of real merit have been executed by California artists, which would do honor to older countries—how is it we say, that none of them have been able to spare time to take accurate portraits of the male and female Condor of our State? The birds may often be found in the vi-

cinity of San Mateo, near the peak called on the County Map of San Francisco, Sierra de Auras, or where the offal of the butchers is thrown out. We can say, for one who knows, that such paintings from nature by competent artists, (who ought to be bird bitten) would sell at most remunerative prices—but more particularly with the accompaniment of the female bird, and, if possible, the young and eggs. Europe and the Atlantic cities would show plenty of purchasers of such works, as persons of wealth and taste abound there ready to purchase all paintings of merit, *from nature*, of the birds and animals of California—particularly the larger and more celebrated animals, Condors, Eagles, Grizzlys, Elks, etc., as *Europe nor America does not, at this late period*, possess portraits of them from life, by good painters. I fancy one wants to see what good painting is—let him examine the plate of the Mocking Bird and Rattlesnake in Audubon's work, at the Mercantile Library. One of the most celebrated, but profoundly painful pictures of the last twenty years of the French School, was an after-battle scene, with the birds of ill omen preying on the remnants of poor mortality. Now, as nature is nature, as much in the Condor as in Lions and Tigers, why could not a good artist take a different, but fully as natural a subject, as a flock of the Condors feeding on a dead deer or elk, which may be seen in the mountains, from June to October, and which would give all the natural features and attitudes of both male and female birds with great effect, and make as good a subject as a snake swallowing a thrush, or a bird *gulping a fish*.

The foregoing short notices of the male California Condor, dated the 1st and 16th of November, 1854, were published, originally, in the California Farmer of November, 1854, and were afterwards republished in several of the California papers, and, also, abridged by the London Zoologist (Magazine) of August, 1855, and from this last, down into German, by Dr. Carl Bolle, and published in 1857, in the 5th volume of Cabanis' "Journal for Ornithologie," of Cassel. The remainder of the notes on the Condor of Chili were mostly compiled in August, 1855,—except where otherwise dated. The extended and varied addenda on the Female Condor of California, and some other notes of appearances and ha-

bits, were made in the fall of 1855, and have *never before appeared in print*. With many other additions and extracts made in March, 1850, on both species of Condors, and leaving their dates for proper comparison, I think I may say I have brought the amateur, literary California history of these two celebrated birds—the largest of the flying birds—down to the latest date, and made it fuller, for the reference and use of naturalists and general readers, that has hitherto appeared in Europe and America.

Since the California epoch of 1848, and the stimulus communicated to all investigations, scientific and literary, it may be said that all history and literature has to be revised and rewritten, from the spot where human affairs take a new start—or new race, over the earth and earthly affairs, past and existing; and as its volume extends, the most distant and secret recesses and haunts of man and nature, will be searched out and examined; with many more eyes than the god Argus had; until the circle of ripples gliding into the world's ocean of hidden mysteries will penetrate and clarify to the very bottom of the Well of Truth—as far, at least as human genius is capable of accomplishing. MONTEREY, Mar. 31, 1859.

Addenda, 7th May, 1859.—The young Condor, mentioned on page 537, Vol. 3d of this Magazine, proved, on opening, to be a male. The *craw*, or dilatation of the gullet, was filled with the finely comminuted flesh of some animal: The *stomach* contained oat grains and straw, with undigested fragments of acorns, excrement of mice or squirrels, and small pieces of wood, stone and earth. The beak has a small prominence on its top, at the curve, which is not in the old bird, and its edge is very eligibly toothed. It is not known if the present bird feeds its young, or the chick feeds itself from food brought to them; but from the beak and tongue of the above specimen, he was as ready formed to tear and eat as a young alligator. The egg is a little smaller at one end than the other; its shell is about three times thicker than that of a turkey egg. My old friend, Capt. John B. Cooper, who knew David Douglass intimately, when in California, in 1829–30, informed me, a few days ago, that Douglass searched in vain for the eggs of the Condor, throughout the Santa Lucia Range, nor could he get them at any price he offered to the Indians or country people.

TO A MOCKING BIRD, SINGING IN A TREE.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Sing on, thou little mocker, sing—
 Sarcastic poet of the bowery clime!
 Though full of scoff, thy notes are sweet
 As ever filled melodious rhyme!
 I love thee for thy gracefulness,
 And for thy jollity—such happiness!
 Oh, I could seize it for my booty,
 But that the deed would make thy music less.

Say, now, do not the feathery bands
 Feel hatred for thy songs which mock their own!
 And, as thou passest by, revile
 Thee angrily, with envy in their tone?
 Or are their little breasts too pure
 To know the pangs our human bosoms feel?
 Perhaps they love thee for that same,
 And from thy sweetness new heart-gushes steal?

Upon the summit of yon tree
 How gaily thou dost sing? how free from pain
 Oh, would that my sad heart could bound
 With half the Eden rapture of thy strain!
 I then would mock at every tear
 That falls where Sorrow's shaded fountains flow,
 And smile at every sigh that heaves
 In dark regret o'er some bewildering woe.

But mine is not thy breast—nor would
 I place within its little core one sting
 That goads my own, for all the bliss
 That heartless robbery of thee would bring.
 Ah no, still keep thy music-power,
 The ever radiant glory of thy soul,
 And let thy voice of melody
 Soar on, as now, abhorrent of control.

Maybe, thou sing'st of heaven sometimes,
 As raptured consciousness pervades thy breast;
 Maybe, of some far home, where Love
 O'er BIRD-LAND spreads soft, cooling shades of rest.
 If man, whose voice is far less sweet
 Than thine, looks high for his eternal home
 Oh say, do not thy dreamings too
 To some green spot and habitation roam?

If living *thought* can never die,
 Why should thine own expire? If there is love
 Within thy heart, it *must* live on,
 Nor less than man's have dwelling-place above.
 Thy notes shall then be brighter far
 Than now they be! And I may listen, too,
 With finer ear, and clearer soul,
 Beneath a shade more soft, a sky more blue!

BRIEF MEMORIALS OF ALEXANDER MALASPINA,

The California Navigator: with an Original Autograph.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR, OF MONTEREY.

Don Manuel Erquerra, Purser in the Royal Navy of His Majesty, on board the Corvet La Atrevida.

Certificate given for account of the King's Corvets Descubierta and Atrevida at the demand of the "*Capitan del Navio de la Real Armada*," Don Alexandro Malaspina, destined for a voyage round the globe, made for the part of the Rev. Padre Friar Fermin Francisco de Lasuen, President of the Mission of New California; the pulses and seeds, with the statement of their prices and imports, manifested in the following form, viz:

		pesos.	reals.
14	fanegas of Peas, @ 12 reals a fanega,.....	27	0
37	" Frigoles, (beans,) @ 20 reals do.,.....	92	4
6	" Habas, (large beans,) @ 20 reals do.,.....	15	0
2	" Barley, @ 8 reals a fanega,.....	2	0
Total,.....		130	4

Making the pulses and seeds amount to a hundred and thirty and a half dollars; which amount, according to the solicitation of the aforesaid Rev. Padre President, has been placed against the aforesaid commandante of the Expedition until his arrival at the port of Acapulco, for him to settle on account of the Royal Hazienda in Mexico, with the Rev. Padre Guardian of the College of San Fernando; and in case of any accident happening with the ships, it should not be settled in this way, it is solicited that the said money may be paid or arranged with the Royal Treasury in the said city, when this certificate is presented, which is given in duplicate, so that if one is paid the other may be without effect. Done on board the Corvet of His Majesty named the Atrevida, in the port of Monterey, this 23d of September, 1791.

V. B.

Alexandro Malaspina
 Manuel Erquerra

The following extract (free translation) from the old parish book of deaths of the Catholic Mission of Monterey, shows a curious record of past times in California, as well as interest in connection with the name of Malaspina. It is probably the earliest and only account of the burial of an American in California during the times of the king of Spain, and is inserted here from the author's Prologue to California, published in the *California armer*, of May, 1855. This old MS.

book of Monterey deaths has a scriptural text for its motto, in the handwriting of Padre Junipero Serra, which is particularly appropriate to California men, aspects and events, as herein: "For we are like water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again:"

"On this 13th day of September, 1791, in the cemetery of the church of the Royal Presidio of Monterey, being present the Senor Don Francisco de Paulo Anino, chaplain of one of the corvets of His Majesty, anchored in this port, named

the Atrevida, I gave ecclesiastical sepulture to the body of Juan Graem, [John Ingraham or Graham—A. S. T.], gunner on board the said corvette, a native of the city of Boston, in the States of the United Provinces of America; legitimate son of Juan and Catalina Mullen of the same city. The deceased was of the sect of the Presbyterians, but he had abjured these errors and had made repentance and obtained absolution for the previous errors and sin he had in consequence incurred, before he left Cadiz; and having been fortified in the dogmas of our Sainted Faith, he died receiving the most holy sacraments of absolution, the Eucharist and extreme unction. And for the truth of these things I sign my name.

FRIAR JOSE SENAN."

Alexander Malaspina was employed by the Spanish government, between the years 1784 and 1794, as a scientific surveyor and hydrographer of the Pacific coasts of Spanish America, from Cape Horn to Behring's Straits. His charts and maps of Pacific Mexico, California and Northwest America were published by the Spanish government under the names of other authors, and afterwards formed the most reliable data for Spanish mariners down to the revolution of 1825. They were also those most in use by the English and American pilots in the Pacific trade, so far as related to the Spanish American coasts south of the parallel of Cape Mendocino, until the surveys of Beechey, 1827; Belcher, 1838 to 1840; King, Fitzroy and Sullivan, 1828 to 1836. The surveys of Cook, 1772 to 1778; La Perouse, 1786; Vancouver, 1792; the Spanish surveys, 1774 to 1791; Gray, Ingraham and Kendrick, 1786 to 1792, (Americans); Krusensteen and other Russians to 1818; and finally to Wilkes, U. S. surveys, 1840-41, related more particularly to the coast included between Cape Mendocino and Behring's Straits.

Admiral A. DuPetit Thouars, of the French Navy, in 1837-39 also made important and valuable additions to the Hydrography of Western Mexico, New

and Old California, and the coasts to the north of the present Washington Territory. This excellent officer left a name of great esteem and regard among the natives and old California pioneers.

The charts and maps of Malaspina were drawn up by Don Felipe Bauza (vide Findlay), and may still be found in use by Spanish navigators—the originals of Bauza have become scarce. The chart of Monterey Bay and other points on this coast, made by Malaspina, are well done,—as we judge from two or three in our possession—his principal error was in longitude, caused by the defective time instruments of the last century.—For the very best accounts of all, relating to the Pacific coast and islands, see the learned work of Alexander G. Findlay, 2 vols. octavo, London, 1851, pp. 1400. This is a book worth a compiling author's name, and exhibits the greatest industry, research and liberality. Our own Bowditch and Blunt, are sorrowfully at fault in their directories or accounts of the Californias, Old Oregon and northwards. They seem to have been almost unacquainted with the hydrographical labors of American, English, Spanish, Russian and French surveys relating to our part of the world, though published (some of them) a hundred years before the date of their Coast Pilots and Navigators. This will be immediately perceived on reference to positions of points and places north of Panama up to Sitka, noted in their volumes.

The names of the old Spanish officers employed on the coast of California—many of whom were friends or companions of Malaspina—occur in after works and charts on the Hydrography of Atlantic and Pacific Spanish America, and in many of her naval battles with English ships during the wars of Napoleon and the French revolution. Some of them may be found in the list of engaged, killed and wounded in the narratives (Span-

ish and English) of the battle of Trafalgar (vide Godoy's Memoirs), etc., etc. The most of their names are preserved in the archives of Old Spain, now under the charge of the United States Surveyor General of California, at San Francisco, and they are many of them mentioned in the Monterey books of Baptisms and Confirmations, as acting as padrinas for the children of the Royal Presido of Monterey.

The names are as follows: Juan Perez, Bruno Heceta, Juan de Ayala, Antonio Maurelle, Juan Francisco de la Bodga y Quadra, Ignacio Arteaga, Estevan Martinez, Gonzalo Haro, Manuel Quimper, Salvador Fidalgo, Francisco Elosa, Dionisio Alcala Galeano, Cazetano Valdez, Jacinto Camano, Juan Bustamente, Ciriaca Cevallos, Jose Narvaez, Francisco Maurelle, Juan Varnaci, Secundino Salamanca, Vicente Vila, Manuel Pino, Joaquin B. Marquina, Jose Cordero, Fernando Quiros, Jose Canzinares, Jose Manuel de Alava, Alonzo de Torres, and also those of many others which may be found on consulting the aforesaid manuscript archives, and the old parochial books of Monterey church.

The following extract from Greenhow's History of California and Oregon, 4th edition, Boston, 1837, at page 222, will more fully show Malaspina's services and treatment, and very little more it seems is known of Malaspina by American or English writers:

"On the 2d of June, 1791, Capt. Alexander Malaspina, an accomplished Italian navigator in the service of Spain, who was then engaged in an expedition of survey and discovery in the Pacific, arrived on the coast near Mt. San Jacinto or Edgecumbe, with his two ships, the Descubierta commanded by himself, and the Atrevida, under Captain Bustamente.—The principal object of their visit was to determine the question as to the existence of the Straits of Aniam, described in the account of Maldonado's pretended voyage; the creditability of which, in the preceding year, (1790,) had been affirmed by

the French geographer Bauche, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris. With this view, they carefully examined the coast between Prince William's Sound and Mt. Fairweather, running nearly in the direction of the 60th parallel, under which Maldonado had placed the entrance of his Strait into the Pacific, searching the various bays and inlets which there open to the sea, particularly that called by the English, *Admiralty Bay*, at the foot of Mount St. Elias. They found, however, doubtless to their satisfaction, no passage leading northward or eastward from the Pacific; and they became convinced that the whole coast thus surveyed was bordered by an unbroken chain of lofty mountains.—Want of time prevented them from continuing their examinations further south, and they could only, in passing, determine, the latitudes and longitudes of a few points between Mt. San Jacinto and Nootka Sound, where they arrived on the 13th of August.

"The journals of Malaspina have never been published. A sketch of his voyage along the northwest coasts of America is given in the introduction of the Journal of Galiano and Valdes, in which the highest and in some places most extravagant praise is bestowed on the officers engaged in it. Yet—will it be believed—the name of Malaspina does not appear there or in any other part of the book. The unfortunate commander having given some offence to Godoy, better known as the Prince of the Peace, who then ruled Spain without restriction, was on his return to Europe in 1794, confined in a dungeon at Corunna, and there kept as a prisoner until 1802, when he was liberated, after the peace of Amiens, at the express desire of Napoleon. The name of one who had thus sinned could not be allowed to appear on the pages of a work published officially by the Spanish government for the purpose of vindicating the claims of its navigators."

This is the latest and only reliable matter relating to Malaspina, except noted herein from Humboldt. Where he lived, or what he did subsequent to his liberation, or where and when he died, or anything relating to his family, seem to be entirely unknown to American and English writers, at least as far as we have seen from published works. Most prob-

ably, like unto Christopher Columbus, Juan de Fuca, Sebastian Vizcaino, and many other old sailors, knowing little about business matters, or the ways of long-shore people, he was cheated out of his life and his purse, died of a broken heart, and was buried in some unknown grave. We hope these mementos will induce some rich Californian traveling in Italy to search out the family of Malaspina and give to the world a copy of his portrait and a publication of his voyages and works. This would be some sense—much more than in cutting up extras among the outsiders. Of the many rich Californians who have visited Europe since 1849, how many can we count who have benefited their adopted State, by searching out her hidden memorials in old Spain, Britain, France, Italy, Russia or elsewhere. Nothing has been brought by which their countrymen can recall their acts or memories with grateful odors. Seven hundred millions have leaked through the sieve, and yet with how little benefit. At least one hundred rich Californians must visit Europe every year. What in the name of God and the good Saints have these people ever done but eat, drink, dance, talk and look while they were out of California. So far they seem nothing but dollar men. But we must wait patiently for the next generation of Californians—their fathers' souls appear to be crushed down with the crush and rush of law, commerce, speculation, politics, mines and land titles.

Humboldt, in 1808, says, "that the Viceroy Aranza employed Sr. Casasola, of the Spanish navy to draw up at Mexico, accounts of the California marine expeditions ordered by his predecessors the viceroys Bucarelli, Flores and Revillagigedo. These works consist of, 1st, An atlas of 26 maps made from the observations of Perez, Canisarez, Galeano, Anadra and Malaspina. 2d, An Historical Compendium of the navigations of the

northern coasts of California [all up to the Russian settlements was California then.—A. S. T.] ordained in the city of Mexico, 1799. 3d, In the Voyages, etc., of Bodega y Quadra to 1792, on the California coasts. And 4th, a Reconnoitre of the four Russian establishments north of California in 1788; a curious expedition ordered by the Viceroy Flores and described by Antonio Bonilla.

"The corvettes Descubierta and Atrevida, commanded by Don Alexander Malaspina, determined chronometrically the difference of longitude between Acapulco, San Blas, Cape San Lucas, and Monterey. Malaspina placed Monterey (1791) at $36^{\circ} 35' 45''$ of north latitude, and of longitude $124^{\circ} 23' 45''$ west. La Perouse at $123^{\circ} 34' 0''$, in 1786—and Vancouver in 1792 at $123^{\circ} 54' 30''$, of longitude." Vide Essay on New Spain, vol. 1, p. 58 of Introduction, London edition of 1811.

"The Spanish expedition of Captain Elisa was followed by two others, which for the importance of their astronomical operations and the excellence of the instruments with which they were provided may be compared with the expeditions of Cook, La Perouse and Vancouver; I mean the voyages of the illustrious Malaspina in 1791, and that of Galeano and Valdez in 1792. The operations of Malaspina and the officers under him embrace an immense extent of coast, from the Rio de la Plata of Buenos Ayres to Prince Williams' Sound on the northwest coast of America. But this eminent navigator is still more celebrated for his misfortunes than his discoveries. After examining both hemispheres, and escaping all the dangers of the ocean, (in his voyage round the world, etc.) he had still greater to suffer from his court, and he dragged out six years in a dungeon, the victim of political intrigue. He obtained his liberty from the French court, [after the capture of Corunna by Marshal Soult, —A. S. T.] and returned to his native

country, where he enjoys in solitude on the banks of the Arno, the profound impressions which the contemplation of nature and the study of man under so many different climates have left on a mind of great sensibility tried in the school of adversity." [With what a magnificent air did the now venerable philosopher of Berlin ventilate the fame of our California worthy.—A. S. T.]

"The labors of Malaspina remain buried in the Archives of Spain, not because the Government dreaded the disclosures of secrets, the concealment of which might be deemed useful, but *that the name of this useful navigator might be doomed to eternal oblivion*. [As in the case of Juan de Fuca in 1592.—A. S. T.] Fortunately the directors of the Hydrographic Office at Madrid have published to the world the principal results of the astronomical observations of Malaspina's expeditions. The charts which have appeared at Madrid since 1799 are founded in a great measure on Malaspina's results, but, *instead of the name of the chief*, we merely find the name of the *corvettes Descubierta and Atrevida*, which were commanded by Malaspina.

"This expedition, which set out from Cadiz on the 30th of July, 1789, only arrived at Acapulco on the 2d of February, 1791, where the expedition received orders from the Viceroy at Mexico, to verify the existence of the Straits of Aniam spoken of by Maldonado in 1588; the accounts of which had been revived by Monsieur Bauche, in a memoir before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a short time before. Malaspina, accompanied by the celebrated botanists Haenke and Nee, left Acapulco on the 1st of May, 1791, and after a three weeks' passage commenced the survey of the northwest coasts from Mt. St. Jacinto, near Cape Edgecumbe, and continued them with great care and accuracy until he anchored in Port Mulgrave, in latitude 59° 34' north,

having failed to find the Straits of Maldonado. From Port Mulgrave he sailed for Nootka Sound (Vancouver's Island), examined the coasts thereaway, and sailing southward returned to San Blas in October, 1791; on his voyage ascertaining, by celestial observations ashore, the positions of Nootka, Monterey, the island of Guadaloupe [off Lower California coast, near lat. 30°.—T.] and Cape San Lucas, all of which were made by means of four sea watches of Arnold of London. In these astronomical duties he was assisted by his officers, Espinosa, Cevallos and Vernacci. Malaspina had previous to 1789 been round the globe in the frigate L'Astre, bound to Manilla.

"On his return to Mexico (Oct. 1791), being discontented with not having seen at a sufficient nearness the extent of coast from Nootka to Cape Mendocino, Malaspina engaged the Viceroy Revillagigedo to prepare a new expedition of discovery towards the northwest coast of America. The Viceroy, who was of an active and enterprising disposition, yielded with so much the greater facility to this desire, as new information received from the Spanish officers at the Nootka Sound colony seemed to give probability to the discovery of the straits attributed to the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, in 1592.—These accounts were from Quimper and Elisa, who had affirmed their entrance into these waters, and even the discovery of secure and spacious ports therein. It was to complete their surveys that the schooners Sutil and Mejicana, under the command of Dionisio Galino and Cayetano Valdez, left Acapulco for the northwest coasts, on the 8th of March, 1792, whose observations are described at large in the account of their voyage, published at Madrid in 1802, by order of the King." Vide essay on New Spain, vol. 2d, p. 376, *et sig.*

This is all we can gather in California, from mentioned authorities, touching the

affairs of Malaspina. It seems from Humboldt, (his essay on New Spain is dated at Paris in 1807,) that Malaspina was living somewhere near Florence in 1808, while Humboldt was finishing his work on Mexico.

Malaspina's ancestors were distinguished in Florentine history in the times of Dante, (1300,) and even in our day the family of Malaspinas are mentioned in the biographies of the wondrous poet of the *Divina Comedia*, as his tried friends. It was only in April, 1859, that the widow of a Count Malaspina was married at Havana, Cuba, to the distinguished musical composer, Albertis, well known in the artistic circles of New York and the Atlantic cities.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY AURILLA F. STEVENS.

Silent the summer morning breaks,
And shows the bright blue sky above;
And with the light, the wild bird wakes
And breathes aloud its notes of love;
They strike a gentle chord, and raise
Within the breast a kindred song,
That mingles with the warbled lays
And floats with nature's notes along.

The sweetest buds are opening now
On mountainslope, near rippling stream;
And in the wreaths on Summer's brow
The roses in the sunlight gleam;
They bend to meet the fickle breeze
That fans them with a loving sigh,
And wafts their fragrance through the
Then, ever changing, passes by. [trees,

Fair, sunny morn! thy new-born light
Again rests on the leafy bowers—
Again has drunk the dew-drops bright
That glistened in the lowly flowers;
And in thy warm life-giving rays
The bloom and shrubs that Earth adorn
Spring up, and in a thousand ways
Greet thee, O lovely Summer morn!

FUN-POETRY.

It is curious to remark the influence that the different ages of the world have had in producing poetical compositions. Not only the times, but the peculiar condition of any country and people may be very well learned by simply making one's self acquainted with the poetry of any particular age. This will scarcely apply, though, to those great leading spirits whose souls have gone out beyond themselves and the ages and people amidst which they lived, but to those simpler and more domestic productions which live in the hearts of the people, never absent from memory, and often repeated by both old and young. Then, what, from the poetry of the age, are our traits of character? The leading feature of our age certainly takes a cheerful and merry turn, after Celtic and Norman elements. It is almost French, yet is redeemed by lacking (thank kind Heaven for it) their garlicky odor of desperation, and reckless tendency to self-destruction. This is no doubt owing to the Celtic elements with which we are largely tinctured. This, too, accounts for the fact that even to this day and perhaps for all time to come, the poet Robert Burns is and will be one of, if not the most, popular poets whose works hold a place in our libraries. We do not admire, nor have we time to read, those long, tedious performances that amused our Saxon ancestors. What is here said of our poetry, is also true of our music, for they go hand in hand.

But let us get back to our subject, and quote something from the unknown poets to prove our position. Who among you does not often recall some little anonymous performance in the poetical corner of some newspaper, that sparkles, and is full of genius? There are thousands of these unclaimed bantlings in the literature of the day—gems in the crown

of unknown genius. They make sport of our follies, and show up our shortcomings; turn love and fame, deceit and passion, into strange companionship; paint a moral, and adorn a rustic's story: words of living memory.

The passion of love has been in all ages a fruitful theme for poetical composition. I have culled from the field of literature a couple of those love stories that at once illustrate the position I have taken respecting the peculiar poetical tendency of our times, and will give them here, because they go to prove what I have said, and deserve, as well, to be more permanently recorded and kept out of that immense field of forgotten literature. The first is a parody upon that beautiful poem of the late Edgar A. Poe, styled "Annabel Lee." This is styled "Deborah Lee," and she is supposed to be her sister—one of those frail beings who "die early" and vanish, alas! too soon from our gaze; it almost breaks the heart that so solemn an event as her death is supposed to be, is in this sacrilegious manner taken advantage of to make us laugh; but with their poetical licences, nothing is too sacred, nothing escapes—here it is:

"'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the West countree,
That a nice girl lived, as the Hoosiers
By the name of Deborah Lee— [know,
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.
Now I was green, and she was green
As a summer squash might be;
But we loved as warmly as other folks,
I and my Deborah Lee,
With a love that the lassies of Hoosier-
Coveted her and me." [dom

No doubt the lassies coveted, the world over, this disposition.

"But somehow it happened long ago,
In the agueish West countree,
That a chill March morning gave the
To my beautiful Deborah Lee; [shakes
And the grim steam Doctor (curse him)
And bore her away from me, [came,
The Doctor and Death—old partners
In the aguish countree." [they—

Just fancy the beautiful creature shaking to death, the steam Doctor, wet sheets, and chattering teeth.

"The angels wanted her up in Heaven,
(But they never asked for me,)
And that is the reason, I rather guess,
In the agueish West countree,
That the cold March wind, the Doctor and
Took off my Deborah Lee, [Death,
My beautiful Deborah Lee,
From the warm sunshine and the opening
And hid her away from me." [flowers,

What a fancy—jealous of the angels in Heaven! what a republican he must have been!—good as any of them—a companion for gods and angels.

"Our love was as strong as a six-horse
Or the love of folks older than we, [team,
And possibly wiser than we;
But Death, with the aid of Doctor and
Was rather too many for me, [Steam,
So he closed the peepers and stopped the
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee, [breath
And her form lies cold in the prairie
Silent and cold—oh me!" [mold—

That six-horse team is a rather strong simile, and not very poetical; but the close of the verse makes up:—

"The foot of the hunter shall press the
And the prairie's sweet flowers [grave,
In their odorous beauty around it wave,
Through all the summer hours,
The still bright summer hours;
And the birds shall sing in the tufted
And the nectar-laden bee [grass,
With his dreamy hum, on his gauze wing
She wakes no more to me! [pass—
Ah, never more to me!
Though the wild birds sing and the wild
flowers spring,
She wakes no more to me."

Turn, reader, and peruse that again, for there is deep and hidden beauty in it, and then sympathise with the poor, disconsolate young man, and feel the deep melody, and fancy you hear his regret in his last refrain, then tell me, is there not something in it?

"Yet oft, in the hush of the dim still night,
A vision of beauty I see,
Gliding soft to my bedside, a phantom of
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee, [light—
My bride that was to be;

And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and
 [Death,
 And the cold March wind, should stop the
 Of my darling Deborah Lee, [breath
 Adorable Deborah Lee;
 That the angels should want her up in
 Before they wanted me." [Heaven

One scarcely knows whether to laugh or shed tears over this; for my part I have done both, and hardly know now which affords me the most pleasure. "That the angels should want her up in heaven before they wanted me"—what a refrain! how often human experience feels the same thought burning into and branded upon the soul.

The following is, perhaps, not so smooth and noble a strain, but it has infinitely more quirks and oddities in it.

"O list to me, Lizzie,
 Thou sweet lump of candy—
 Love makes me feel dizzy,
 Like sugar and brandy;
 My vision is reeling—
 My brains are all burning—
 And the sweet cream of feeling,
 Is curdled by churning:
 For my heart 'neath my jacket
 Is up and down jumping,
 And keeps up such a racket,
 With its thumping and bumping,
 O! show me one smile—'tis my last sup-
 plication;
 I crave nothing further—'twill be my sal-
 vation!"

What figures are here presented: can-
 dy-shops, brandy-shops, dairies, pastoral
 life and pursuits, salvation and the lov-
 er's Heaven. And what deep despair fol-
 lows:—

"O Lizzie! I'm worsted—
 I feel it all over;
 I'm done up and bursted—
 A broken down lover;
 The joys of my bosom
 Have cut stick and vanished;
 I know'd I should lose 'em,
 When my true love you banished;
 The world has grown dreary,
 In sackcloth of sorrow;
 Of life I am weary,
 And I wish that to-morrow
 Would dawn on my grave in that peace-
 giving valley
 Where I'd not care for you, nor for Susan
 or Sally."

That addition of Susan and Sally was a deep stroke of policy to raise in the mind of the lady a little spirit of jealousy. Who dare say that love is blind? he did not care a snap for them, but possessed a thorough knowledge of the female heart; a little jealousy on her part he knew would work in his favor; for how many women have married on purpose to cut out and spite others. But hear his dying strain; like the fable of the swan, he goes out of the world with the song upon his lips; such a song, such figures, such frenzy, despair, and such a finale.

"I know 'tis a sin to—
 But I'm bent on the notion—
 I'll throw myself into
 The deep briny ocean,
 Where the mud-eels and cat-fish
 On my body shall riot,
 And flounders and flat-fish
 Select me for diet;
 There soundly I'll slumber,
 Beneath the rough billow,
 And crabs without number,
 Shall crawl o'er my pillow;
 But my spirit shall wander thro' the gay
 coral bowers,
 And frisk with the mermaids—it *shall*, by
 the powers!"

That fellow was certainly a scamp; I can hardly believe he was sincere, for he was not sincere in bringing up Susan and Sally in the former verse, but had been reading of or seen Barnum's mer-
 maid, and must needs fright the girl, even after his death, with frisking with the mermaids in the spirit, and to make it more impressive assures her with a sol-
 emn asseveration that he will do so. I think the girl may have rested easy upon this score, for though he talks so largely about the ocean mermaids, etc., it is plain he never saw salt water, and was clearly and entirely a "Western chap," and was much more familiar with "mud-eels and cat-fish" than with "flounders and flat-fish," or he would not have introduced the former into salt water where they do not belong; his brandy and churning butter out of his feelings, in the first verse, prove this satisfactorily.

However, the fellow must be pardoned for his lover's deceit, for he has told his story charmingly, and contributed his mite to the fun-loving tendencies of the age. It is infinitely better to laugh than to weep—would that we had more things to make us laugh, more smiling prose, more smiling poetry, more smiles in our hearts, more smiles upon our countenances. Behold the man or woman, whoever they are, that in society and in their converse with the world wears a smiling countenance, and carries within a cheerful heart—he or she is a blessing to the race. The poets, Halleck and Holmes, the Knickerbocker Magazine, Harper's Drawer, the London Punch, and others too numerous to enumerate, do us much good; they follow public opinion, as their popularity shows. Some man would be a blessing to his day if he would collect and publish a goodly volume of such poems as we have given above. Who will do it? There is no fear of lowering our morals.

M.

Alleghany Town, Sierra Co.

LIFE'S FLEETING DREAM.

BY LUNA.

"A rainbow vision, too bright to last."

So young, and yet to love so madly! Long years have passed since then, still I remember well *his* form, which seemed to me of more than earthly mold. When, in a crowd, he moved along, all eyes were turned upon him, and as he smiled fair maidens blushed with love-lit eyes, while on his arm I leaned and felt secure from every ill; and then to die, death would have lost one-half its sting.

Well do I remember that balmy summer's eve, when beneath the arbor tree he spoke to me of love. Asked if I would like to be *his wife*. Had an angel said "Come live with me in Paradise," it would have been a lesser joy. I did not speak, but leaned upon his bosom and

wept refreshing tears of rapturous bliss—so soon, alas! to be returned upon my heart and there congeal forever its gushing fountains. He kissed the tear-drops from my eyes, and laughingly asked:—"Did I think he was in earnest? Did I suppose that he, a nobleman, would make a poor orphan child like me his bride!" It was enough—that tone of voice, without the words, told all my heart could fear; as the startled deer bounds away at the sound of the deadly rifle's shot, I sprang from his embrace, and in a dark sequestered spot I knelt on the cold ground, and looking up to the bright stars I prayed for death—that I might go to some far and brighter world where deception was unknown. "Not yet," a silvery voice replied, and turning I beheld a being with looks of calm compassion, and thus he spoke:—

"Child of earth! I it is your heart adores, and all the loved are ever seen through me; but, I may not stay where truth and purity do not abide; I must pass on, and those who would be blest by me must follow where I lead. No one can chain me to their will, though often they have tried; like air and water, all may freely breathe and drink of my delights, nor seek to control or hold me as their slave, lest I a pestilence prove and blight their dearest joys. On memory's page I impress the pleasure, not the pain, of the bright visions I create, and time shall only harmonize the too great contrast of light and shade." And then I seemed to wake as from a dream; and now, through the dim vista of intervening years, I love to look back and contemplate that fleeting dream, though of illusive bliss, wherein was crowded more of the consciousness of life than in all the waveless time that has rolled between.

In every heart are cherished dreams of evanescent joys, around which memory delights to linger—a time when love has touched and attuned every faculty of the soul to harmony, and earth to them was Heaven.

A MEMORY.

"Here's Rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there's Pansies, that's for thoughts."

It needs must smile!—I know you have forgotten
That time long passed away—
That time to me of foolishness besotten,
To you of careless play.

It is not that I feel some touch of anguish;—
I've said I smile—enough!
'Tis woman's heart that slighted love makes languish,
Man's is of sterner stuff.

I do not say you drew me on to court you,
For you were never bold;
Your modesty—priceless and lovely virtue!—
Kept you e'er coy and cold.

I do not say your eyes have e'er shot glances
On me that *seemed* like love;
Such looks as woman's tender heart advances
To him she seeks to move.

Some women, with their honeyed words and sighing,
Have dazed a score of fools,
And called it flirting, (in my thought 'tis *lying*,
Though speaking 'gainst the rules);

But I charge not that *you* thus e'er have acted—
'Twas but my self-conceit.

Dare I think thus of you, so well compacted
Of qualities most sweet?

We walked together.—Say, do you remember?
I smile—but not forget!
'Twas on a mellow evening of September
Appointedly we met.

The soft rays of the autumn moon ascending
Cast silver showers abroad;
The grain-stalks in the harvest-field were bending
Beneath their bounteous load;

The crickets chirped in their mysterious hiding;
The frogs, with drowsy croak,
From marsh responded—blending with the gliding
And rippling of a brook;

The air was heavy with the scent of flowers,
And grass, and ripened fruit:—
When nature spoke with such persuasive powers,
Could I alone be mute?

It was a night for love—at least, I thought so,
And dreamed you thought so, too;
Within my soul a mighty passion wrought so—
How was it then with you?

You threw your head half back upon my shoulder,
Your fair curls brushed my cheek,
Your warm breath kissed me, and my heart grew
'Twould force the dumb to speak. [bolder—

I cannot recollect what then I uttered—
Some foolish, love-sick stuff;

Though when by true-love maidens' hearts are flut-
'Tis eloquent enough. [tered,

"You did not think"—"you never dreamed"—per-
Woman, you *know* you lied! [dition!
Not know—not see—not feel the love's condition
I never wished to hide!

Behind a cloud the moon her face invested,
Just then, as if for shame:
A shade not half so black as that which rested—
Now rests—upon your fame.

Dared you tell me, in what your sex is keenest
That you alone were blind?
The act was mean, but the excuse was meanest—
No better you could find.

Oh, how I lived by thinking of your graces,
Your high mind, noble soul:
Your charms of person held but second places
In my heart's muster-roll.

I placed your perfectness so far above me,
I almost feared to dream
That it was possible you e'er would love me,
So lowly did I seem.

Away!—It was my fancy that invested
You with so rare a glow;
Yet not the less with pain my heart's infested
That you have fall'n so low.

Still I love on; I love that which I thought you,
Though loving you no more:
I most regret that e'er with love I sought you,
And broke the charm I bore.

I had been proud, might I have been your warden
Against the ills of life—
Might I have lightened you from every burden,
As my dear, cherished wife.

But that is past. Like bubbles blown by children,
Which glitter, break in air,
So broke those dreams of fancy most bewildering.
Farewell!—so false—so fair! **.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF CALIFORNIA.

A Cockney tourist, who once honored the Americans by traveling through their country, and who illustrated their manners and customs in a book for which the British public paid him a guinea for each printed copy, landed at nine o'clock one fine morning on the Philadelphia wharf, where the first thing that met his astonished gaze was an infuriated cobbler beating his wife. "In 'eaven's name," exclaimed the Cockney, "what's hall the row habout?" "O, it's nothin'; it's al-

ways the way they does," replied a communicative boy. And, thereupon, our tourist, taking out his tablets, wrote—"Philidelphia is a city of some importance, with long straight streets and tall red houses. The cobblers of Philadelphia have a singular custom. Every morning, regularly at nine o'clock, each cobbler in the city beats his wife with a leather strap!" The moral of this little story—if it is worthy of a moral—is, that the world will never owe much of its enlightenment to tourists who are too highly gifted with what some phrenologists call the "organ of credenciveness," who leap at conclusions from insufficient facts, and who judge of a whole people, or a whole class, by the first-presented and ill-understood specimens.

Were our Cockney tourist to drop from the clouds into a California mining village, he would be apt, after the first quarter of an hour's investigation, to write something like this in his diary: "The miners of California never shave; never put on clean vests, clean dickeys, or clean boots; never work any; never go to church, and never marry. They wear slouched hats, hickory-shirts, and caoutchouc unmentionables. They play billiards and drink whisky all night." Unquestionably, this, or something very like it, would shadow forth the first impression which the mountaineer life of California would make upon the sensorium of our Cockney tourist, or any other tourist, to whom has been denied that modicum of patience which enables its possessor to look beneath the surface of things. The man, who wishes to learn the true character and *status* of the California Mountaineer, must become one himself. He must eat, drink, sleep, and work with California Mountaineers; and then, if he has something of the philosopher in him, he may, perchance, be enabled to judge of them dispassionately and describe them truthfully.

One of the most remarkable of the thousand and one remarkable features of the mountain society of California, is its apparent homogeneousness—its oneness. Be it borne in mind that we are dealing exclusively with the Caucasian element—with the descendants of Scandinavian, Selavonic, and Celtic stocks—and have nothing to do, and intend to have nothing to do, with the Aboriginal, Mongolian, and Ethiopic tribes, whose somber visages are not necessary to the filling up of our picture. One of the most remarkable features, as has just been said, in Californian mining life, is the extraordinary intellectual, moral and physical resemblance which each Californian Mountaineer bears to all the rest of his brethren. How this has been brought about, in a brief tenth of a century, is a marvel that transcends the solving powers of our poor philosophy. Ten years ago the Caucasian race, in respectable numbers, first planted itself on the California mountains; and, true to its instincts, it not only clings to its first footholds, but pertinaciously, day by day and year by year, keeps adding to its puissance and its dominion. And whence came, and whence come, these Caucasian founders of the mountain empire of the Sierra Nevadas? From every State of the great American Republic and from every Kingdom, Principality and Republic of Europe. Here they have come—Goths, Huns, Teutons, Slavons, Celts—speaking all the European dialects and jargons, and professing all the creeds of European Christianity—and here, by some inscrutable trick of fate, they have become one people, alike in language, thought and action. The Mountaineers of California, whatever may have been their variant antecedents, all converse together in the English vernacular, all think together that the acquisition of gold is the only sure means of securing earthly happiness, and all act together, in effort to ab-

stract the aforesaid gold from the soil in which it has so long been hidden and useless. There is a marked homogeneity in the social, the reflective and the active relations and pursuits of these Mountaineers; and this homogeneity, if submitted to the mental optics of the philosopher, will be found to penetrate, pervade, and color the very substratum of their social structure.

There are no rules without exceptions; and the old logicians and metaphysicians, who were prouder of knowing how to dress up nonsense in gaudy garments than of knowing how to make men wiser and happier, have left us, as a legacy, the dogma, "*exceptio probat regulam*," meaning thereby that a rule or proposition is the more veritable the more it lacks uniformity and directness. The old logicians and metaphysicians were astonishingly adroit in the creation of quibbles, but they had no genius for the creation of steam-engines, railroads, and electric telegraphs. Happily for the white-skinned portion of mankind, the spirit of Utilitarianism has consigned these quibble-mongers and idea-jugglers to an obscurity more obscure than their own ridiculous whimsies; and the Caucasian race is permitted to run its course, without being befogged and thwarted by Aristotlian subtleties and the learned ignorance of mediæval monkishness. The genuine mountaineer of California, come whence he may, is always a man of high resolves, generous purposes, and unswerving energy. He had an object in casting his lot amid the gulches and cañons of the Sierra Nevadas, and nothing can prevent the accomplishment of his object but death, disease, or disaster. Like all other men, noted for self-reliance and indomitable resolution, he is honest in his dealings, benevolent to the unfortunate, and honorable in his intercourse with all around him. This, mind you, is a picture of the genuine Mountaineer of Cal-

ifornia; and though you may esteem it rather warm in the coloring, it has more of truth than fancy in it. It is the rule of California mountain life; and the exceptions to it, which the old logicians and metaphysicians, insist should be lugged in to prove the truth of every rule, are to be found in those "cankers of the world," known in Californian parlance as "BUMMERS." The English language is rich in opprobrious epithets, indicative of the useless and vicious classes of community—we have "vagabond," "loafer," and "sponger,"—but it was reserved for California to invent a dissyllabic appellative which compresses within its brief utterance the very essence and quintessence of contempt and loathing. The bummers, like rats, follow in the wake of Civilization, and fare sumptuously by making honest Industry and Thrift their unwilling tributaries. It is not necessary to describe the bummer. The term comprises all varieties and shades of disreputable life. The loafer, the lazy man, the bar-room lounge, the gambler, the pimp, the cheat, all come within its purview; and the word, although of California coinage, will never have justice done it until honored with a place in Noah Webster's Dictionary, as one expressive of all that is wicked, vile, and detestable. The bummer is an unseemly blotch on the body politic of the Californian mountains—an ugly dam in the current of mountain goodness—a base exception to the rule of mountaineer honesty and honor—and so we leave him.

The legitimate Mountaineers of California are patient in labor, fertile in expedients, careless of hardships, frank in their manners, unostentatious in their sympathies, faithful in their friendships, chivalric in their revenges, honorable in their gallantries, bold and independent in their entertainment and expression of their opinions, and free and easy in their social intercourse. A vigorous sprink-

ling of what the pious call profanity garnishes their colloquial efforts a little too abundantly; but, if they are prompt in dealing hard words, they are just as prompt in dealing hard blows. The portrait of the soldier, drawn by the melancholy Jacques, needs but little variation, in limning and coloring, to make it a fit presentment of the Californian Mountaineer. Mark how apt:

"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard:
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel."

But our Mountaineer is not a vain and coxcombical quarreler. His belligerent energies are seldom expended for mere amusement. He fights only for his rights, or what he esteems his rights. He can be generous to the last dime in his pocket, but his whole soul is in arms the moment he imagines himself overreached in a bargain or made the victim of a trick of knavery. In all his business negotiations, he thinks, if he does not speak, like the fiery Hotspur:

"——— I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Next to his dislike to being "taken in," in a business transaction, is the supreme contempt the Californian Mountaineer entertains for all manner of charlatans and Charlatanism. The mountains of California furnish an exceedingly indifferent field for the exploits of mountebanks, whether they be players, preachers, or politicians. Our Mountaineers will not barter their hard-earned gold for the spurious wares of buskined pretenders and canting gospellers, nor will they insanely trot at the heels of a demagogue. The men of the Sierra Nevadas have read too much, thought too largely, and traveled too far, to be easily made the dupes of pretenders, let them take what shape they will.

Though the lump of Californian mountain life is made up of such variant materials, yet, sooth to say, it is the Yankee leaven that leaveneth it. It is the rest-

less, all-pervading, all-controlling Yankee element, insinuating itself into, and mixing itself with, all the other elements, that has, in ten brief years, produced that homogeneousness, of which we have spoken, and which has converted a grand melange of Goths, and Teutons, and Gauls, and Britons into one living, breathing community of Yankee industrials. It is the speciality of the Yankee that, though he loveth the results of labor, he loveth not the labor, itself. His education and religious teachings forbid his condemning human muscles to involuntary servitude, and, therefore, he casteth about to enslave the physical elements and make them work in his harness. He chaineth up the air, the fire, and the water, and causeth them to do his bidding. Even the lightnings, those subtle spirits of the clouds, he is now seeking to make his servitors, and will, some day, drive them in triumph before what he is pleased to term his CAR OF PROGRESS. Well, the Yankee, when he looked upon the golden hills of the Sierra Nevadas, said unto himself, that gold was good, but that the tedious and toilsome wielding of the pick and shovel was "evil, and that continually." Therefore, he called to his aid the Hercules of Hydraulics, and water ditches were woven, like network, along the mountain sides, beneath whose resistless might the auriferous hills melted away, as from the wand of an enchanter, leaving their long-hidden treasures to swell the triumphs of Yankee science. The Yankee, in the mountains of California, is not only the motor but the balance wheel of the social and industrial machinery. He infuses his piety, his politics, and his philosophy into everything around him. The Scandinavians, the Celts, and the Slavons, though at first astonished by the boldness of his designs and the miracles of his inventive genius, soon lost their amazement in admiration, and in all things, save identity of birth-

place, became as efficient Yankees as he.

Woman—good, pure, beautiful, and loving woman—has brought her angel presence into the homes of the Mountaineers of California, making their hearts more human and their aspirations more noble. She has transformed their rude huts into vine-clad cottages and invested the rocky solitudes with the charms of domestic peace and social refinement. Young Mountaineers, natives of our pine-covered hills, their cheeks flushed with health, and their bodies cast in molds of graceful strength, now throng the mountain school, preparing themselves to walk worthily in the footsteps of their adventurous and resolute sires. The green giants of the forest are giving place to gardens, orchards, and vineyards. The exhaustless gold fields will continue to yield their treasures, for centuries, to come, to the hand of Industry; but other than golden harvests, and not less rich, are to be gathered in the valleys and on the hill-sides of the Sierra Nevadas.

The Divinity that shapes our ends has not peopled the mountains of California with bold, hardy, intelligent, liberty-loving men, to be the sport of an evanescent purpose. Years and centuries will be rolled into the tomb of the mighty Past—but many years and centuries will come and go ere the hills and valleys of the Sierra Nevadas shall cease to furnish abodes and sustenance to a manly and unconquerable race of Californian Mountaineers.

AN EVENING ON TELEGRAPH HILL.

It was night. The moon was riding majestically in the heavens as the vapory clouds flitted past. The stars surrounding her appeared to be strung in silvered clusters around the brow of the gentle "Queen of Night," and, though they shone brightly, gave forth no blinding glare, such as is given by the rays of the

sun, but a mellowed and soft, silvery light, such as poets love to embalm in verse:

As mild and soothing as a summer's dream,
In which no sorrows come, and pleasures seem

Increasing in each whispered word that's
breathed

Into the ear by angel lips with fragrance
wreathed.

Such was the evening when I sat musing and buried in silent meditation upon Telegraph Hill. I had recalled to mind some of the events of the day just past, which led the mind to revert to similar scenes at home, scenes that have transpired long since, and silently slumber in the dark tomb of oblivion. A spell of reverie stole upon me, and I became unconscious of what was transpiring. While thus entranced—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, not even the noise and bustle in the city's crowded mart below me—a hand was gently placed upon my shoulder. The intruder spoke before I returned to consciousness, and in a familiar voice, whispered in my ear:

"Were you asleep? This is friend —, isn't it?"

I was startled, and instantly sprang to my feet, replying as I arose, "That is my name." I gazed intently upon the face of the new comer, as the moon was streaming full across his features, and recognized in him an old acquaintance, whom I supposed to be in the mountains, as it was there we last parted. The length of our separation had produced no great change, and now we were as warm friends as ever. We interchanged a few friendly words; and, during our conversation, he actually declared that he had really found me asleep, and, worse than all, asked me if Telegraph Hill was my lodging-place, proffering me money to purchase a night's lodging, in case I had not the means in my possession. Judge of his surprise, when he became convinced that I was only studying.

Accompanying him were two ladies, one of whom he assured me was his own dear wife, and to whom I was introduced as such. The other was introduced as Miss E——. She extended her hand cordially, gracefully bowing as she did so. It is, of course, needless to say that I politely held out my hand as hers was proffered. A pleasant "good evening" was spoken, as an interchange of friendship, and we were soon engaged in agreeable conversation. We were now a party of four, laughing and talking; and, to my astonishment! about the first thing my friend told the ladies was, that he found me sitting on the grass asleep, with my arms resting on my knees and my face almost buried in my hands. This naturally led them to surmise much; but they laughed heartily, when he contradicted himself in part, and told them "I was only musing."

"Pray what were you musing about," inquired my new friend, Miss E——.

"Oh! only thinking about home," I replied, laughing.

"Thinking of some little fairy you've left there, I suppose, are you not? come, no secrets now. We can pretty nearly guess the truth, so you may as well tell us right out, I know you love her; besides, I dare say she's handsome."

"See him blush," said Mrs. S——.

Being naturally a little eccentric, and fond of a joke, I laughed out:

"But suppose I am already married—and to a handsome girl?"

"Goodness gracious! I know now why he was thinking so much of home when you found him, Mr. S——," said Miss E——.

"I dare say any one young and handsome would lose himself in thought, when thinking with fond imaginings of a pretty young wife!" retorted Mrs. S——.

"Yes! that's why my friend—was so thoughtful when I met him here," said Mr. S——.

I now began to notice that all three of them thought me a wedded man in earnest, and deemed it best to tell them the contrary, before they were confirmed in the belief that I was married; and, also, modestly hint to Mrs. S——, that she flattered me in calling me handsome, informing her in the same manner, that I considered myself very homely.

"No you are not!" said Miss E——, hurriedly.

"Very well," replied I, "although believing you in error, I will not argue the case."

"How is it!" said Mr. S——, "are you really not married? At first you said so, and now you say differently; I never heard you touch upon this subject in the mountains."

"I was at first only joking," was my response, in reply to his inquiry.

He answered by saying:

"Very well, we'll say you are unmarried."

"I won't," rang in Mrs. S——.

"Nor I either," echoed Miss E——.

Here was a dilemma—and certainly a pretty one. I had told a story for a joke, and that to ladies, too, and, mercy sakes! if both didn't believe it!—and with all I could do, I could not impress it upon their minds, that I was not sincere in my assertion. One said she did not believe I would tell a story. The other said it was funny if I would.

What a pretty pickle for a young man to be in! and especially one with a passionate fondness of the sex—one enamored at first sight, with loveliness such as I beheld in the person of Miss E——.

Why! I would have given my all—though unfortunately I had little to give—if I had not been guilty of such indiscretion as to tell a falsehood, not only in the presence of ladies, but to them personally. Oh, horror! what a sad result of a careless expression!

With much modesty, I told Miss E——

that I was very partial to an innocent joke, and that the one just perpetrated was intended as such, and, in proof of it, would place my hand on my heart and swear—Holy horror!—no! Swear in the presence of ladies!—why, that would be as bad as telling a story. Here I checked myself, and substituted the word “say” for “swear.” This did very well, as far as I was concerned; but still the little nymph looked in my face and laughed, saying:

“No you won’t either, or I won’t believe it if you do; so, now, you needn’t tell another story to get clear of the first.”

O, wonder and amazement! if she didn’t begin to think I would tell a second falsehood! But as good fortune would have it, I had a friend ready to help me out of the dilemma; and in that instance found a verification of the old adage, “A friend in need, is a friend indeed.”

Mr. S—— stepped forward, and, with much benignity of countenance, remarked:

“I feel confident friend —— was not in earnest at first. I have known him for years in the mountains. He often would tell us some very hard yarns, being full of his good natured jokes, and after a hearty laugh had been introduced on all sides, he would ‘throw cold water upon it’ by saying that he was only joking;

Joking for a season—
Not without a reason—”

“See here, see here!” interrupted Miss E——, “You are going on in one of your poetical strains. I am very fond of poetry, but our friend may not approve of it!”

I assured her of my partiality to poetry, but did not mean to tell her that I wrote “the stuff”—as *monotonic* prosaists call the offspring of Poesy—when naughty Mr. S—— told her that I wrote occasionally. He was a Poet, and had written many fine things. Of late, however, he has almost forgotten the Muses, and

none more regret it than I; for he always wrote in a sweet and melodious strain of true poetry, that was a pleasure to read.

But, reader, we are getting along so rapidly that we are already ahead of our story, and must needs turn back, for certainly digression is a sin. And here let me inform you, that through the kind interposition of Mr. S——, my friend Miss E—— at last became convinced that I was a single man. And then she became—if possible—more friendly than ever. Two or three long hours were passed in conversation. While talking, we often looked down on the smooth, glassy waters of the Bay, that lay sleeping in unconscious quietude and beauty. The breeze of the afternoon that had disturbed its waters and ruffled its bosom had died away, and all was calm—calm as might be with azure skies above us in June—and the moon peering forth from beneath her silvery screen, with all around hushed into an undisturbed stillness.

Slowly we arose from our grassy seat, and cast a lingering, silent glance upon the waters of the Bay as we descended Telegraph Hill. We had yet some distance to go, before reaching the home of Mr. S——, and of course I had to accompany him thither. But, alas! for the forgetfulness of man! (isn’t it astonishing, reader) that I should not have thought to ask permission of an angel like Miss E—— to see her safely home, as is the usual custom?

So it was; but, then, I was again lost, lost—I presume in astonishment, at beholding such beauty: However, she reminded me of my negligence, by asking me to “escort her home.”

I apologised for my almost unpardonable transgression of the rules of politeness, by allowing a lady to ask me to see her home. If ever I do the like again, may a dozen of the fair creatures wait on me with broom-sticks and tongs, and

after seeing me—forgive me—that's all.

We reached the house of Mr. S—— in safety; entered the parlor; seated ourselves; and listened to a beautiful air, elegantly played on the piano by Miss E——, after which, it being nearly the hour of twelve, I hastily arose to depart, for fear of another infringement on the rules of well regulated society,—being in company after midnight. We heard one of the city clocks strike the approaching hour of morn, and bidding my friends good-night, I hastened to my boarding-house, delighted with the pleasure I had experienced during the evening, at the same time feeling a little vexed at my indiscretion, telling a falsehood to ladies, and forgetting to offer to escort one of earth's angels to her home. Never mind; we are married now, and often jokingly allude to the evening when first we met on Telegraph Hill. Yes, reader, the once beautiful Miss E——, has become the lovely bride of Mr.——. She is one of the best and most accomplished of ladies I ever saw. Maybe I think so because she is mine. That is generally the way: every one who has a good wife thinks there is none like her among womankind.

If, however, I am wrong in my opinion of her, you, kind reader, will forgive me, because I know not my error, in as much as I am earnest in my belief.

Nearly two years have passed since first we met on that lovely moonlit eve in June; and years of happiness have they been. A little bright-eyed boy, our only treasure, looks up in our faces at times and smiles, as he says, "Mamma and Papa." He is our little pet, and his mother says he will be a poet. If so, I hope the fairest of "the sacred Nine" will smile graciously, and bestow on him her choicest gift—the gift of true Poesy. His parents' smile now guard him. I have told you we were happy. And truly happy are our friends, Mr. and Mrs. S——. We often visit each other and in-

terchange tokens and words of friendship.

We meet as friends of old,
And meet with joys untold.

Our friends are delighted to know we enjoy life so well, and we are equally proud to know that they are happy, while we hope, kind reader, your happiness is, and will remain, as perfect as ours. R.

THE MILL WHEEL.

Translated from the German,

BY PROF. JOHN COCHRAN.

Within a glen, the beeches high
O'ershadow a mill-wheel:
I gaze, but no more meets mine eye
The maiden of the dell.

To me in truth the maiden spoke,
And long ere we did part
A ring she gave; woe's me! it broke,
And broken is my heart.

Oh, I will flee! a harper be,
The world I'll travel o'er,
My wild and fitful melody
I'll play from door to door.

Or, hush! I'll be a soldier bold,
And seek new scenes afar,
Fight, march, bivouack in wet and cold,
And follow glory's star.

But when I hear the mill wheel go,
Strange thoughts wake in my breast;
'Twere best to die—so great's my woe—
The mill wheel then would rest.

THE ARTIST AND THE MAY QUEEN.

BY M. V. TINGLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE last train of cars came rumbling into Greenwood, a beautiful village of the West, and a few travelers made their way to the hotel. It was the last day of April, in 1848, and happy children were carrying armsfull of green vines and apronsfull of sweetest flowers that had

awakened at the genial April showers.

These were to decorate their homes with festoons, and to loop up the pretty white swiss-dresses, and to place over the brows of the little girls, on the next day at the crowning of their May Queen, that was to take place in a lovely grove about a mile from town.

Among the few who arrived on that evening were two gentlemen—an elderly one, and his nephew, a young artist, his pupil. The former, Mr. Jevet, was a very celebrated French artist, who had come to New York many years before. His brother married an American lady, and soon after died, leaving one son. The uncle, knowing that the boy had a genius for painting, when he was sixteen, gained the widow's consent for him to become his student. Never was there happier than he, when brought to the city and taken into Mr. Jevet's studio. In a suite of rooms adjoining, the walls were hung with the most beautiful pictures that his young artistic eye had ever gazed upon. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, and the windows were hung with crimson satin curtains, which by the touch of a spring, could be drawn aside, so that any amount of light desired might be had when viewing the pictures.

With hard study and diligent application, he in a few years made wonderful progress in that art. His beautiful pictures began to gain such favor with the uncle that they were allowed to occupy a conspicuous place on the walls of the gallery.

Leon, for that was his name, began to desire to travel about, and see different parts of our country. Mr. Jevet, appreciating his love for nature and anxious to do anything to advance him in his profession, as well as affording himself the greatest pleasure, gladly assented to the proposition of their going through the States. Accordingly they traveled South, and were now visiting the West, where

there is beauty enough for any artist's delight.

Arriving at Greenwood, they were glad to know that a May-party would take place on the following day, as they well knew that nothing is more beautiful to one with a kind heart—or with any heart—than a group of children dressed in their angel-white, romping with the flowers. They were awakened the next morning, hearing the merry bells ringing, and finding everything as pleasant as any May morning ought to be.

An invitation was tendered them to be present at the crowning in the grove. At ten o'clock, the children, headed by a band of music, marched to the woods—a platform was arranged, arched over with flowers and vines; a rude chair covered over with flowers, was the “ROYAL THRONE.” And now came little maids-of-honor with baskets of flowers, which they strewed in the Queen's pathway. Ah! there she is, pretty little creature! She stands before the spectators, consisting of schoolmates, parents and friends. There is not much beauty about those features, taken separately—but the witching smile is ever lighting up the whole face with a softness and sweetness. Then a childish face is pretty anyhow. The wind occasionally blowing through the trees, threw the golden curls away from her face, where they would keep falling near her eyes. A youth placed a crown of white daisies and red rose-buds and green on her brow, as she knelt on the soft moss-cushion; and after an acknowledgment, the little Queen took her throne. Then came youths and young maidens to pay homage to “her majesty.” This over, they wandered away in groups among the trees.

Leon Jevet had watched the little queen from the first, and now as she left her throne, and the band was playing a lively air, he sought her among the other children, and an opportunity presenting itself, spoke to her.

"What is her young majesty's name?" said he.

"May," replied she, "Maviola."

"Why, what a romantic name! You're a May-violet, are you? A very pretty flower, and a very appropriate name for a May Queen."

"Do you love flowers? do you like violets best of all? May violets sweet from their woodland retreat?" spoke the girl looking up with more confidence, as though she liked his pleasantness.

"Oh, you're poetical, little one, I guess—like verses. Do I love violets best of all? Yes! but I don't often find them capable of making rhymes."

"I learned that in my 'Theodore Thinker Botany,' there is a great deal more of it."

"Do you admire pictures, May?"

"Oh, yes sir! don't you? Grandmother has a great many old pictures in her big room, and I look at them just as long as I wish to." And off she bounded to some of her schoolmates who were about enjoying a feast, spread upon the green by the brookside.

The young man was charmed with the child of ten or eleven summers; her fascinating young face, beaming with intelligence, her prompt childish address and sweet look had won him greatly. By and bye she came back with her dress caught up full of flowers, and throwing them at his feet, said:

"There are flowers for you, sir, if you want them; I gathered them all for you!"

She seemed to like Leon, and knowing he was a stranger, thought he was lonely, standing by that tree so long, and only looking. He took a few violets from them, and placed them smoothly between the leaves of his memorandum to press.

The day was almost gone when they prepared to go home. Leon had during the day been informed by the intelligent landlady of the hotel that she gave May piano lessons, and that she should look at

his pictures on the following morning.

The following day found May at the landlady's, practicing her music lesson, and singing a simple song; all of which Mr. Jevet had heard from his room, adjoining the parlor. The landlady brought the child into his room, and she was soon enjoying herself, wading through his large portfolio. She, in turning the leaves, came to one, a small one, and holding it up before the lady, exclaimed: "Why it is I!" when did you paint that?"

"Last evening, after seeing you as the May Queen, you little witch!—do you think it pretty?"

"Oh, yes, sir,—that is, it is good—just see! there's my crown on my head, and my dress, and my flowers, and everything! Was there ever anything so pretty? May I take it to mamma? she will be so delighted!"

"Not yet—it is not finished. In a day or two."

"Oh, my! isn't it splendid? everybody will wonder so much—I'm so glad—How kind you are; I'll always love you," said she, as she left the room, looking earnestly in his face.

The next May morn came, just as lovely as the first, with sunlight, birds and new-born flowers.

May's mother arrayed her in her queen dress, just as she was crowned; and took her to the artist.

"Ah, now sit down and let me give your picture a few finishing touches."

One hour and it was much more natural looking than before. On the following afternoon Leon left Greenwood, previous to which he sent Maviola the picture.

A few months more Mr. Jevet Sr. and Mr. Jevet Jr. wandered, before reaching New York.

A year afterwards and Leon's studio was in a very artist-like shanty—that is, a very poor one—near San Francisco Bay.

CHAPTER II.

"That grand tableau party comes off this evening."

"What-or whose-or where?"

"At Mrs. Baylor's, in Powell street."

Mr. Jevet was a friend of hers, and he being an artist, was solicited to arrange the tableaux.

"Evangeline" was the third on the list, and was sustained by Miss Aylet, from the vicinity of Sacramento.

Very beautiful she looked, and so thought Mr. Jevet, as he carefully turned her pretty head to one side and smoothed the bands of hair from her brow. He was there through many rehearsals. Miss Brown, a young lady of twenty-five, desired to appear as "Evangeline," but was not thought as well suited for the character as the pretty, young Miss Aylet.

"I'm sure her hair is too light and her eyes too blue! mine are brown—just the color," said Miss Brown, anxiously; and though Mr. Jevet agreed in part with her yet upon the whole he thought the other lady worthy of the choice. The truth is, Miss Brown was always partial—rather partial to the artist, and was not pleased when the blue-eyed young lady was shown much attention by him.

Well, the morning came, then noon, and, as the twilight gave way to night, carriages rolled up to the stone steps, and before long the spacious front-parlor and hall were filled with expectant guests.

It was done! Mr. Jevet's heart heretofore seeming impregnable, certainly received a terrible shock, if we might judge by its loud beating as she sat by the cross in her still and magnificent beauty.

"Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed
on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that per-
haps in its bosom,
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber
beside him."

"The most beautiful tableau I ever saw!" he exclaimed, as the curtains closed together.

Some one gently thumping his elbow, dispelled his visionary thoughts in a very unpoetic way, and who should it be but Miss Brown, who observed that "Evangeline winked once. It would have been better if she had kept her eyes shut."

"Never! with their great depth of expression!" replied he.

The lady patted her little foot—a way of getting relief when the tongue must keep silent, I guess—isn't it? "I wish she had stayed in the country, the little white-headed piece of monopoly," thought she.

Then the dance, handsome dresses, and pretty ladies—good music, and happy hearts (all but one.)

Where is the belle? Ah, there! with the white dress and ivy wreath—very different looking from the dark dress worn in "Evangeline"—and a bouquet of violets.

The dark artist led her off in the dance, and very pompous he looked, a whole head taller than the lily leaning gracefully on his arm. I wonder if he never before ascertained that her voice was so sweet, her form so pretty, and she altogether so lovely and wonderfully bewitching? Oh, some men are such stupid, anyhow! Well, I'm glad to think that he at length found some one who could make him obsequiously bow his imperious head and own the great power of dainty woman's love. If I had been there, I should most certainly have exercised a spirit of coquetry, even if I had loved him, for a time—or at least a little innocent, provoking roguery. I tell you it's fine fun when a young man is in that predicament, to just look prettily out of one's eyes till a flower is given, and then to carelessly nibble it, and so on. Any mischievous girl would have done so; he need not have been so unbending in his pride before. But I don't think that she was so cruelly wicked for she smiled one continual sweet smile, danced most gracefully, and sang in a delightfully charm-

ing manner. Now, I should'nt have done so—at least I would have sang very sweetly half-way through a piece—just a provoking distance, and then have walked away with an air of perfect nonchalance—coughing a little—scarcely enough to excite sympathy—and have been too independent to receive any whatever.

This evening came to an end as all other evenings do—only it appeared much shorter—to some there present, if not to all.

The next morning Mr. Jevet called and requested to be permitted to paint "Evangeline," as she appeared the evening before.

"Many thanks," said Miss Aylet, "but I return home on tomorrow, therefore it is impossible."

"I'm very sorry! It would have made a fine picture, you were very beautiful that evening," said he in a careless, complimentary way, taking good care to watch how it was received; and right pleased was he when he noticed the slight blush it occasioned.

"Oh, I'll arrange that," chimed in Mrs. Baylor, "I'm going to take my family there and spend April with her, and you can go along, and paint her there and then."

"Yes! we would be so delighted to have you come!" and she was sorry that she had spoken with such frankness.

"Perhaps I may," replied he.

April came and Mrs. Baylor departed for "Wildwood." She wrote a note and ere long the artist followed.

He evidently enjoyed sitting under the great bay tree that leaned over the brook, painting "Evangeline," as Miss Aylet daily sat there, during which time she read him the poem.

"I'm sure that I understand the character much better when the description is given by your sweet voice, than when reading it myself in my prosy way. Now read something else—sorry that is finished be-

fore the painting. I'm almost certain you'll have to read something else as pretty, or I shall not paint as well," said Mr. Jevet smiling. At the same moment a servant brought her a letter.

"Excuse a-moi, I must run off just a minute."

"I'll never love any one else!" said he to himself as she slipped away.

"I'm very sure I'll ever, ever love him; but it wouldn't do to let him know it!" thought she as she peeped over his shoulder.

Who wrote the letter? Miss Brown, of course. In it she says:—"Now darling, don't think of admiring Mr. Jevet (certainly you wouldn't think of loving him upon such a short acquaintance, you're too politic for that,) for between you and Joe and I, Miss Alsay says it is her positive opinion that he and Miss Butler are to be buried—married I mean—just as soon as the Napa Hotel opens at the Springs in the Fall. Don't mention a word, dear, for she is a very fascinating and loveable young lady, and will doubtless make him much happier than you could—or, I either—you know he always tried to set his cap for me, but indeed I never did like *painters*—they always make me think of, and bring my poetical ideas down to, bent-heads, poverty, and cold potatoes. Detestable, isn't it? Our tastes are congenial, therefore you must think so, also. He just likes to roost in the sweet country awhile—selfish thing!—but still he is quite good—very gentlemanly. I'm dying to see you—come back soon—very soon, dearest.

Au revoir,

Affectionately

ANNA BROWN."

"Oh, she's only jealous! but no! now I think of it, he did dance twice with Miss Butler, and only four times with me—ungrateful—yes, yes, it must be so! Thanks, dear Miss Brown! There! take your pressed buds and flowers that I had

kept so long secretly next my heart! He shall never know I did so—I'll show some spirit." So she sat day after day, and at times appeared so bewitchingly agreeable, then so indifferent—so very cold.

He saw the change and was sad, for he was to return to San Francisco, in a few days.

"It is finished! it is finished!" he exclaimed on May morning as Miss Aylet came out from the house, dressed like an angel child in white Swiss and sprays of flowers. Her heretofore plain bands of hair were now hanging in golden ringlets coquetishly blowing about her face and blue eyes.

"Oh, it is so beautiful!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up into the artist's eyes.

"Why! that expression—how much it reminded me of a little child which I painted eight or ten years ago. Why the very same hair and eyes! I'd pick you up and run away with you if your name instead of being Kitty, was only —."

"Miss May, Miss May! I've come for the promised bunch of moss roses for sister's may-dress!" cried a neighbor's little boy, from the garden gate.

"Why! that name—the very one! I thought they called you *Kitty*."

"That's only a pet name in the family. My name is Maviola—but I must go and cut the roses for little Sallie Light—she's to be crowned to day in the grove, half a mile from here. We're all going at twelve o'clock. I'm now going to dress her."

"Where is that picture which I painted of you in Greenwood, nine years ago? for surely you are the same May."

"Is it possible? Yes—I have a little picture painted when I was May-Queen —."

"On May day?"

"Yes—"

"And at a hotel?"

"Yes, yes! the very one! Just wait a minute—here it is! how sweetly pretty isn't it?" said she in a frank, childish way.

"Yes—but not half as pretty as she is on this May morn—not near so lovely! Do you know, Miss May, that I always thought that little queen would be my wife? I said so when I painted it!"

She dropped her eyes, but soon peeped up and with rather an arch look said—"And you her kingly husband?"

"Ah! Miss Aylet—"

"*Tyrannical*, I meant, of course!"

"Oh, cruel, most cruel! to say so. Yes, I always, ever believed that I should find you. In happiest or in saddest hours, often has that little face, and those little folded hands, looked up and said with such a pleasing and grateful look, 'How kind you are—I'll always love you!' and then I'd sit and wonder if the same sweet being would remember the lonely orphan, who for years has had no one else to love him. See these pressed and faded violets, that for nine years I have carried about with me! You gave them to me—the little May-Queen of Greenwood. That I loved tenderly then, as a child—and lately as I have been with you—"

"Oh, stop! I pray. Pity, Miss Butler should spoil it all—believe me, I know all about it!"—and she tossed her curly head saucily, and retreated into the house—doubtless to cry, had she not been obliged to defer it, as she was to arrange the Queen's dress.

Oh, you little bundle of jealousy, why didn't you hold your tongue? I wanted to hear it all! Do you suppose that I like to have such an important speech clipped off with a long dash? no! I wanted an *artistic*, dashy declaration—one well becoming the worshipper at the shrine of all that is lovely and noble! Besides; isn't Mr. Jevet's big heart

breaking—and will be for half a day to come—which will seem a week long—you young destroyer of peace, and queen among heart-breakers!

Noon-time! Leon Jevet, why do you stand in that lonely way under that tree? There comes the Queen at the sound of music. At one side stands Maviola looking like a queen herself. How Leon gazes upon her. The crowning is over. Away the children spring over the grass, among the flowers, by the water, under the trees.

But no little one brings him spring flowers, or says one kind word to him. Maviola keeps away and tries to be very sprightly and happy. He goes to her.

Soon away they are walking under the oaks that bend low.

Well, I suppose there has been a reconciliation, for two most happy faces are seen promenading among the pleasant places of Wildwood, and the small May-Queen's picture hangs under a life-size one of Maviola as she appeared on the last May-day, and "Evangeline" has been set in a magnificent frame.

"You're so kind! I'll always love you!"

"Just to think how I happily found the little maiden and again hear those words."

Two years have passed, and in Europe still travel the bridal pair—the artist and the May-Queen.

Our Social Chair.


AS unpleasant facts, with some people at least, are oftentimes more easily called to mind than pleasant ones, it perhaps may suffice, to such, merely to mention that the sun during the month of June "In accordance with custom immemorial" gave this quarter of the world a general warming up. At that time we had the good fortune to be a wanderer among the cool shadows of the mountain walls of the great Yo-Semite valley, where at the hottest, in the shade, the thermometer stood only at 103° while in other places—Mariposa for instance, according to the *Gazette*, it was 118° degrees in the shade; but we shall allow our jovial hearted friend Holmes, its good humored editor, to tell his own story, just premising that his "house of clay" being of the build denominated *portly*, he must have felt the inconvenience of such a thermometrical altitude, and prayed for its reduction to a reasonable figure.

THE WEATHER.—The heat has never been more oppressive here than during the past two days. The Thermometer has ranged in the middle of the day, from 110° to 118°

Last Tuesday night was too warm for sleep; scarcely a breeze was felt, and the consequence was that people here generally looked rather hard next day. Lager Beer is in great demand now, and the average per diem amount consumed by *amateur* drinkers of the refreshing beverage, ranges from one to three gallons each. We have been informed that a society is being formed amongst the Lager fraternity, which, no doubt, will increase rapidly in numbers, and may eventually knock the Dashaways in the shade. No one can become a member unless he gives satisfactory proof of his ability to drink a gallon of Lager in one hour, and to stand at least three gallons per day. Nothing stronger than brandy can be drank by a member, without subjecting him to the liability of being expelled.—Lager seems destined to carry the day here.

But just listen to the San Mateo County *Gazette* in reply to the interrogations for copy from that indispensable member of a printing office, named after the gentlemanly president of those excessively warm quarters, and who is supposed, even there, to take things coolly, in more senses than one:

"COPY?" You imp of darkness, have

you the audacity to ask for copy this hot weather? Why, the thermometer stands at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the country, and here *you* are, boring us for copy. Leave, you black imp! get beyond the reach of this paste-pot, or I'll make you see **—learn you — some other calling, or put a . to your satanic existence. Copy! the very thought sends a † through our brain. We wouldn't write a ¶ for a £, much less for a \$, and as for a, oh! that's entirely out of the? None of your !!! about laziness, we say it's hot! Ah! hold on—here's some—giv's the scissors—here's a poor fellow in San Francisco committed suicide, and McNulty sat on him—be-rimstone! what a job for a hot day—never mind, we'll appropriate that story, but don't you give any credit for it. There, now, take your  out of your pockets, and go to work. Put some quoins around that wash woman's bill, lock up the elephant—and separate the pi—put the "Model Lady" on a galley, and "The Dandy" in the case—place furniture round the "New Boarding House,"—overrun "The Country," and put all the sub-heads in small caps—put the "Lumber" on the rack and "The Brick" on the stone—get "The Hay" to press, and hurry up "The New Store"—Distribute "The Mormons," and lay "Judge Cradlebaugh" on one side—he's getting old. Justify that "Homicide" and prove the "Murder." You may tie up the "Fourth of July," the people don't appear to be in want of it this year. Then go and jump in the creek and wash your face—it'll take it all to do it—and at the same time drive away the sharks; everybody goes in swimming these hot days, and somebody will get bitten, yet. And mind you don't come here again for copy before the next mail comes in.

WHAT a jolly good old world this is after all! where we have intellectual pleasures, sunny days, smiling friends, sumptuous dinners and good wine—sometimes. What more can the restless desire for human happiness crave?—do these not embrace all?—are they not the "Golden Secret," the sought "Kalon," of mortal blessedness? So mused the Social Chair, as it leaned its back comfortably against the hard-finished wall and composed its nervous fibres into the calm tranquility of a delicious *siesta*. The circumstances and position were favorable for philosophizing, and it resumed: How grateful all chairs are,

or ought to be, for so much happiness; how thankful for the manifold benefits with which a beneficent Providence has blessed their lot—the advantages of a free government—the enjoyment of plenty and prosperity—the gift of a genial climate—the pleasure of operatic and dramatic amusements—the benefit of having sincere friends, and the luxury of social comfort and refinement. Surely, a chair whose lot is cast in the midst of so many blessings cannot be discontented! At this stage of our meditations, we were interrupted by the expressman invading our sanctum, and depositing a huge pile of letters. By dint of great effort we roused ourself from the lethargic state into which we had fallen, and perused the mass of correspondence.

They were mostly marked "confidential," but as we believe that confidence, like honor, can be entrusted in the hands of a few particular friends (!) we shall give the contents of a few of them to the reader.

The first was enclosed in a large legal envelope, bearing the Seal of the State of California. It read thus:

SACRAMENTO, JULY, 1859.

Enviably Social Chair:—

I steal a moment from the cares of State, to tell you how much I envy your happy lot. How blessed, could I flee from the hungry Cerberuses, who bark incessantly for their share of the loaves and fishes, and become like you the center of a happy group! How willingly would I forego the harassing honors of my exalted place, to enjoy "the blessedness of being little;" how gladly resign all thoughts of fame, to repose in quiet retirement like you. But the good of the people demands the sacrifice of such comforts, and I still suffer on for their sake. CHAIR OF STATE.

This is well, we thought, but might be—better (the irregularity of the adjective spoiled the point). O most revered Chair of State! If happiness is not found in the high place which you occupy, where shall we look for it? Do thousands plot, and work, and scheme, and disquiet themselves to win the laurels which rest on your brow, and at last find it but a crown of thorns?—splendid misery!—we do not envy

them. But here is a more humble letter. Surely that will tell of contentment, if it dwells not in high places:

IN THE MOUNTAINS, JULY, 1859.

Exalted Social Chair:—

You will pardon, I am sure, this intrusion on your precious time. I should not speak, but when I look upon those who fill elevated places in the world, and are great and famous, and then think of my lowly condition, something stirs within me that will not suffer me to remain silent. Is it just in Heaven to make our lots so unequal? Why should I be confined, an humble camp-stool, in a miner's cabin, cherishing a "discontented and repining spirit, burdensome to itself," while others enjoy the blessings of fame and greatness. Why am I not a Gubernatorial or Social Chair?—my material is as good—mahogany and rosewood are no better than oak! Answer me, O most gracious Social Chair! why am I debarred from a position as exalted as yours? CAMP-STOOL.

Our "position" is rather exalted, in one sense, being in the third story of a brick building, and we see no reason why you should not occupy one as elevated, if you can find a room on the third floor of any building equally high. We would, however, warn you that it has its inconveniences, and in case of earthquakes—very plausible cases, too, in our fair Yerba Buena—it is by no means a desirable position. But, in another sense, we never deemed our lot exalted; and we have seen happier days in the unrestrained and reckless freedom of a miner's cabin, than we should hope to find in the palaces of kings.

Another letter:—

FROM A SICK-ROOM, JULY, 1859.

Happy Social Chair:—

Do not deem it entirely the peevishness of illness—though it may be a desire for kindly sympathy—if I am fretful and discontented; for who could languish day after day with pain, in the close room of sickness, and not feel their spirit burn with envy at the happy lot of hearty people, and the comfort felt in occupying elastic spring-bottomed chairs? I've no patience to live nor endure; I wish my whole framework was crashed to pieces. My back, legs and arms, my whole system, are but a seat for disease and pain.

Envyng your happiness, I remain an
INVALID CHAIR.

If kindly sympathies and earnest good wishes can avail, they are most freely and most cordially tendered by this Social Chair to his invalid brother. And the comfort proffered would be in the shape of advice—which is easy to give, and, perhaps, as unpleasant to take, as any kind of medicine—"Never say die." This Chair, when it strayed away to Mexico for a short time, and became prostrated by the coast fever, was requested by its physician to square up its accounts with the world, and prepare to—*vamos*; made reply, "No, Dr., he don't mean to do anything of the kind—in this God-forsaken country. You can't kill him—not this time. He does not believe in dying yet, or for many years to come." "Why, then," rejoined the doctor, laughing, "I may as well cure you up at once. If you keep up a strong heart, I can soon cure you." And he did. A word to the wise, &c.

But here is another letter, whose delicate perfume seems to tell of the possession of that precious gift, contentment. The dainty envelope, nicely embossed, with the figure of a violet, speaks of modesty,—we knew the language of flowers in our youth,—and the writing is neat as the tracings of a fairy's fingers

Dear Social Chair:—I want to ask you a question—I could ask a good many, but I have one particular one about which I have bothered and bothered my head, till I'm fairly giddy. You know I'm a poor little Sewing Chair. Well, then, I'm not satisfied with being always a little home-spun thing, shut up in a small chamber, and stitching, stitching, stitching, forever; it isn't fair—is it? I don't want to be, like some Sewing-Chairs I know—a great office-chair, or a bar-room chair, nor even a Social Chair—although that would be very nice; but I *would* like to be one of those carved rosewood, velvet-cushioned chairs, which bury their dainty feet in the soft Brussels carpets of splendid parlors, and do nothing the whole day long—oh, wouldn't I! Now, what I want to know is, is it wrong to think so? My venerable grandmother—the quaint-looking old chair in the corner—says it is, and calls it all silliness and romantic nonsense; but, as I rock to and fro, I can't help wishing it, even if it be wrong.

Very affectionately,
SEWING CHAIR.

P. S.—A plain Windsor-chair, a very good one, too, wants me to come and sit beside him in his home. I feel half inclined to go; but, then, you know, Windsor chairs are such common, inelegant things; besides, if I wait a little while, perhaps, I shall get into a grand parlor, with rosewood and Brussels company!

S. C.

"Dear Social Chair," "affectionately yours," are certainly very flattering; and altho' you, Miss Sewing-Chair, in accordance with the usual custom of your sex—giving the entire gist of the letter in a P. S.—we beg to offer the following answer to your confidential (!) communication:—Many spinsters (and bachelors too) unfortunately have listened to a gentleman of plausible address named "I Procrastinate," whose character for honesty has always been exceedingly doubtful, especially in the article of Time, as well as happiness, so that in five cases out of six, the one golden opportunity of a life-time has been allowed to pass unimproved. Then again, we would not be ungallant enough to suggest that your allusion to the common Windsor-chair has anything selfish in it, of course not.

All the above communications being duly examined, we have resolved ourself into a committee of one to consider the question—chair already filled. Discontent it would seem, is inherent in the human soul—even the angels fell by it. It is useless to oppose philosophy against the inborn principles of our natures; the Stoic may school himself to the utmost perfection in his tenets, but still the human heart is human, and men will weep and laugh, and grieve and gladden the same as ever. Contentment is certainly a jewel of priceless value; but as we cannot all possess jewels, neither can we all enjoy the spirit of Content. But when we have prosperous times, sunny days, smiling friends, sumptuous dinners, and good wine, and are not happy, we are like the man who sees priceless treasures scattered around him, which he will not stoop to gather, yet still complains of poverty. And if after all, Chairs will still be

discontented, we must remember that Charity covers a multitude of sins.

WITH a score of the nicest apologies in readiness for our fair Fashion-editress, should she deem we are encroaching upon her particular grounds, we cannot resist the temptation of treating the reader to the annexed clever satire on the frequently ridiculous unsuitableness of fashionable attire, scissored from Irving's *Salmagundi*. It is not only a proof of the skill of the Satirist, but an indication that humanity preserves the same weaknesses and follies in every generation, that the thrust—with the exception of a few articles of apparel which have gone into disuse—applies as well now as to the time it was first written—fifty years ago:

"If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most advisable, because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms, and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. JOHN FROST, nose-painter-general, of the color of Castile soap, Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can be procured—as they tend to promote colds, and make a lady look interesting—(*i. e. grizzly*). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-colored, are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable colored mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show—the clocks of their stockings. The shawl scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone color, thrown over one shoulder, like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N. B. If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy over the shoulders would do just as well. This is called being dressed *à la drabble*.

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown; a yellowish, whitish, smoky, dirty-colored shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella-dress."

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gyp, cat-gut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these, add as many spangles, beads, and gew-gaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka-sound. Let Mrs. Toole or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles, tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress, which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery, called *Rag Fair*.

The wickedness and degeneracy of man shall surely meet with a just retribution, in proof whereof witness the following chapter, so delicately tintured with the spirit of mental strength as associated with femininity. At first perusal of it we felt inclined to express a pair of unmentionables to the fair writer as an appropriate tribute to her evident powers of mind; but, as happens often with editorial dignitaries, the wardrobe contained but a single pair of those necessary articles, we had time to deliberate more calmly; and finally subjecting all sense of injured pride of manhood to the fine chivalrous devotion we entertain for the sex, we bowed, much in the spirit of a hen-pecked husband we suppose, and mentally exclaimed "O most venerable Aunt Thusa; if it should please the gentle nature of your sex, spare the rod: but, nevertheless, not my will but thine be accomplished!"

A CHAPTER ON THE TIMES.

How times have changed since I was a girl; sometimes I can't believe we live on the same globe, the order of things seems so entirely reversed. Formerly it was the custom for the women-folks to do the visiting, gossiping, slandering, &c. They were accounted the "scandal-mongers," "back-biters," and everything else which was calculated to inspire a feeling of fear; but now, since elections are held upon a new plan, by fifty different parties, or factions,

where there was but one, we poor females are obliged to shrink within the limits of our crinoline, hide our diminished heads, and in the language of some modern politician acknowledge ourselves "gone in," or a passenger for the first Salt River packet. We never *confessed* enmity for any one except to some intimate friend like Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, or a dozen others; but there is no denying that we frequently met those with the most insinuating smile, for whom we felt the most bitter hatred. All this was right among the daughters of Eve, but who could pardon such a thing in the sons of her worthy husband? I remember once when Grandma wanted to get all her quilting done for nothing, and save the dollar poor lame Nancy so much needed, she visited all the neighbors, told the children pretty stories, sent cakes to the half-grown misses, and gave many other proofs of her *undying* friendship for her *dear, good*, neighbors. The result can easily be seen, the quilting was done, the dollar saved. All this was among *women*, but see my children to what extent this is now carried on among *men*, from whom better things might be expected.

Here comes No. 1, a candidate for some office, all ill-feeling towards *everybody* is forgotten. He *knows* everybody, *likes* everybody, feels deeply interested in everybody's welfare, is willing to *assist* everybody, *gives* everybody five dollars! is assured of *everybody's* support, and goes home sure of—— a defeat.

Following in his footsteps, comes No. 2, goes to the *same people*, inquires after the health of every family, feeds every dirty-faced boy on oranges and candy, *begs* every mamma to "please name that beautiful, sweet, lovely, (red haired, freckle nosed) baby after him, as he wishes to *educate* it, *work* for it, *leave it his fortune*," (consisting of two shot bags, and one powder flask) slips \$5,25, (remember only two bits more) into Daddy's hand and goes home sure of—— an election.

Ah, my children, as I said before, such work was pardonable among us, but can

it be excused in *MEN*? When will the good old times return, when the male part of the community knew friend from foe? when will men deal openly and honestly with each other, and leave the work of intrigue for woman? If she had not been the best calculated, would not the serpent have gone to Adam instead of assigning this office to Eve? How I wish to be young again.

AUNT THUSA.

Who that has ever yielded to the wild delirium of "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," but will appreciate the exquisite beauty of the following lines, clipped from an exchange? Their force of expression and passionate feeling, the spirit of intense devotion, idolatry for one loved being which they breathe, is scarcely excelled in all the range of American poetry:

YOU KISSED ME.

BY MISS JESSIE S. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head had drooped low
on your breast,
With a feeling of pleasure and infinite rest,
While the holy emotions my tongue dared
not speak,
Flashed up like a flame, from my heart to
my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—Oh! your arms
were so bold,
Heart beat against heart to their passionate
hold!
Your glances seemed drawing my soul
through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to
the skies;
And your lips clung to mine, till I prayed
in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rap-
turous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart, and my breath,
and my will,
In delirious joy for the moment stood still;
Life had for me then no temptations—no
charms—
No vista of pleasure—outside of your arms;
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the glory and peace that are given the
blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly
down,
And tear from my head its most beautiful
crown,

To nestle once more in the haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on
your breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so di-
vine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man,
foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious to die then,
if death
Would come while my mouth was yet moist
with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart might
grow cold,
While your arms wrapt me round in that
passionate fold—
And these are the questions I ask day and
night:
Must my life taste but one such exquisite
delight?
Would you care if your breast were my
shelter as then?
And if you were here—would you kiss me
again?

The Fashions.

It is not our intention to particularize as much as usual this time, but will give some general information, having fully acquainted you with "The Seasons" shape of Ladies' Bonnets, styles of head-dresses, cut of dresses, how to trim them, and what to make them of, and lastly how to dress the boys and girls.

This you will remember holds good for three months, and "the end is not yet."

It may truly be said, no part of her profession proves a milliner a true artist so well as being able to adapt her creations to the personal peculiarities of her patrons, for that which looks well on one, will be found wholly unsuited to another. With the hope that among the number of Bonnets we shall describe as pretty, our readers may each find one to suit their mind, we will at once proceed.

1. Fancy Straw Bonnets, trimmed with corn-poppies and grass.

2. Bonnets made of plain white straw, edged with black, the top of the crown open-work, the cape composed of alternate rows of plain and open-work straw edged with black, trimmed with bright variegated roses, with mixture of black and white

blond. (Inside) white tab and a bow of narrow ribbon on the top, striped in colors to suit the flowers, strings to match, and very wide.

3. Tuscan Bonnet, with cape trimmed with straw cord and tassel and bunches of wheat. (Inside) a wreath of field flowers.

4. White crape Bonnet, over the crown is a rounded fall of black blond lace, on one side is three pendant cactus flowers, with crimped crape leaves, on the opposite side green and brown grasses with mixture of elder berries. (Inside) blond lace ruches very full, with a small white marabout feather on each side, bow of pink ribbon on top and pink strings.

5. Bonnet of pink silk, composed of three folds, inclined towards the crown, from which falls a white blond lace reaching nearly over the crown and dropping loosely over the sides to the cape, a wreath of green leaves across the top where the lace joins, connecting each side with a bunch of daisies and violets. (Inside) a wreath of daisies and strings of silk.

6. Bonnets of fine split straw, with a rich straw cord and tassels knotted at the top of the front, white marabout feathers droop from it on each side. (Inside) ruche very full at the sides with bandeau of forget-me-nots; strings; white and plain pearl-edge ribbon, No. 22.

7. Leghorn Bonnets are in more demand than ever before, trimmed in such ways as best becomes the wearer, they command from \$20 to \$150.

The capes of all description of Bonnets are made narrower than at the commencement of the season, and plaited on in every instance.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The price of passage on the steamers of the 20th June was,—First Cabin, \$125; Second, \$80; and Steerage, \$40.

The Overland Mail, via Los Angeles, has made its regular trips within schedule time during the month, and on its return has carried from 1,400 to 2,000 letters each time.

There are over 3000 Chinese now on their way to this State from Hong Kong.

Flour has been selling at fifteen cents per pound in the Walker's river mines.

The heat during a portion of the month was somewhat oppressive; the thermometer standing at from 90° to 119 in the shade.

The flume of the Butte County Canal Company, 180 feet high, 1,400 feet long, and built at a cost of \$16,000, fell with a tremendous crash, on the 20th of June.

The Hebrews of San Francisco have bought eleven acres of land near the Mission Dolores for a cemetery, and steps are being taken to enclose it with a substantial wall.

A vein of coal has been opened on the eastern border of Sacramento county, sixteen feet in thickness, and is said to be of excellent quality.

On Saturday, June 25th, one hundred and sixty inmates of the State Prison at Point San Quentin attempted to escape; of those forty-two succeeded, but the remaining one hundred and eighteen were fired upon and forced to return. Four were wounded and one killed. Subsequently twelve others were captured by main force, and several killed.

A fire broke out in Tehama on the morning of the 25th of June, and destroyed the whole town with the exception of three houses. Losses \$10,000. On the 27th, Oroville was visited by the Fire-king, and who destroyed about \$20,000 worth of property. On the 8th ult., Chipp's Flat was nearly consumed by the same destroying angel. Losses from \$16,100 to \$18,000. At Rough and Ready, all the town north of Gilham's Store fell a prey to the devouring flame. Loss \$75,000.

The *Mariposa Gazette*, edited and published by L. A. Holmes, entered upon the fifth year of its prosperous existence on the 8th ult.

A fire destroyed one-third of the town of Weaverville, Trinity county, on the 5th ult. Losses \$100,000. On the 9th, another at Crescent City destroyed \$30,000 worth of property.

The 4th of July was very generally celebrated throughout the State. On the same day a slight shower of rain fell at several places.

The Golden Gate, which sailed on the 6th ult., took away 2,255,134. On the two eastern-bound steamers of that date, there were 1,229 passengers.

The Republican candidates in Oregon polled a majority at the recent election.

The proprietors of the Allison Ranch quartz lead, on the 13th ult., deposited \$90,000 in the S. F. Branch Mint, making the whole amount of their deposit since January 1st, \$230,000.

After a brief suspension of publication, the Siskiyou *Chronicle* re-appeared on the 9th ult., with W. J. Mayfield as publisher.

The California *Farmer*, edited by Col. Warren, entered upon its 12th volume on the 22nd.

The Golden Age sailed for Panama and New York on the 20th ult. with \$1,889,377, and 349 passengers. The number of passengers on the Uncle Sam, of the same date, was 360,—total 709.

The first number of the *Tulare County Record*, published by I. W. Carpenter, was issued at Visalia, June 25th.

On the 24th of July, ten years ago, the first U. S. Mail was carried up the Sacramento river from San Francisco.

Editor's Table.

HERE is surely such a thing as Sorrow—some say it is another name for existence; but this of course no sound mind can receive, when he sees so much happiness in the world. There is a kind of sadness that we all feel at times; and, without dwelling on its chastening influence, we all feel that it steals upon us when familiar objects or voices become changed—when friends, who have been near and dear, go from us; or when, sadder still, become cold or estranged—when gentle voices and happy smiles that have cheered and gladdened our inmost souls are heard and seen no more—when the night shadows fall down and veil the bright scenes of the day—when melancholy Autumn comes to banish the fair flowers and song-birds that pleased with their sprightly presence the Spring-time and Summer—when—but why continue?—it comes often—ever. So we think, and so we thought the other day, as we looked over a pile of dear old letters from our early contributors, and saw among them the familiar autographs of Carrie D.; J. B.; Dr. D. N.; Monadnock; Old Forty-Nine; Alice; Bessie; Doings; G. T. S.; Jeems Pipes; Chispa; Anna M. Bates; W. H. D.; C. J. W. Russel; Joe; C. B. McDonald; Pioneer; W. B. S.; Old Block; Mary Morris Kirke; Eugene; Harry Sinclair; H. P. C.; Oloe; Luna; Mrs. C. W. W.; Agricola; Highton; Mrs. S. H. D.; Dr. Fe Nix; C. C.; Old Mountaineer; Rochester; J. S. H.; Nolan; Charley; and a host of other names that used to cheer us monthly. Some were with us in the very first number, and have kept with us faithfully until now; others still visit us occasionally; some can never greet us more; and others are for the time-being lost in the doubtful uncertainty of silence. All were once joined in close sisterhood and brotherhood on the list of Magazine contributors, and felt warm ties and sympathies: Time may have changed some

—circumstances may have estranged others for a time—but we still entertain our old faith in their goodness and fidelity. And is it to be wondered at that we felt a kind of sadness, as we perused the old letters, full as they were with cordial and friendly words? And then, thoughts of long silence maintained by many ensued.

We have a proposition to make:—

Most families united by ties of blood, who have become separated from each other in the course of life's changes, have times of re-union, when they again all assemble under the old parental roof, and renew the ties of past years. Why should not our family of contributors do likewise? Thanksgiving is the American day of family re-unions; and that day is again approaching. We cannot, probably, meet in person, but let all of you, who can or will, send in a short contribution for the November number of the California Magazine, and, we will publish them under the head of "A Thanksgiving Re-union of Our Contributors."

In order to keep up and perpetuate the improvements gradually being introduced in the California Magazine, since we last had the pleasure of greeting our numerous readers we have visited the awe-inspiring scenes within and around the great Yo-Semite Valley, and the large groves of Mammoth trees situated in the counties of Mariposa and Fresno, and as these sights are the most imposing and wonderful of any and all yet known in any part of the world, our friends will be glad to learn that we are preparing a series of beautiful engravings with which to illustrate several numbers of this Magazine, and in which a complete panorama will be presented, and a full history, description and explanation given of all its remarkable scenes, Indian customs, language, and legends.

STATE INDUSTRY.—To those whose highest terrestrial hopes and noblest aspirations centre in the prosperity and happiness of the home of their adoption, the State of California, we need only mention that on the 13th of September next, the State Agricultural Society (we demur, and always did, to the *name* of the Society, as being by far too inexpressive for the objects embraced by it) will hold its Sixth Annual Fair at Sacramento City, for the exhibition of every kind of article produced by the skill, enterprize, and industry of Californians.

This exhibition will include all kinds of Cattle, from a short-horned bull to a Durham cow; Horses of all work, to full-blooded Racers,—not even excluding Jacks and Mules; Sheep, from a Saxon to a South-down; Swine, from a juvenile "Rooter" to the fattest kind of a Porker; Poultry, from a Dung-hill Hen, to a Turkey Gobbler; Rabbits, from a lop-eared white to a long-eared Hare. Then again, Tools and Machinery of all kinds are not to be forgotten, from a Spade to a Threshing Machine, and even to a Quartz Mill, complete; every variety of product from the farm, orchard, vineyard, nursery, (perhaps inclusive of boys and girls) and garden, from a pea-nut to a squash, and from a monthly rose to a mammoth tree. The Dairy, even, is not to be overlooked in the important articles of "butter and cheese—and all." Then again, every kind of Manufacture will be welcomed, from a bar of soap to a steam engine; or from a basket of wine to a church organ. The Fine Arts, moreover, are not to be slighted, for every possible conception of the human brain, from wax fruit to an oil painting, may be entered for the prize:—and if there be anything new—entirely new—so as not to come within the range of the articles enumerated—even if it be for an expeditious mode of passenger transit to the moon; or an invaluable method of discovering honesty in the soul of a politician—we think we know the Board of Managers sufficiently to say that an impartial examination (and, if worthy, a prize also,) will be secured it. Therefore, everybody may, and we trust will, produce something that shall enhance the progress, show the skill, or develop the resources of the State, at the Annual Exhibition in September next.

We give pleasurable greeting this month to a new religious monthly magazine, entitled "THE PACIFIC EXPOSITOR," edited by Dr. W. A. Scott, D. D., and published by Geo. W. Stevens, of this city. The praiseworthy object of its able editor is

announced to be the exposition of God's Word, and the preaching of the Gospel, so that the lonely dwellers in the mountains and valleys of California may be favored with the blessings of religious instruction, of the same kind and quality as that given to the residents of a city on the Sabbath day. We have many times listened, with much gratification, to the sermons and lectures of Dr. Scott, and can assure our readers that the reverend gentleman has the faculty of making his discourses very interesting. This gift is either very rare, or is not sufficiently cultivated among California divines; and yet the requirements of a California audience are greater than those of other countries where social and religious influences are generally higher and more numerous, as well as more varied. The discussion of dry theological subjects have little interest to those here whose business has kept the mind in a perpetual fever of excitement, for six days out of seven; so that when they repair to the sanctuary on a Sabbath day, they not only need the Bread of Life well buttered with interesting facts and similes, to make it palatable, but require that no dry and unworthy theological substitute of bone-dust flour should constitute the component parts of the staff of eternal life, be they never so finely ground, or nicely bleached. We would commend these thoughts to those ministers who wish to be acceptable and useful to a California audience. We doubt not this work will be very acceptable, especially for Sunday reading.

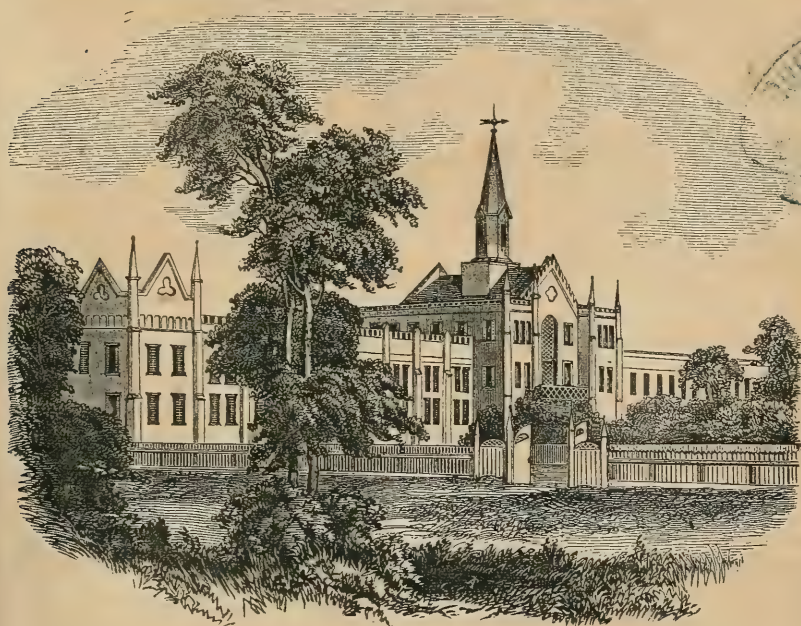
To Contributors and Correspondents.

- Emily T.—Nevada.*—The first complete translation of the Bible into English was by Wycliffe, about the year 1380.
- J. G.*—Your suggestion of a Re-union of Contributors in the December number of this Magazine is happily conceived. You will find it further discussed in the Editors Table.
- S.*—We could not promise you anything of the kind. Send, and you will learn of its disposition.
- R. B.—Coon Hollow.*—Your style is altogether too diffuse. The secret of elegant composition lies in expressing a thought in as comprehensive and as suitable language as may be possible. Then again we would recommend you not to be chary of your trouble, for the simple reason that a good article is worth a dray load of bad ones. Believe us.
- "Subscriber"—Can you supply the articles mentioned in your note of the 4th?

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1859. No. 3.

STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.



VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE STATE ASYLUM.

IF ANY person would fully realize the untold blessedness of a sound mind, let him pay at least one visit to the Asylum for the Insane. The vessel that left our port but yesterday with every timber sound, and every rope and sail in order, her captain skillful and her crew able seamen, spreads her canvas to the breeze and rides in majesty past the rocky shores of the Golden Gate, and out to sea, may, even when the pilot is at the helm, and after braving in safe-

ty many a storm; strike some unknown and unexpected reef and become a total wreck. How very often is it thus with the human mind? From sources and causes the least suspected, they strike and founder in the deep, dark sea of chaotic delirium; or, as sometimes is the case, are stranded upon the sandy shore of circumstances, for a season, until the next spring-tide of Reason lifts them up, and they are borne upon it by the favoring breezes of kind attentions, back again to the joy-welcomed haven of Consciousness, and are themselves again once more. Ah! blessed return.

A few days ago we visited the Asylum which the State has provided for the unfortunately afflicted, and, if the reader pleases, we will relate to him that which we saw and heard.

The building is situated in the suburbs of the city of Stockton, about three-quarters of a mile northeast of the steamboat landing, and which, as you approach, presents an imposing and very inviting exterior. The beautiful flowers and luxuriant foliage of its well laid out and cleanly kept grounds—the work of the patients themselves—tend very much, in our estimation, to relieve it of that repulsiveness which many very naturally feel when visiting such an institution for the first time.

We had scarcely rang the bell, and been shown into a sitting-room, on the left of the entrance, when the resident physician, Dr. Aylett, very kindly offered to escort us through its long corridors and numerous apartments, to see for ourselves the various phases of the minds diseased.

But as the Doctor has been called away for a few moments, while he is absent we will relate to the reader that Capt. C. M. Weber, of Stockton, donated one hundred acres of land to the State for this purpose, and on the 17th of May, 1854, an Act was passed, and appropriations made,

by the State Legislature, establishing the Asylum for the Insane. About twenty acres, out of the one hundred, are in a high state of cultivation, and from which an ample supply of vegetables are obtained; and as there are about one thousand five hundred young and thrifty fruit trees growing, of different kinds and varieties, fruit will be obtained next year in abundance.

The buildings themselves are commodious and conveniently arranged. The main structure is seventy feet square and three stories high, to which two wings have been added, of the same height, each of which is one hundred feet in length, making, in the aggregate, three hundred and ninety feet front. There are two large yards, male and female, inclosed by a wall twelve feet high at the lowest grade line.

The management of this Asylum is entrusted to a Board of five Trustees, appointed by the Legislature, who discharge their duties without compensation, and whose term of office expires in 1861. Dr. William D. Aylett is the Resident Physician, under whose general superintendence the institution is managed, and whose salary is \$5,000 per annum. Dr. Thomas Kendall is the Visiting Physician, who attends daily and prescribes for each patient, and whose salary is \$3,000 per annum. But here comes the Doctor, so let us depart with him and inspect the building and its inmates.

As we began to tread the bright, clean floors of the first story, we were somewhat at a loss to divine whether a large proportion of those men we saw walking hither and thither, or engaged in some useful employment, were patients or assistants and keepers; but our guide soon relieved us of any doubt in the premises, by informing us that they were patients, and that this division of the building was devoted to those whose cases were of a milder type. Some were reading, oth-

ers were writing, in one or another of the rooms opening on the main corridor; and the rest were walking up and down, as if meditating. From here we passed into the yard, where some were sitting beneath the shade of a tree, amusing themselves with a game well known among children as "Fox and Geese"; others were looking on, or seeking the shade of the doorways and walls. Here also was a wooden tower, and a water tank capable of holding 7,000 gallons, into which water is pumped up by steam power, and from thence distributed in pipes to every part of the building. Here also is the dining-room, and hot and cold baths for the men, each one of whom is required to bathe once a week, some twice a week, and others every day, just as their case requires.

From the yard we re-entered the building, and examined the store-rooms, kitchen-range, and other apartments on the ground floor, and found them very conveniently arranged; after which, we ascended to the second story, where the corridors were divided into several compartments by a strong lattice-work, the doors of which were kept locked. As might be expected, here the countenances of the patients indicated a more malignant form of the disease; and although a few were employed in some useful or amusing occupation, a large proportion were wandering up and down, talking to themselves; others, as though glad to see strange faces, sought us for their auditors, while they descanted upon the pastimes they were about to enjoy; the vessels they owned, and hourly expected from some prosperous voyage, with very valuable cargoes; the noises they heard; the apparitions they saw, &c.; but as it would be impossible to give scarcely a brief epitome of these things in this article, we shall refer to them in some future number.

What was our astonishment here to

hear our name several times pronounced by different persons, with the inquiry—"Don't you know me, Mr. —?" and from some of those, too, whom we had known under very prosperous circumstances, several long, long years ago. How Change, Disappointment and Misfortune sometimes do their work! We noticed, too, that although their hands were extended to us in warmth and kindness, and their faces were lighted up with a gleam of brightness, it was but momentary.

From this point, we passed to the female department, and which was as cleanly kept as that of the males. Here, one woman, who had passed the prime of life, was engaged in working a sampler, on which a rude attempt was made to give it the resemblance of a planet, under which she persisted she had been born; some nodded and smiled; others looked solemn and melancholy; others, again, were sewing, and knitting, and reading.

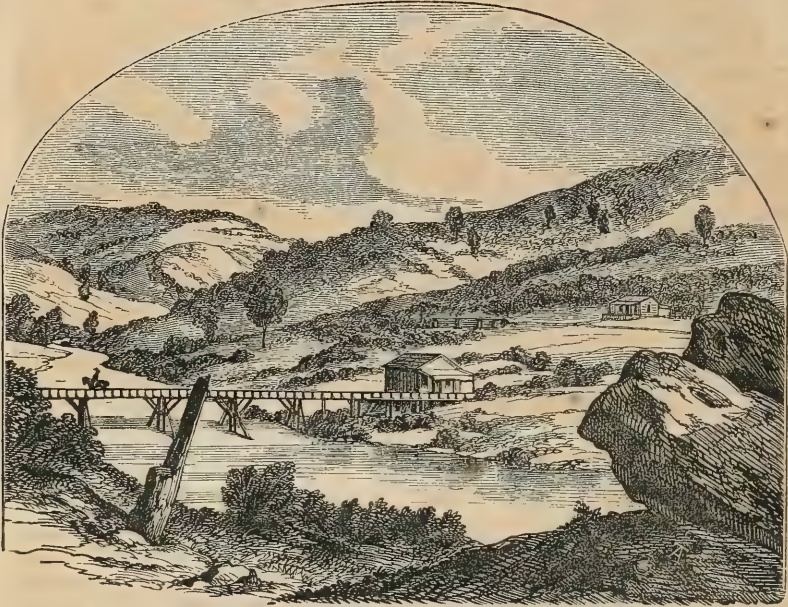
It is a depressing sight, indeed, to witness either man or woman when reason is dethroned; but it is a wise provision of the State that such should be well cared for, and by kind and suitable treatment, both physical and mental, restored to their former sanity.

The most prolific causes of insanity, we regret to learn, are masturbation and intemperance, especially the former; next to these, want of chastity and incontinence is another very productive source of this malady; to these add physical debility, loss of property, disappointment in love, puerperal fever, spiritualism, religious excitement, epilepsy, fright, and various other evils, both mental and physical.

The number of patients now under treatment in this institution, are two hundred and eighty males, and sixty-six females, making in the aggregate three hundred and forty-six.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF BEAR VALLEY, ITS SURROUNDING SCENERY, AND MINERAL RESOURCES.

BY A. SCHWARTZ.



VIEW OF WYATT'S BRIDGE, ON THE MERCED RIVER.

It is a fact well known to California, to the Atlantic States, and even to Europe, that the great "Johnson Vein, of Mariposa County," is one of the largest and richest leads of gold-bearing quartz known to exist in any part of the world. And many suppose that it will prove, on closer examination, either to connect with others, or extend throughout the entire length of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; for which reason it has been called the "Golden Backbone of California," and which may be the source of all the auriferous wealth distributed over the State.

EARLY in 1851 this gold region was visited by Richard G. Killaly, Esq., who, in company with John F. Johnson, Esq., the discoverer of the same, examined some of the principal points, and described the geological character of the country in a letter of February, 1851.

"About four miles, a little east of north from Quartzburg, in Mariposa county," says Mr. Killaly in his letter, "the country becomes respectably mountainous, and thinly covered with goodly pines and very decent oaks. Greenstone, greenstone porphyry, greenstone slate, clay slate, talc slate, gneiss, and other metaliferous rock formations are here visible, and delight the way-worn geologist.

"Ascending a high mountain, and journeying about three miles farther, you arrive in Bear Valley, which is a most splendid one, with a delightful climate. The valley runs the same as Mount Bullion, which is nearly parallel with the course of the Merced River, and in this mountain is a part of the Great Johnson Vein, a grand mother vein, a huge and truly mighty auriferous quartz deposit. It is easily traceable for leagues. Its di-



RIDLEY'S FERRY ON THE MERCED, SHOWING THE "BENTON" QUARTZ MILL AND DAM.

rection is northeast by southwest, and dips seventy-five degrees southeast. It is about ninety feet in width, and in one place one hundred and thirty feet. In one direction it crosses the Merced, and extends northward for an unknown distance; and, after running on in the other direction for many miles, throws off various branches, some to Agua Frio and others to Mariposa; thus supplying immense districts with the means of acquiring wealth. It is a mammoth vein, like a huge metalliferous artery passing thro' an immense region of country.

"The general compound of the vein is milk-white quartz, and there is much less iron pyrites than in other veins. Many specimens, although they look very poor, will yield some fine gold when tested in the hornspoon. In this vein there are large flakes of quartz, of about a foot thick, and divided from each other by a soft dark red earthy iron ore, and frequently stratified with liver-colored iron ore; passing through the flakes there are strings of decomposed iron pyrites, in

which much gold occurs. The quartz is, also, sometimes highly ferruginous and honey-combed, and in the cavities much gold is found; but there is no indication that leads a person to say, with any degree of certainty, which stone is auriferous and which not; often in the heart of a milk-white piece you find a nest of gold; often in the glassy, splintering kind of stone; but generally the brownish breccia kind of rock gives the steadiest yield of gold."

Properly speaking, the "Great Johnson Vein" consists of three main divisions: the Northern, the Central, and the Southern Division. The Central Division commences at the foot of Mount Bullion on the Merced River, where Ridley's Ferry is situated, and extends towards the south to the extreme end of Bear Valley, all through Mount Bullion. This division, the most explored of the three, contains the quartz works of Col. J. C. Fremont, and is subdivided into smaller sets or subdivisions, which, commencing at the Merced river, are called as follows,

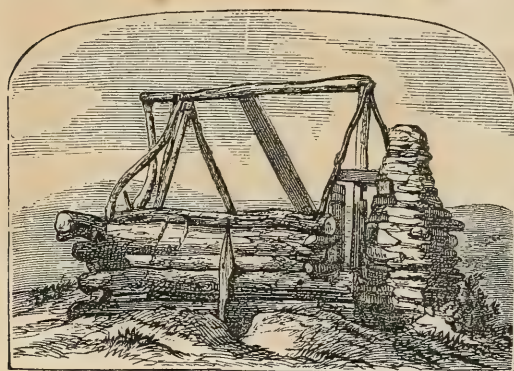
viz.: Jane, Catharine, Pine Tree, Ridley, Josephine, and Spring.

The Northern Division, commencing on the opposite side of the Merced River at Ridley's Ferry, extends to the northeast for many leagues; and going down the river, we find that the white quartz crops out on the hill-sides opposite Wyatt's Store," where the vein is called Emily Division. Following the vein in this direction, a quartz cap is seen on the apex of a very high and steep mountain, (say 2500 feet above the Merced River,) where the large blocks of white quartz are in places spotted with gold. Through those massive stones, which may weigh six or seven tons, numerous strings of gold can be easily seen meandering over the surface. This part of the vein is called the Adeline Division, and it has the same direction and dip as the Central Division. For many leagues the North-

southeast of the town of Bear Valley, we find the vein again highly developed; it has the same run and dip as before, and presents the same matrix, which is nearly as wide. It runs over a tolerably high hill, and extends thence to Agua Frio and Mariposa, in various branches.

In our present pen and pencil sketches, we intend to represent chiefly the Central Division, or the part commencing at Ridley's Ferry, extending southwardly through Mount Bullion, and comprising the Jane, Catharine, Pine Tree, Ridley, Josephine and Spring Divisions, as well as the Oso Mine, also a branch of the great Johnson Vein.

Coming from Coulterville by the trail, we strike a very fine view just before crossing Wyatt's bridge across the Merced River, which gives us a general idea of the situation and relative height of Col. Fremont's quartz works and the surrounding country. Elsewhere is a very correct sketch of this scene; in the foreground we remark the improvements of Mr. Mark Wyatt, consisting of a bridge, a fine store-building, a dwelling house, and other buildings, situated on the left bank of the river at the foot of a steep mountain. These mountains rise here nearly from the water's edge, and the river upwards, as well as for some miles down, is walled in by steep



"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA."

ern Division runs on in the same direction, and is easily traceable by large outbursts of quartz. The different sets, or subdivisions, following the Emily and the Adeline, are also distinguished by various names, of which we shall give a description at some other time.

In a southern direction from the Central Division, over Mount Ophir, extends the third main or Southern Division of this great vein. About five miles to the

ranges, covered with the usual California shrubbery and a few single nut-pines. In the distance, Mount Bullion makes its appearance with its tunnels and shafts, that are distinctly marked by large piles of snow-white quartz, lying loose on the outside of the mountain. The old wagon road leading down to the river is also distinctly visible, and appears to be very steep.

Traveling along the trail, after crossing

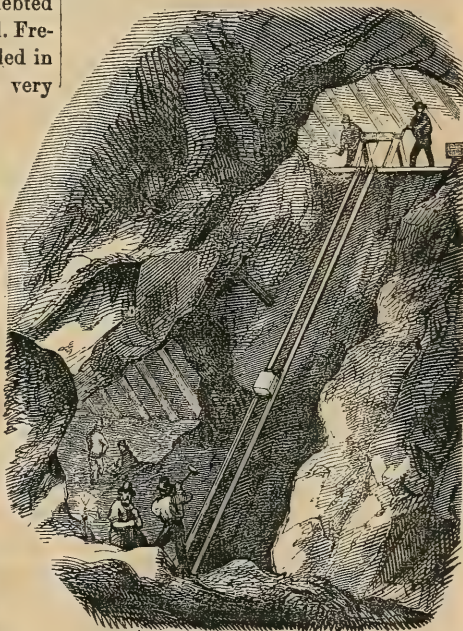
Wyatt's bridge, we frequently find the white quartz cropping out on the opposite mountain side, which enables us to follow the vein up the river, until we come in sight of Ridley's Ferry, and Col. Fremont's new "Benton" mill, where the vein crosses the Merced, and takes its course through the center of Mount Bullion.

Here another most splendid view appears before the astonished traveler, which, for its beauty, is partly indebted to mother Nature, and partly to Col. Fremont. The river is perfectly walled in by steep mountains, and turns a very sharp corner around the foot of Mount Bullion. Various trails are cut into the mountain sides; and two wagon roads wind up, in large curves, to the mouths of the tunnels.

The Benton mills, with accompanying buildings, as boarding houses for workmen, carpenter shop, cabins of workmen and others, and the store of Wm. Smith, (late Sagendorff's), are finely situated on both sides of the river; and Fremont's new dam across the Merced, which causes a perfect fall of about twenty feet high, give life to the landscape, which is, particularly in spring time, a most beautiful one, and makes a most agreeable impression upon the traveler. The Merced is here a splendid stream of water, and the dam across the river enables Col. Fremont not only to work his new mill of sixteen stamps, but a still larger one of forty-eight stamps, which will soon be put in operation.

The dam as well as the mills, are specimens of beautiful workmanship, and the projector and owner of the same, as well as the constructors and superintendents, Messrs. Silas Williams and M. W. Smith, can be proud of such a work. The

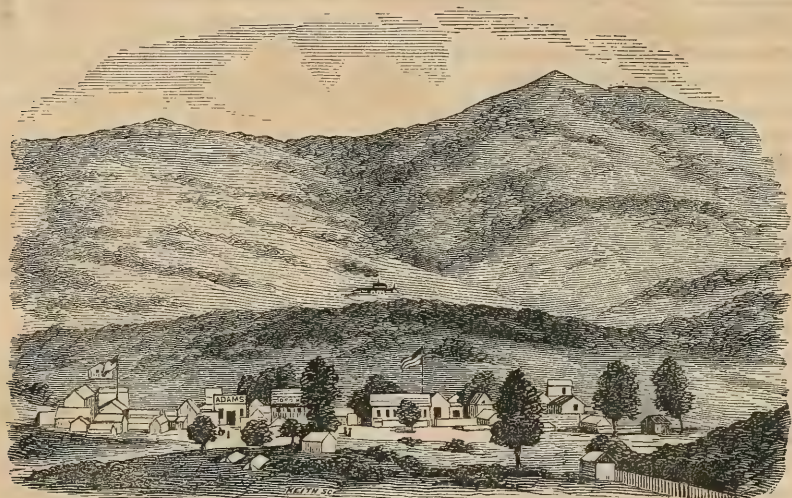
battery of the mill, propelled by a horizontal iron wheel, (Turbine), works admirably fine, and crushes, in the average, twenty-five tons of quartz rock per twenty-four hours! When the amalgamating apparatuses will be completed—the present ones are only for trial—this mill will be one of the finest in the State. The costs for building the dam may be estimated at \$25,000; for the mill, at \$15,000; and for the new road, at \$15,000.



WORKMEN WITHIN THE MINE.

Leaving Ridley's Ferry, we ascend Mt. Bullion—the great golden treasury of Mariposa county—by the old wagon road, and by which, at present, the quartz from the tunnels above is brought down to the mills in large six-ox-teams.

This road is not in the very best condition, and not much calculated for quartz hauling on a large scale. It will do for the present, but not for the future, for after the erection of the forty-eight stamp mill, other arrangements will



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BEAR VALLEY, MARIPOSA COUNTY.

be made for furnishing the mills with the immense quantities of rock which they will be able to crush.

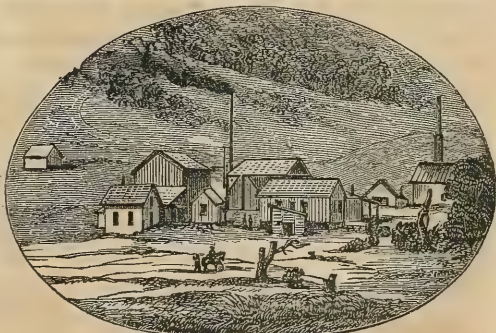
At many points, along this road, the traveler meets with beautiful views. First, he can follow the downward windings of the river for several miles, and can form an idea of the mountains, composing the foot of the great Sierra, through which the Merced River cuts its way to the valley of the San Joaquin. Further up, on the road, he remarks the short turn of the river around Mount Bullion, sees the upward course for a short distance, and all the chains lying between Mt. Bullion and the main range of the Sierra Nevada; on the crest of the mountain, at the highest point of the road, the far-off and snow-capped mountain peaks are in sight; and, on clear days, particularly in the evening when the sun descends, the entrance to the renowned Yo Semite Valley, with its towering rocky masses, presents a beautiful spectacle.

We have now arrived at the quartz works that we saw from Wyatt's Bridge, about 2000 feet above the Merced. We first notice a tunnel, running into the

mountain directly from the road, and connected with a shaft from above: as it is an undertaking of late date, we will pass by without exploring it. This is called the Specimen Vein, and where most beautiful pieces of gold-bearing quartz were found at different times. Walking on for a short distance, we see some boarding and lodging houses for the workmen, blacksmith shops, etc., and arrive at the mouth of the other tunnel, in connection with which is a shaft from above. This is the Pine Tree Vein, as a few pine trees are standing near by. Here one end of a railway is seen, that extends from the inside works to a shed on the outside, where some workmen are engaged in breaking up the quartz brought out, to the size of a man's fist, ready for the stampers of the mill; and others are shoveling it into heavy duck-cloth bags, ready for loading on the wagons. To the right and left, on the outside of the tunnel, there seems to be a complete network of roads and trails, cut in the steep mountain sides, and running in various directions; upon which teams and men are in motion, and make it a very lively scene.

To get an idea of the subterranean works, we visited the tunnels and shafts of what is called the Josephine Vein. Through the kindness of Mr. Katten, the foreman of this vein, we were furnished with candles, and accompanied by him on our journey through the catacomb-like interior of Mt. Bullion. We entered on the rail-track, and came to a place where workmen were engaged in raising the quartz that had been quarried out at the bottom of a shaft, about one hundred and fifty feet deep. Here, by means of a windlass and a slide, the quartz was being drawn up, as seen in the engraving; and from this spot the rock is put on the car and taken to daylight, outside the tunnel. On ladders we descended into the depths of the vein, and visited the different chambers, tunnels, and shafts, already opened. Here we found workmen engaged in blasting the rock, by which means the quartz is broken loose from the lead, which is in this place about thirty feet wide. A large amount of gold in quartz can be seen in the Josephine vein, especially after a blast of rock, the nature of which is the same as described before, when speaking of the "Great Johnson Vein" in general.

Just below the Josephine, and about 250 feet distant from the mouth of the tunnel, we arrived at the so-called Black Drift, worked by the Merced Mining Co. The tunnel runs nearly in the same direction as the Josephine, and the quartz is brought on a rail-car to a shed, in a similar manner to that before mentioned, with this difference: the bags, when filled with the precious mineral, are put on a slide, about 150 feet long, and by this means sent down to the lower wagon road, from whence they are taken by mule-teams to the mill at Mt. Ophir, or the



THE FREMONT MILL.

Oso mill at Bear Valley. In other spots on this mountain side, drifts are worked by Col. Fremont's men, but the most remarkable of all, are the tunnels and shafts just described.

We now follow the wagon road leading to the quartz mill of Col. Fremont at Bear Valley. This road is about two miles long, and runs along the side of Mt. Bullion, through a light-timbered section of country, and reaches its point of destination, in a direct line, without passing through the town of Bear Valley, (or Simpsonville, as it is called on the map of the Surveyor General of California in 1855.)

This quartz mill was built, and for some time superintended by Mr. Johnson himself. It is a fine eight-stamp mill, worked by steam; and here are two improved arrastras, one Chili mill, and several Hungarian bowls, all propelled by steam. The battery crushes about fourteen tons of quartz rock, in twenty-four hours, and the results obtained by the amalgamating and separating machinery have always been most satisfactory. The number of workmen employed in this mill, is in the average ten; the quartz crushed per week is about eighty-four tons; and the proceeds may be averaged at \$1,800 per week. These data are perfectly correct, and we are obliged for the information to the gentlemanly book-

keeper, J. Hopper, Esq., as well as to the employés at the mill, Mr. Darling, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Philipps.

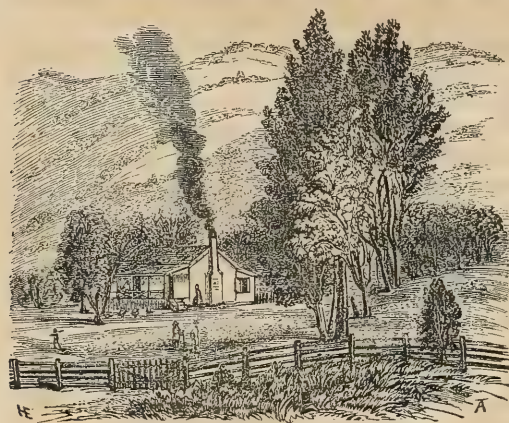
Starting for the residence of Col. Fremont, about half a mile to the south we pass the snowy piles of tailings, from the above named mill, the immense quantity of which gives us a correct idea of the work performed since its establishment; and after visiting the vegetable garden of an Italian, who makes a comfortable living by raising potatoes, tomatoes, beans, lettuce, cabbage, &c., we enter the park-like grounds that surround the modest, but lovely residence of the Colonel and his family.

The difference between spring and summer is here most remarkable. When

summer season! But we will not describe the change originated by the burning beams of "Old Sol"; nor will we destroy the first impression that this quiet spot made upon our mind, and this point alone we will leave to the imagination of the reader: but we can assure him that every person in the valley and abroad is well aware that, although our mountains have lost their bridal garments—although the searching eye cannot discover a single flower—the roses in that little white cottage never lose their loveliness and charm.

Over hills and intervening creeks we wind our way through the bushes, and after a walk of half a mile arrived in the town of Bear Valley, sometimes called

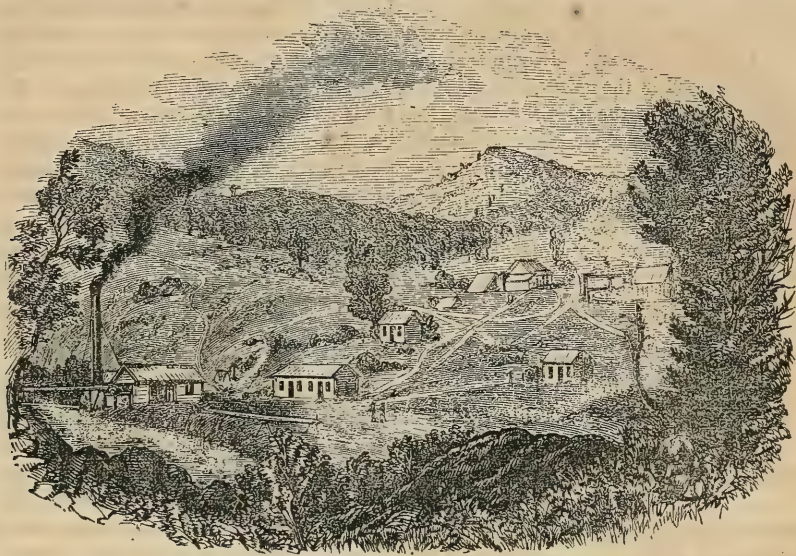
Simpsonville. Although small, and at present quiet and dull, we find here as good hotels, and as fine a company as at any place in the southern mines—cities, even, not excepted. The St. Charles Hotel and the Oro House are kept well, and Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Bates are first-rate hosts. The merchants, mechanics, and other business men are persons of the highest character; and the laborers and miners constitute a set of robust, energetic and driving workmen.



RESIDENCE OF COL. J. C. FREMONT.

we first visited this spot, it was last March, and the scene was perfectly bewitching. The beautiful groups of oaks and pines contrasted, in the differing colors of their foliage, to the greatest advantage; the shrubbery was in flower, and the grass plots covered with a soft, green, velvet-like carpet, were here and there interspersed with spring flowers of all hues; and in the center of all these natural beauties, on a little eminence, the rather small white cottage is located. How different this place appears at the present

Taking the stage-road in the direction towards Quartzburg, and then following the course of a small creek, we arrive, after a walk of half a mile, at the Oso Mine and mill. This mine was discovered in October, 1851, by Cristobal Ortega, and created a great excitement throughout the State. The Alta California of June 27th, 1855, says in regard to this discovery: "Many of our readers will remember the excitement produced throughout the southern mines, in the fall and winter of 1851, by the discovery



THE "OSO" QUARTZ MINE AND MILL.

of very rich deposits of gold in the neighborhood of Bear Valley. We were in the vicinity ourselves at the time, and cherish a vivid remembrance of the tremendous influx of people into the valley. In one week a large town arose, and it was calculated that within a month from the time that the discovery of the deposits leaked out, three thousand persons were encamped in the neighborhood. The gold was found in veins of what was called, at the time, rotten quartz, but was in reality a talcose schist, between the layers of which, burnt clay and small quartz pebbles were found. The quantity of gold extracted was, for a time, enormous; but, by degrees, it began to give out, and at last the original mine and the surrounding country was deserted, a large body of miners having been seized with the celebrated White River fever. Within a year or two past, the mine fell into the hands of P. N. McKay, Esq., of this city, who is now engaged in making preparations for working it afresh."

At the present time a fine quartz mill, with one of Howland's patent rotating batteries, is in operation, crushing quartz from the Black Drift, which is worked by the Merced Mining Co. We also find here the dwelling house of the proprietor, as well as boarding houses for the workmen, and other buildings. The well-timbered and nicely shaped hills of the back-ground; the various trails and roads running up the hill sides; and, in the spring time, the whole surrounding country, like a beautiful Brussels carpet, from the variegated hues of the flowering bushes and the green sward, constitute a most perfect landscape, particularly when viewed from the opposite hill, from whence our sketch was taken.

The veins in this mine are composed of talcose schist, containing large quantities of iron, with the rock thickly bespangled with gold in minute particles, running through a channel of greenstone, which is the northern flank of a long, mountainous ridge. During the excitement of 1851, this vein yielded nearly

\$200,000 in about four months. The mine will supply the works with water throughout the year, and there is abundance of wood in the neighborhood. It is the intention of the proprietor, Mr. McKay, to sink the shaft, which is at present only fifty feet, to a depth of 200 feet, which will enable the mine to be properly developed; and, from the former well-known richness of the vein, it is but just to suppose that the operation will yield a most handsome profit.

Such are the main features of Bear Valley, and its surrounding country, which is destined to become, by the immense and truly inexhaustible wealth of its mountains, one of the most important and flourishing districts of California.

MINERS' SONG ON FRAZER RIVER.*

BY W. H. D.

AIR—"Home Again."

Where mighty waters foam and boil,
And rushing torrents roar,
In Frazer River's northern soil,
Lies hid the golden ore.

CHORUS.

Far from home, far from home,
On Frazer River's shore,
We labor hard, so does our bard,
To dig the golden ore.

Far, far from home we miners roam,
We feel its joys no more;
These we have sold for shining gold
On Frazer River's shore.

Each mountain hight is shrouded white
From the Snow-King's icy store;
At them we gaze, thro' storms and haze,
And wish the winter o'er.

At times we hear, with startled ear,
The avalanche's roar,

*I have not drawn on my imagination for this song; it is truthful. Every feeling, incident or scene has come within my observation or experience, except what relates to the future, and that I trust will.

As thundering down from the mountain's
Its crashing billows pour. [crown,

In cabins rude, our daily food
Is quickly counted o'er;
Beans, bread, salt meat, is all we eat—
And the cold earth is our floor.

Lonely our lives—no mothers', wives',
Or sisters' love—runs o'er,
When home we come at set of sun,
To greet us at the door.

No woman's smiles our hearts beguile,
No books, with wisdom's lore;
Silent we sit, while visions flit
Of loved ones seen no more.

At night we smoke, then crack the joke,
Try cards till found a bore;
Our good-night said, we go to bed,
To dream of home once more.

Home's dearest joys Time soon destroys,
Their loss we all deplore;
While they may last, we labor fast
To dig the golden ore.

Early and late it is our fate
To toil for Fortune's store;
We find it hard, so does our bard,
To get the shining ore.

With luck at last, our hardships past,
We'll start for home once more,
And greet the sight, wild with delight,
Of California's shore.

And when on shore, we never more
Will roam through all our lives;
A home we'll find, just to our mind,
And make our sweethearts—wives.

LAST CHORUS.

Then home again, home again,
From a foreign shore, [light,
We'll sing how sweet our heart's de-
With our dear friends once more.

Emory's Bar, Frazer River, July, 1859.

DESULTORIA.

From Salet.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN COCHRAN.

THE English enjoys the reputation of being a language somewhat harsh and barbarous in its tones. But tell me, how comes it that this language exerts a greater charm over me than any other does? The secret magical power it has, and such a power it undoubtedly possesses, comes not from that aptitude and pith in phrase and structure, which form its chief excellencies, from that pointed *significance* of expression, always telling and often eccentric, which remarkably characterises it; and let it be borne in mind, that every *naïve* eccentricity is a source of attraction to the imaginative and reflective. All these qualities of the language furnish interesting matter for speculation, but they by no means explain the magical charm itself. Where is it? I seek for it in the *sound*, the very thing for which the language is blamed, censured and vilified.

I am not here going to discuss the merits of the French, as a fine sounding language. This tongue is soft and harmonious, *solely out of politeness*, for the reason that the ears of others may not be unceremoniously grated by harsh and unblending tones. The design is obvious in the protraction of the final consonants before vowels, in the stern and unmitigated outlawry of the aspirated *h*, in the soft pronunciation of the *x*, &c. Accordingly, you entirely miss the euphony which arises from internal fullness and independent movement, and you are disappointed in consequence. The harmony of the French is conventional—it is not natural. Let us, however, compare the Italian with the English. Here I see a countenance of features most regular and symmetrical; noble and yet gentle, in the cast of the expression; full, but not

to redundancy; there is the rolling eye, which can throw out the soft or the impassioned glance; there are the rosy lips, where voluptuousness sits enthroned and smiles upon you. I am enchanted with the first gaze, but it is just on this account, that the first gaze is enough. I lazily abandon myself to the feeling of delight it awakened, and I give myself no farther trouble to explore the secrets of this fine face. I believe I have discovered them all, and perhaps I am not wrong.

How different is it with the English! I see here a countenance bearing sharp, angular features; wanting the oval fullness and glowing complexion of its sister; of its irregular, nay, positively wayward outlines. It comes before me as a strange phenomenon, for the mind, which can easily understand the regular—is at a loss to comprehend the irregularly beautiful. A strange, irresistible, but yet not disagreeable sensation, overmasters me. I imagine those singular traits are abhorrent; yet I am compelled, by a certain irresistible power, to observe them with increased attention, just as I can not keep myself from conning over a difficult riddle—though the solution of it should give me a world of trouble. What I regard as repulsiveness, however, is nothing but a secret charm and magic, for, I quickly perceive that the pale and transparent cheek is as sensitive to the blush of love, as it is to the flush of anger; that those thin lips can just as well set themselves in lines manifesting noble and joyous emotion, as quiver in the fitful movements of grief and agony. In the forehead and nose, I see a lofty intellectual dignity, that escaped me at first; and from the light gray eyes, that appeared void of expression, there stream rays of sensibility, there dart flashes of wit and hasty passion. The *form*, which at first seemed invested with a certain disagreeable irregularity, now comes be-

fore me, when the spirit that animates it is perceived, in all the beauty of exquisite symmetry; nay, the sharp and angular lines appear softer and more charming than any regular lines could be, when lighted up by the gleam of sensibility and intelligence—in a word, what is wanting in the *form*, is more than supplied by the *expression*; and, just as I love a man because I wish quietly to seek his pardon for an injustice done him, just as I am willing to recognize and seek out the excellencies and good qualities I formerly ignored, so is it in respect to the English face. I did it a wrong, in my first estimation; I am now, therefore, the more attracted by it, and love it all the better for the injustice I did it. But, as I have no intention to write a regular treatise on the subject, let me hastily pass from generalities to particulars, and note these just as they occur to me.

The English *th* is usually made a subject of reproach to the language. Now, truly, we Germans make such very wry faces in the pronunciation of this sound, and when all is done, bring forth so uncouth and ear-splitting a tone, that we might fancy we had undergone a dislocation of the tongue in the process of articulation. Yet it is very different with the Englishman. The *th* escapes softly and gently from between the teeth and tongue of a native, and forms a soft, sibilating tone, which is not weak, and which, by a stronger effort of the voice, can be raised to a powerful sibilating tone. The *th*, though perhaps occurring too often in English, appears to me upon the whole to form a much more agreeable, at all events a much less objectionable sound, than the ever recurring, wet, spongy and clashing *ci cci gi* of the Italian; which, in some words—as, for example, *bacio*, (pronounce *batshio*), “a kiss”—savors of sheer sensuality. The Spanish is freer from slobbering tones of

this kind; its accents drop into the soul full and clear, like flowing gold: on the other hand, this language has so majestic and imposing a gait, that it can rarely divest itself of its “*grandezza*” to express the jest with ease and naturalness—a faculty which the Italian possesses in a high degree.

When I find in Italian a word whose beauty strikes me, I can in every case explain the cause of it. There are to be found in it such and such full-sounding vowels, united to such and such weak or strong consonants; it consequently must be beautiful from the very nature of it. The Italian words appear to have been invented for the purpose of sounding well, and this undisguised intention of the language gives to it the air of an immodest coquette, who sufficiently exposes her charms to excite the voluptuousness of passion, but too much to excite the sensibilities of the soul. It is the characteristic of this our nobler part to search and investigate, and the hidden charm will always better awaken its activity than what lies patent on the surface.

It is quite different with genuine English words. These are natural. They spring from the depths of the soul void of art and pretentiousness. Many of them I might brand as ill-toned, if I were to enter into a critical analysis of their mere sound, without regard to their sense. Yet there is a charm about them that affects us all the more deeply, the more mysterious and inexplicable it is. The word “sky” exerts this mysterious and inexplicable charm upon me. What a clear, sunshiny, serene joy is expressed in the very sound of this monosyllable! I shall make the attempt to analyze the beauty of it, though I am aware I shall only land in paradoxes. A main charm, however, lies in the diphthong. *Ei* or *igh* is the clearest, brightest, cheeriest, of all the tones of the human voice. For this

reason, the English have it in "delight," "light," "bright," and we Germans have it in the word by which we express cheerfulness itself. It constitutes our interjection *Ei!* which was originally a sportive and gladsome exclamation, and it is to be found, with the addition of *H*, in the wildly-joyous battle-cry, *Hei!*—How singular! *Ei* and *Hei* differ from each other by a single letter; yet how widely different is their signification. The *Ei!* is the sportive exclamation of peace; the *Hei!* is the terrible cry of war. The aspirated *h* works this change on the word. It spreads its heavy sound over the interjection of joy, and gives to it the whizzing of swords, the rattling of armor, the snorting of chargers, and the rustling of banners. Thus the innocent *Ei!* is transformed into the war-cry *Hei!* which breathes of joy, but the joy of battle. In the English word "sky," however, there is a greater charm than that which lies in the mere vowel. There is an unspeakable charm even in the consonants. The preceding and somewhat extended hissing of the *S* has a wondrous significance in it. In the first place, it calls the listeners to silence, to prepare them for the word of lofty and sublime meaning which is coming. It is equivalent to "Hush! listen to me; I am going to give utterance to a word of sublime import!" In the second place, it expresses the tremulous lingering of the speaker, who will not at once and hastily give utterance to a thing so grand—who, with a certain voluptuous avarice, delays the enunciation of the sound, that he may enjoy beforehand a full foretaste of the glory which it embodies, and revel in the anticipation of it. But the heart overflows, the stream of emotion pours forth, and discharges itself with impetuosity on the stout consonant *K*, which stands there like a rock to receive it: having made this rapid movement, it dissolves and melts away, as if in unbounded rap-

ture, in the joyous *Y*. You have some analysis of the feelings at work in the formation of the English word "sky."

It occurs to me that in German we have this vowel in the word for sorrow, suffering, (*leiden*). This is a fine trait of noble, real German tenderness. When we cannot relieve the pain of the child of misfortune, we give to it at least the softest, gentlest name that our sweetest German can yield, that he may not perchance recoil from the sound of his calamity, that he may learn to bear his grief with tranquility, and in truth to regard it with as little mental effort or disturbance as his lips can let fall and express the beautiful word *leiden*. It must not be regarded as accidental, that the structure of the word reminds us of the one for love, (*liebe*.) In both there is the same soft, insinuating initial consonant; then a similar long-extended clear vowel; in the middle a similar weak consonant, just firm enough to give the word consistency, but not so hard as to impart to it any notion of strength, and finally a like ending with the mute *E*. This similarity in the setting of the two words, affords a ray of sorrow to the afflicted one; it pours a few drops of consolation into his wounded breast; it whispers to him—"See! thou hast not lost all; think of the love thou bearest in thine own heart; think of the love which others devote to thee here on earth; and, should thy lot be never so bitter, O think of the absolute, the eternal love of the All-Loving, which thou shalt never lose!"

Again, what a sportive, leering, roguish gracefulness lies in the English word "girl." I see it chiefly in the ending *rl*, in the sudden and unexpected, not ungainly or awkward, but graceful, playful spring from a consonant of one kind to another of a totally different character; in the funny, comical escape from the tone of the *r*, which we think we

hold fast, till we find ourselves suddenly whirled upon the sweet and liquid *l*. The word conjures up, to the mind's eye, a joyous, open-hearted, romping girl indeed, who only puts the rattling, rollicking *r* before her as a screen, lest you scan her all too deeply, and should, perchance, discover the tender *l* that lurks there; which yet, through all her waywardness, reveals itself in the soft and chastened cast of the eye—a singular being, which we cannot understand, for she is always changing, fast as the *r* will roll into the *l*, but, withal, one which we cannot help loving. According, we close our contemplations on the subject, by ending with the soft and liquid *l*. On the other hand, in the Italian “fancuilli,” I can never think of anything else but some fleshy, sensuous creature, who is thoroughly competent, on her setting herself down in a chair, to make it fall a-sighing—if not for her, at least under her.

What a manly, nervous word, is warrior! It speaks home to every one. Though human invention were racked, it could not find a fitter sound to express the fiery son of Mars. Upon the whole, the English *w*, it must be admitted, has, in strong expressions, a wonderful power. Take the word *wind*. It is a condensed and very exact imitation of the thing expressed by the word. This will be very readily observed, if the sound of the *w* be prolonged in the pronunciation. In the hollow *u*, which makes the first part of the *w*, the wind threateningly collects breath, and then pours itself forth in the strong and unchecked expiration blown away from the open lips of the *w*; it whistles and pipes in the *i* which follows, gets suddenly caught in the narrow, confining *n*, as the wind is caught by gullies or buildings, and it finally knocks itself hard against some brick wall or rock, in the short *d*.

You generally detect, in the English

language, the characteristics of a nautical and warlike people, as it at least once was, accustomed to the tempest, the roaring of the waves, and the clashing of swords; while in the Italian, we rather see a people that dwell amid the ringing of bells; that cradles itself amid voluptuous dreams, enjoyed under orange trees, and that looks lazaroni-like up and smiles in the blue heaven. In the English, we chiefly observe the imitative harmony in words, which relate to sea and tempest, and that not in affected, full, or majestic tones, but in rough, abrupt, and natural ones; in the Italian, we observe it more in those that relate to the murmuring of brooks, the whispering of leaves, &c.

GOD HELP US TO BE PATIENT.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

God help us to be patient,
Bravely to meet and bear
The thousand vexing ills of life
It is our lot to share!
To faint not in the toilsome field
Of labor and of strife;
To shrink not on the battle-plain
In the fierce fight of life!

God help us to be patient!
To meet the long array
Of little, busy, rankling cares,
That throng life's dusty way.
The little insects goad us most;
The lion, that could dare
A nobler foe, foamed at the flies
That stung him in his lair.

God help us to be patient!
To say, to feel indeed,
“This is the very discipline
That most of all we need.”
Children at school, our Teacher knows
How best to choose our rod—
The kind of training most we need
To lead us up to God!

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Through the dark gateways of the evening
 Along the verges of the icy north, [sky,
 With shining spears and banners waving
 Are armies marching forth; [high,
 With martial step the bright battalions climb
 Up to the star sown Heaven in twilight gray;

Past the pale moon that from her azure
 Affrighted shrinks away. [shrine,
 What! seek those phantoms, like the fire
 For some far radiant home, [and dew,
 Shaded with hangings of the rarest hue,
 And crowned with jewelled dome?

Do they in distant and enchanted bound,
 Wander though pillared halls,
 With flowers of fairest beauty all around,
 And glimmering water-falls?

Around me lies the winter's frozen rime,
 In the dark firs the homeless night-winds blow;

And all the glory of the summer time
 Is buried 'neath the snow: [night,
 As from my casement upward through the
 With torch and spear and banners white
 and red,

I watch to see the wierd procession pass.
 One moment, they are fled!
 I think to-night how those battalions shone
 On those who watched them through the
 Arctic night:

Kept their dread vigil hushed and deeply
 Broken by no sunlight: [lone
 Where only lay the white fox in his lair.
 And the blue iceburgs solemnly arose;
 While the fierce cry of the great Polar Bear
 Oft pierced the deep repose.

Not amid islands of rare tropic green,
 Laden with vines and bloom,
 Turning their vision from the fairy scene,
 The wanderers longed for home;
 But 'mid the dreariness of Arctic seas,
 And the dread rushing of the fearful flocks,
 Before the voyagers welcome lights, like
 In the far North arose! [these,

To-night I see the bright battalions climb
 Along the sapphire verges of the skies;
 Thoughts of the lost for whom they no more
 Before me sadly rise: [shine,

And I forget without me lies the cold—

How the hound crouches in his cosy lair,
 And the young lambs are covered in the fold
 As I gaze up the air. [high,
 Oh! wondrous train of phantoms passing
 Coming and vanishing to realms unknown,
 We may not trace your footsteps to the light
 That circles God's high throne.

Along the waste cathedrals of the sky
 Ye softly pass as twilight's shade appears,
 And if ye sing a hymn for us too high—
Jehovah only hears!

ANNA M. BATES.

SUNCOOK, N. H.

HOW CAME THEY THERE?

ON the Pacific coast, some forty miles below San Francisco, and seven or eight from Half-Moon Bay, there are ledges of rocks extending out into the ocean for several hundred feet. These are covered by water, except at low tide. They vary in hardness; those which are never submerged are very hard, while the others are much less so. In the former, perfect specimens of petrified shell-fish may be found; and, in the latter, those that are living. Those are mostly of the bivalvular species known as long clams; the others are the round variety. The living clams differ from those found on the shores of Long Island Sound, in having their shells marked with rather prominent longitudinal ridges, and in being, invariably, of a white color. There are small cylindrical cavities, by which they communicate with external things; but they are never able to move their bodies a half inch. They are from three to six or eight inches below the surface. It would appear that they wear away the rock, to make room for their growth, by the attrition of their sides against their casing. In this case, the ridges must be of much utility. The *debris* may be carried away by the motion of the water. These rocks are situated at the mouth of the Purissima Creek. The people in the vicinity are accustomed to resort thither, with picks or sledges, and secure the fish in considerable quantities.

N—K.

Gentle Nellie.

Words by J. C. MORRILL.

Music by JAS. C. KEMP.

Affetuoso con espressione.

1. I'll miss thy gen - tle love, Nel - lie, When

The first system of musical notation for 'Gentle Nellie'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, accessible style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. I'll miss thy gen - tle love, Nel - lie, When' are written below the treble staff.

thou art o'er the sea; Thy absence long will prove, Nellie, How

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'thou art o'er the sea; Thy absence long will prove, Nellie, How' are written below the treble staff.

dear thou art to me! Thou'lt find old friends at home, Nel - lie,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'dear thou art to me! Thou'lt find old friends at home, Nel - lie,' are written below the treble staff.

Faithful, true and kind, Yet oft thy tho'ts will roam, Nellie, To

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on this page. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Faithful, true and kind, Yet oft thy tho'ts will roam, Nellie, To' are written below the treble staff.

one thou leav'st be - hind. But smiles and tears, And hopes and fears, Are

all life's jour - ney through; And life, at best, Is

Ritard.

but a test Of wheth - er hearts are true!

2 I grieve to say good-bye, Nellie,
 Perhaps forevermore;
 I mourn, and know not why, Nellie,
 Upon this golden shore!
 The shadows o'er my heart, Nellie,
 Are falling day by day,
 And tears unbidden start, Nellie,
 For friendships passed away!
 But smiles and tears,
 And hopes and fears,
 Are all life's journey through;
 And earth, at best,
 Is but a test
 Of whether hearts are true!

3 Many an earnest prayer, Nellie,
 I'll breathe to heaven for thee,
 To keep with chary care, Nellie,
 Thy heart from sorrow free;
 And when life's journey's o'er, Nellie,
 Its joys and sorrows flown,
 We'll meet on heaven's shore, Nellie,
 Where faréwells are unknown!
 Though smiles and tears,
 And hopes and fears,
 Are all life's journey through,
 In Heaven, the blest,
 There is a rest
 For faithful hearts and true!

MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA;
Discoverer of Oregon.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

THE character and veracity of this great navigator, after whom the straits that separate the American continent from Vancouver's Island is called, has been one of the most contested questions in the history of maritime discovery. The fact of there having even lived such a man as Juan de Fuca, has been denied and affirmed over and over again for two hundred and sixty eight years, without writers or governments having ever seemed to have taken the small trouble to endeavor to verify the plain record, in the country where direct reference was made by the first chronicler of his meritorious services had to Spain and to mankind. Moreover, *that* chronicler was a highly respectable English consul, and evidently a capable, intelligent and educated man.

It is not a little singular that so many of the first discoverers of the California countries should have had such unfortunate ends. Cortez was always in hot water and disputes, and died, as historians say, of broken hopes and spirits, in Spain, in 1547. Of Francisco de Ulloa, an officer of Cortez, who first completely explored the Gulf of California, and who discovered the ocean coast of Lower California as far up as Cedros Island in 1540, nothing certain is known whether he died at sea or returned to Mexico, or what became of him. Of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who discovered and coasted the shores of Alta California from the Coronados Islands to Cape Mendocino, (died of fatigue and exhaustion, as some say, at the Island of San Bernardino, or Juan Rodriguez, called now San Miguel, in February, 1543; or, others affirm, returned to Mexico), nothing certain is known of his death or of his family. Sir Francis Drake, who discovered the Puente de

los Reyes, or New Albion country, in 1579, died of fatigue, etc., and was buried at sea, while attacking one of the towns of the Spanish Main, in the wars of the Great Armada, about 1590. Sebastian Viscaïno, who explored and mapped the coasts of California, (as some suppose to the Columbia River), in 1602, died in the city of Mexico of disappointment and long waiting on Viceroy, about 1610. This list might be greatly added to, from 1610 to 1859—particularly as touching our old California pioneers, mountaineers, sailors and first emigrants. They all, *who have died*, seemed to have died in the prime of life—the prize they grasped turned to Dead Sea Apples. *Now*, they can neither hear our praises, nor heed (of latter) our curses for the fine lands and moneys some of them acquired with years of toil, danger and strife.

The following memorials of the old Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, for the first time in American history, verify and identify *beyond a doubt*, the life and actions, and the final death of the ancient navigator in his own native island of Cephalonia, where his descendants, as will be seen, still live as sailors.

To make the whole matter understandable by California and Pacific Anglo-Saxon readers, the account of Juan de Fuca, taken down by his friend Locke, and published in Purchas' Pilgrims a few years after de Fuca's death, is herewith appended, together with other matter connected with the countries of the Straits which bear his now well known name, (all of which are but little known to general readers), and are brought down in a condensed, magazine form, to the year 1859.

The English have had, during the last few years, very warm discussions with their protected Greek islands of the United States of the Ionian Republic. The feeling seems very pungent against John Bull, particularly at Cephalonia,

the finest island of the group. Mr. B., in the latter part of 1858, sent one of his most celebrated scholars and statesmen to enquire into the whys and wherefores of the growls of these modern children of Homer; of whose progenitors said scholar had lately published a critical and famous book. Now as Mr. B. has much wild land on the Straits of Juan Fuca, and many of the Foccas, descendants of John, still live on Cephalonia and "follow the seas," could not the rich, mighty, pussy, plethoric old man, in conjunction with the cute U. S. Jonathan, Esq., give these Greek sailors, in return for their great-grandfather's sixty thousand gold ducats and his discoveries, lands to make farms, build vessels and sail on the north Pacific waters and build up probably again their impoverished families.

CEPHALONIA, 7th September, '53.

MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR,
Monterey, California,

Sir: Yours of the 15th May, I have with pleasure received, the contents of which I have with much care and attention perused. I will not fail to do anything in my power to make the necessary inquiries about the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, and to remit them to you as soon as possible. I have already several documents in my hand regarding this individual, which I am translating into English for you. His autograph and portrait it is impossible to find; but I will probably send you a landscape of the village of Elio at Cephalonia, where he and his ancestors lived.

Several writers, as Eyries, Gaspari, Hume, Camas, Fleurian, Purchas, Ross, and others, I think mention his name. Mr. Vancouver also was ordered by the English Admiralty to examine the straits discovered by Fuca, where he arrived on the 29th April, 1792. (See Gaspari's Geography, page 112, year 1790.)

A genealogical catalogue of Fuca's family still exists here, which I have seen and examined. There are *hundreds* of Foccas still existing in Cephalonia, *all descending*, as I have observed in the genealogical catalogue, from John's family. Every information relative to this

individual, I shall willingly remit you as soon as I will be able to select them; but about Michael Locke, the English consul at Aleppo, in 1596, I am sorry to say I can do nothing.

J. de Fuca died, I presume, before entering Queen Elizabeth's service. All these informations you will have by next mail.

Sir, I shall always feel very happy and highly honored to do anything for the welfare of a government and of a nation which is evidently to exert so great an influence for good on the destinies of Europe and of the world.

I remain, sir, with due respect,

Your obedient servant,

A. S. YORK.

ARGOSTOLI, 6th February, 1854.

My dear Sir: I hasten to answer your enquiries about De Focca, which I am sorry do not answer my expectations to meet your wishes.

There are in this place many families bearing the surname, but those who claim themselves as descendants of the bold navigator, live at present in the village of Mavrata, district Eleo. I possess lands there and have been able to ascertain certain traditional facts.

Three old men of the advanced age of eighty years, and upwards, assured me of having heard from their fathers and grand-fathers that the descendants of De Focca are the various families bearing this name and residing at the village of Mavrata.

The total want of regular church registers in the country at that epoch, hinders me from ascertaining the birth, baptism and death of De Focca.

With the highest consideration, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly.

(Signed,)

G. COUNT METAXA.

I certify that this is a true and faithful copy of the original.

A. S. Y.

U. S. Consul.

Zante, 10th October, 1854.

ALEXIUS IN CRISTO REX ET IMPERATOR

GRECORSON COMNENI.

Per infinita et immensa misericordia d' Iddio et Salvator nr. Gesù Cristo, della santissima Vergine sua Madre et della Spirito Santo vivificante. Jo potente sopra la terra Re di tutto l' Universo Mondo dell'

inclita Constantinopoli dominante di tutte le città da Dio custodita, et difesa, padre et capo delli Ortodoxi Cristiani, che onorarono et credono la veneranda et consontantiale Trinità che confessano un Dio Trino, che venerano i Dogmi del Santo et Eumenico pmo. Consiglio convocato, et Composto p. apera degli santissimi et amantissimi di Gesù Cristo nostri Re et conjugali che Apostoli Costantino et Elena et delli rimanenti santi consilij Alexio Comenino cognominato Porfirogenito Re di Constantinopoli, Nuova Roma et leggitimo suo successore dei beati Re di Giordano di tutto Egitto, Arabia, Frigia, Asia, Mesopotamia, et di là del Mar Eusino, insino alle Isole di Bertognia, di Europa, di tutta l' Armenia, Cicilia, Grecia, e di tutto l' Universo dell' Oriente insino all' Occidente, et dal Meriggio insino al Settentrione.

Fautori del santissimo sepolcro di Gesù Cristo nostro Salvator della veneranda et vivifica Croce della rimanenti santi luoghi di Gerusalemme, et diffensor dei fedeli et Ortodoxi Cristiani et propegnitor contro li avversary della nostra santa et Ortodoxa Fede.

Scrivo a voi popoli Candiotti habbitanti nella ns. Isola di Candia, che come stolti, et sfortunati, che di propria vostra volontà vi costituite, come che i vs. progenitori habbitanti nella med^{ma} Isola si fecero del ns. Imperio li quali furono distrutti dal potente Cap^{mo} Belissario spedito dal ns. Preces santissimo Re Basilio Profirogercito et poi dal fortissimo et Costantissimo nella guerra darda il Thobosino Patricio et vegerente del ns. Ortodoxo Re Romano Argirepulo per causa della prevaricaz^{re} et rebellion loro come che voi facciate al presente disubbidendo al ns. Imperio, dominando detta ns. Isola di Candia non dando i tributi, et gabelle Reggie, et che non accetaste li rappresentanti da me mandati, anzi con gran vituperio et disprezzo et li mandaste indietro. Per ciò col consiglio sinodico delli santissimi ns. Patriarchi et Arcivescovi con parer di tutto l' Ordine Senatorio si risolve la total distruzione di voi che abitate nell' Isola di Candia d'nomini Donne et figli; et della sostanza vs. Spediamo perciò una piccola parte delle potenze del ns. Imperio cioè Navigli Galere cento, et principalmente la Gallera Reggia nella quale mando p. Re et vice mio Gerente come la ns. propria mia persona l' amatissimo ns. figlio Isachio assieme con li presenti dodici nobili senatori del ns. Imperio in forma risoluta et con determinato estermenio di guerra perché un tal sorte di forza la qual ne li progenitori vs. ne voi la videro né p. voi l' udiste et vinceranno tutti voi, con le forze ns. et finché

siete puniti con morti crudeli et totale distruzione, essendo voi med^{mi} la causa p. l' inconsideratezza della vs. rebellion. Di tutte queste cose v' amonisco imperoché se v' umilierete subito che giungerano ad ogni estremità dell' Isola avrete qualche picol perdono ma se farete altrimenti sarete distrutti affatto con sentenza del presente che é inalterabile. Nell Anno 1182.

In Cristo Re il mio amatiss^{mo} figlio et nostro Ve. gerente Isachio et Alessio di lui Padre.

Li Benevali nostri Nobili.

Soani Focea,	Demetrio Vlasto il
Leon Massuro,	Coregite,
Thoma Arcole	Matteo Costato,
Eustathio Cartuzzi,	Constant ^{no} Voraea,
Marino Scordilli,	Andrea Melissino,
Filippo Gavalá,	Lucea Littino,
Nicosoro Argirepulo detta Arginostifanti.	

In tutti No. 12.

I certify that this is a true and faithful copy of the original, found among the family papers of George Focca, from Argostoli, Cephalonia.

A. S. YORK,
U. S. Consul.

Translation of the above from the Italian.

ALEXIS BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING AND EMPEROR OF THE GREEKS COMENI.

By the infinite and endless mercy of God, our Savior Jesus Christ, of the holy Virgin, his Mother, and of the Holy Ghost. I, powerful on the earth, King of the whole universal world of the renowned Constantinople, Dominator of all the cities protected and defended by God, Father and Head of the orthodox christians, who honor and believe the venerable and *consubstantial* Trinity, who confess one God in three, who venerate the Dogmas of the holy and (æcumenical) universal first Council convoked and composed, by the most holy and most loving of Jesus Christ our Kings and (*conjugali che?*) Apostles Constantine and Helen and of the other holy councils Alexio Comenino (cognominato) surnamed Porfirogenito King of Constantinople New Rome and his legitimate successor of the blessed Kings of Jordan, of all Egypt, Arabia, Frigia, Asia, Mesopotamia, and beyond the Euxine sea to the Islands of Betognia (Britain?), of all Europe, of all Armenia, Cicilia, Greece and of the whole Universe of the Orient to the West and from the North to the South.

Followers of the most holy sepulcher of Jesus Christ our Savior, of the venerable and vivifying cross of the other holy places of Jerusalem, protector of the faithful and orthodox christians and propager against the adversaries of our holy and orthodox Faith.

I write to you people of Candia, inhabitants of our Island of Candia, who foolish and unfortunate, with your own free will constitute yourselves as your forefathers inhabiting the same Island of our Empire did who were destroyed by the valiant Captain Belisarius sent by our most holy Predecessor King Basilio Profiracerto and since by the powerful and constant in the (darda) war Thobosino Patiricio and vicegerent of our orthodox King Romano Argicopulo in consequence of their prevarication and rebellion even as you are doing now, thereby disobeying our Empire, governing said our Island of Candia, not paying the royal tributes and taxes, and not accepting the representatives (deputies) sent by me, on the contrary sending them back with dishonor and contempt. Therefore with the synodical advice of our most holy Patriarchs and Archbishops with the opinion of the whole Senatorial body the total destruction is resolved of you who dwell on the Island of Candia, of men, women and children and of your property. For that purpose we send a small portion of our imperial strength, viz.: One hundred war boats (galleys) and more especially the royal galley in which I send as King and my vicegerent, as my own person, our most beloved son Isaac together with the present twelve noble Senators of our Empire, with firm resolve and with a predetermined design of a war of extermination with such power that neither your forefathers nor you yourselves ever saw or heard of and they shall vanquish you all with our strength and that you may be punished with cruel death and with total destruction, you yourselves being the cause of it by the imprudence of your rebellion. Of all these things I admonish you for if you shall humble yourselves as soon as they shall arrive at each extremity of the Island, you shall obtain some pardon but if you shall act differently you will be destroyed entirely by the present sentence which is immutable. In the year 1182.

In Christ King, my most beloved son our vicegerent Isaac and Alexis his father.

Our good Noblemen.

Soani Focca,	Demetrio Vlaste, (il
Leon Massuro,	Coregite),
Thoma Arcole,	Matteo Costato,
Eustathio Cartuzzi,	Lucea Littino,
Marino Scordilli,	Costant ^{no} . Voraëa,
Fillippo Gavala,	Andrea Melissino,
Nicosoro Argirepulo detta Argenostifaniti.	

In all No. 12.

*Account of John Focca, partly from manuscripts and from Rev. A. Masarachi's Biographia Cephalonia, Venice, 1843.**

John Focca, the navigator, was born in the island of Cephalonia about the beginning of the 16th century, towards the close of which he distinguished himself for his daring voyages in the Pacific ocean, as well as for his discoveries on the north-western coast of America.

The ancestors of this intrepid navigator were among the number of those who, to preserve their liberty, fled from Constantinople, and sought refuge, some in the Peloponesus, and others in the Ionian Islands.

The brothers, Emanuel and Andronicus Focca, were among those who proceeded to the Peloponesus, whereat Andronicus remained and became the progenitor of the family Focca in that place; whilst Emanuel passed over to Cephalonia about the middle of the 15th century, and settled there in a delightful spot called Eleon. Thus originated the present numerous families of Focca in Cephalonia, from which, at different periods, emanated learned and skillful men, lawyers and intrepid sailors.

According to the genealogical catalogue of his family, (which is, and I have seen, in the possession of Mr. John Focca, of Angelo), the aforesaid Emanuel had four sons, Stephen, Emanuel, Hector, and James the father of John Focca, the subject of this narrative, and from his residing at Valeriano, in the neighborhood of Eleon, he was surnamed Focca Valerianato, probably to distinguish him from the other Foccas residing at the town of Argostoli.

The extension of the Spanish dominion on the neighboring shores of Italy, and the consequent commercial intercourse carried on with the Ionian Islands by Spanish vessels, offered opportunities to

*NOTE. Masarachi's Cephalonia Biography seems to be entirely unknown to all the writers I have consulted.—A. S. T.

the Ionian sailors to enter the Spanish ships as part of their crew. Foeca, urged by the same motive, sailed for Spain, and thence in Spanish ships for the Ocean, where, in a short time, he acquired such a perfect knowledge of navigation, and commanded his ship sailing on those boisterous seas with such skill, that he attracted the notice of the King of Spain, who shortly after appointed him Pilot to his fleet at the West Indies, which trust he held for upwards of forty years.

In order to condense this narrative into as small a space as possible, we shall omit much of the fortunes and misfortunes of Foeca—which are so intimately united with the historical part of the Spanish conquest in America—and state nothing but that which is strictly essential to be known: the origin, life and death of this navigator.

The discovery of the Straits of Anian, or rather the communication of the two Oceans, and the exploration of the north-western parts of America, till then unknown, was offered by the Viceroy of Mexico to Foeca. The unsuccess and shipwrecks attending all those who had previously undertaken voyages to those parts; the imperfect mode of navigation, owing to the little progress that had been made in nautical instruments and astronomy at that time, and, in short, the want of that assistance which is absolutely necessary to the navigator on those seas, rendered the accomplishment of this daring voyage very dangerous and uncertain.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Foeca courageously accepted the offer, and taking three ships, equipped for the occasion by the Viceroy, sailed for the great Pacific Ocean. He intrepidly faced all the dangers and difficulties which he met with, but the incapacity of the Captains under his command, and the little courage of his crew, gave him great anxiety. Their ignorance of the places towards which they were sailing, and the fear of being taken to regions from which former explorers never returned, intimidated them to such a degree that their excited fancies represented the undertaking in the worst light—fraught with all imaginary dangers. The daring character of Foeca, and his nautical skill, encouraged them for a time, but at last they mutinied, and he was obliged to return to Mexico, but with the fixed intention of attempting the voyage once more.

Not discouraged by these disasters, he

after a while prepared a second expedition of two vessels, which he manned with a more efficient and experienced crew, and again set sail. He left the harbor of Acapulco in 1592, and intrepidly continued his voyage to the 47th and 48th degree north latitude, and there observed that the land extended towards the northeast and presented a wide opening, which he entered. He sailed up this unknown strait for upwards of twenty days, and observed that the land in some parts diverged from the northeast towards the northwest, that the strait from its mouth became gradually wider, and studded at intervals with small islands.

He landed at different parts, and noticed that the natives, who were very numerous, were all dressed with skins of beasts, and everywhere the soil appeared to him as fertile as that of New Spain, and rich with gold, silver and pearls; he had also observed that this strait, in all its length, was wide enough for vessels to beat through, and the entrance by which he had come appeared to him from thirty to forty leagues wide. Continuing to advance, he reached the end of the strait, which led into the Atlantic. Foeca would have continued his voyage across the Atlantic ocean, but he was obliged to return by the same route for two reasons: first, because he had fulfilled the object for which he was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, that is to say, he had discovered the famous Straits of Anian, had made on it the necessary observations, and had found the communication of the two oceans by means of a passage across the continent; secondly, he was afraid of being attacked by the natives, while he was not strong enough to make the least resistance; for these two reasons he determined to retrace his course. On his homeward voyage, he observed that the cape, which extended towards the north, was very lofty, and had on its summit a very high rock, in shape resembling a pillar.

He arrived safely at Acapulco and communicated his discoveries to the Viceroy, from whom he expected to receive a reward suitable to his services. But Foeca was not more fortunate, in this respect, than Columbus and other celebrated men had been before him, to whom the Spanish court had shown such ingratitude.

Two years had elapsed, and he had not received the slightest recompense from

the Viceroy, when, flattering himself that by returning to Spain, and representing to the Court his long services, the voyages he had undertaken in her behalf, and the discoveries which he had made of the communication between the two oceans, he should receive a just reward for his labors, leaving Mexico he departed for Spain; but experience taught him that the Spanish Viceroy had exactly imitated the policy of the Capital. The Colonial minister, with golden promises, kept him for a long time in Madrid without ever fulfilling any of them. Thoroughly disgusted at the ingratitude of Spain, and being now very far advanced in years, he determined to return to his native country, there to end the period of his laborious existence, and alleviate in some way the sorrows of his heart in the embraces of his family.

Deprived of his estate of money, thro' being captured by Cavendish, whilst returning from the Phillippine Islands, worn both in body and mind, neglect, ingratitude and hardships laid him low, and he died in misery a few years after his arrival at Cephalonia—another victim added to those before him and to come.

A. S. YORK,
Consul U. S. A.

ZANTE, 10th October, 1854.

MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR,
Monterey,

Sir: Your most esteemed favor of the 25th Nov., 1853, duly came to hand; contents of same noticed with thanks.

I am extremely obliged to you for your work on the discovery of California. This I have not yet received from Mr. Miller, the U. S. Dispatch Agent, in London, for it is too bulky to be forwarded by post. The "San Francisco Weekly Herald" I have received, for which accept my best thanks.

According to promise, I herewith enclose a synoptical sketch of J. Focca's biography, which I have extracted partly from old manuscripts and partly from a work published at Venice, in the year of our Lord 1843, by Rev. A. Macharachi, from Cephalonia, biographer of all the eminent men of his country. Annexed you will also find a copy of a letter forwarded to me, previous to my visiting Cephalonia on this effect, by Count G. Mataxa, M. P., which is in perfect unison with my sentiments. Also a copy

of a letter addressed by the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comneni, surnamed Porfirojenito to the Candiots, who, in the year 1182, revolted against his government. In this you will perceive that a certain John Focca was one of the twelve Senators then sent by the Emperor Comneni to punish the insurgents; and whose descendant, Emanuel, and progenitor to J. Focca the navigator, about the middle of the 15th century, fled from Constantinople to Cephalonia to preserve his life and liberty.

Eleon is a beautiful valley at the southwest of the Island of Cephalonia, covered with beautiful olive groves and currant plantations, defying the burning sun and the parched earth to deprive them of their rich, soft verdure. Almost in the midst of this valley lies the neighborhood of Valeriano, the birth-place of J. Focca, where, on a little elevation, rises a very old building, commanding a fine view of the circumjacent country, as far as the eye can reach. This, as I have been informed by the inhabitants of the place, is supposed to have been the abode of J. Focca, where he, after his toilsome life, retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic peace and happiness.

Half a mile distant lies the village of Mavrata, where the descendants of J. Focca reside; the most part of whom are still pursuing the profession of their old progenitor.

According to the informations given to me by the Primate of the village, and several other authorities, it seems that the true and only descendants, in a direct line, of J. Focca, are the following:—

Elia, -	son of	quondam John,
Gerasimo,	"	" Battista,
Nicholi,	"	" Caralambo,
Nicholi,	"	" Constantini,
Spiridione,	"	" Panajotti,
Nicholi,	"	" Luke,
Panajotu,	"	" Antonio,
Luke,	"	" John,

(All very poor.)

I have not been able, in spite of all my endeavors, for the reason cited in Co. Metaxa's letter, to find his autograph or portrait.

About Mr. Locke, nothing more is known here but that he was an intimate to J. Focca.

This is all, my dear sir, I have been able, after many troubles and expenses, to do for you regarding this interesting

subject, and I hope it will prove satisfactory.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most humble servant,
A. S. YORK,
Consul of the U. S. A.

CEFALONIA, June 20th, 1855.

Esteemed Sir: I have the pleasure to enclose the bill of expenses incurred on your account in Cefalonia about the business of J. Focca and paid by your order.

The total amount of this debt of yours I place in a separate account, not including it in your general one.

Always ready at your commands, I have the honor to be

Your humble servant,

(Signed,) G. TOMOPULOS.

Three voyages from Zante to Cefalonia,.....	\$12 00
Two carriages hired to Eleon,.....	4 00
Compensation to the different families Focca, for the permission to examine their private papers,.....	10 00
To the person who was occupied 20 days in examining the archives of Cefalonia,.....	15 00
Sundry other small expenses and letter postage,.....	4 33
	<hr/>
	\$45 33

ZANTE, 26th July, 1855.

ALEX. S. TAYLOR, ESQ.,
Monterey,

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 25th November, 1854, duly came to hand. Gabriella's Voyage I have not yet received. This, I understand, still remains at London, at the hands of Mr. Miller, the U. S. Dispatch Agent. The documents forwarded to you through my brother, John York, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, I understand you have received, and hope they prove satisfactory.

Enclosed herewith you will find a copy of the account of expenses incurred by my agent at Cephalonia; for which sum, I to-day take the liberty to draw upon you, order Messrs. P. Van Lennep & Co., at five days' sight, and I hope you will be pleased to honor my draft.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Most respectfully yours,
A. S. YORK,
Consul U. S.

[To be continued.]

WHAT I THOUGHT.

I.

I thought, as I walked in the street,
Where hustled the crowd to and fro,
"How little that's truthful we meet
In this false-hearted world here below."
So I said—"I will study the heart,
That intentions are good I may know,
Before I make up my mind
Who to trust in this sad world of woe."

II.

The men who the bravest talk,
Who boast of their courage true,
Are not the men who DARE,
Are not the men who DO.
"Bravado" goes rushing along
O'er channels shallow and wide;
True courage runs deep and strong,
And naught can turn it aside.

III.

The men who the finest dress,
From waistcoat to fob-chain and seal,
Are not the men who THINK,
Are not the men who FEEL.
"Foppery" is gaudy and gay,
Concise and polite—at a ball;
Politeness every day
Finds some kind action for all!

IV.

The men who the most profess,
Who make the most pretense,
Are not the men of WORTH,
Are not the men of SENSE.
"Pretension" stalks abroad
With banner and drum and fife;
True worth seeks its high reward
In the daily duties of life!

V.

The men who live for praise,
Who court the flatterer's nod,
Are not the men of TRUTH,
Are not the men of GOD.
"Policy" is wreathed in smiles,
But is selfish and always in fear;
Principle, that nothing beguiles,
Is truthful, brave and sincere.

So I said—"I will study the heart,
That intentions are good I may know,
Before I make up my mind
Who to trust in this sad world below!"

OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

An Episode of San Francisco.

BY ROLLING STONE.

OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR—our patronizing, distantly polite, but still unassuming friend, the Governor! How his arrival in San Francisco was welcomed by sundry not wholly disinterested parties. How many, how constant, were the attentions,—polite, sycophantic, or pecuniary, according to the payer—which were showered upon him.

How condescendingly yet dignifiedly, he, the accredited Governor of a British colony, received these attentions, and even unbent so far as frequently to breakfast or dine in the dark, dreary cabin of an old store-ship, with his new admirers.

How his praises echoed from their lips after each visit: "So gentlemanly"—"So reserved, as became his position, yet how polite"—"How careful not to bind himself by promises he might be prevented from fulfilling, yet how hopeful his words to each and all"—"How evidently anxious to promote their interests in his capacity of Governor"—"How the British Government must have appreciated his talents to appoint one so young."

Ah! how visions of future fortune from gold mines, silver mines, coal mines, &c., floated before us like an "*ignis fatuus*" glimmering on the horizon of the enthusiast's imagination—and oh! how suddenly our friend, the Governor, disappeared, leaving a blank which nothing could fill,—and how the Governor and his colony turned out to be a hoax, and how we sapient mortals had been most gloriously humbugged.

Is not this known to many in the Bay City? Those who do *not* know it, will find it in the following relation.

In 1852 the firm of Ray & Yeaster dispatched a small vessel, of 150 tons, to search for gold in the British Possessions,

north of Vancouver's Island. Several other parties, likewise, at the same time fitted out expeditions, and visited the same locality, but with little results.

The schooner first alluded to, however, was commanded by an Irishman of considerable activity, who held an interest in her, together with the owners, Ray & Yeaster. Whatever the shortcomings of Capt. Loomey may have been, most assuredly lack of energy was not one of them. The consequence was, he made several discoveries as to the existence of valuable minerals, at a point seldom ever visited by the Hudson's Bay Co.'s vessels.

Unfortunately, on her second trip, the Indians captured the schooner, stripped and burned her, and made the captain and crew prisoners. They were, however, subsequently ransomed by the H. B. Co.'s officers, and returned to San Francisco.

There does not appear to have been any fighting to protect the schooner; the surprise had been so sudden, as to be successful before a blow was struck or a gun fired.

The ease with which the Indians accomplished this capture, showed the total incapacity of those in charge to carry on communications, or trade, with savages. They had allowed them to board the vessel, in unlimited numbers, without apparently even the precaution of having every man armed. It is a singular fact, that the same captain has since, on the coast of China, had a large vessel plundered, in a very similar manner, by an attack of shore boats, whilst at anchor.

To come back to our tale, however, after the return of Captain Loomey to San Francisco, papers, reports, petitions, and so forth, were forwarded to the British government, praying for certain charters and privileges. Pending the interval that must elapse ere an answer from the slow moving *Red Tapests* of the old country could possibly be looked for, the ex-

skipper purchased interests in certain store-ships, which necessarily detained him in San Francisco, boarding, meanwhile, on board that hospitable old store-ship, the Ned Winn, belonging to Ray & Yeaster.

Many San Franciscans will remember that vessel, and her whole-souled owners, when she lay from 1849 to 1854 at a point not a hundred miles from Front and Pacific streets. Mr. Yeaster was at the time on a visit to Europe, or I rather think he would not have been as easily gulled as we were, in the case I am relating.

One evening, after a late dinner, three of our party were enjoying cigars and other *creature comforts*, on board the Ned Winn, ruminating on things in general, and Captain Loomey in particular. That gentleman had gone out, after entertaining us with an account of how he had once put the head of his ship's cook into boiling water for some offence, and with sundry other pleasing anecdotes, illustrative of his gentleness, amiability, and fatherly care of his crew and passengers, and which being somewhat in the Munchausen style ("nihil quod tetigit non ornavit") afforded ample scope for reflection on the subject of egotism.

Whilst thus seated, Captain Loomey, after an absence of over an hour, returned with a quiet, gentlemanly looking and reserved individual, whom he introduced with considerable deference as Mr. Nahill, the newly appointed Governor of Queen Charlotte's Island.

The appearance of the British official was decidedly in his favor; he was tolerably well looking, polite and dignified in manner, excessively neat and tasteful in his dress, but youthful, apparently three or four and twenty, though he afterwards told us he was nearly thirty. In person he bore a striking resemblance to a certain well known Milesian U. S. official, whose great acts in Vancouver's Island are yet fresh in the memory of all.

Mr. Nahill disclaimed the honor of Governor; he was in the meantime only superintendent of the Island and Commissioner, but should it be made (as he anticipated it shortly would be) a separate colony, most probably he would be appointed to that higher office. His object in desiring the acquaintance of Messrs. Ray & Yeaster, he stated, was to obtain from them all the information he could with regard to the harbors Capt. Loomey had visited, and the minerals of that Island, of which he understood they had notified the home government. He did not wish to press for such particulars as they might deem it to their interest to withhold. He thought it right to mention this, because he could give no pledges as to the granting of charters for the working of the said mineral deposits, the granting of which would be confined to the authorities at home, dependent, doubtless, in a great measure, on his reports and recommendations, but still confined to them as *Regium donum*. They, Ray & Yeaster, might be sure he would be glad, particularly after the losses they had incurred in making their discoveries, to meet their views in every way, when consistent with the strict performance of his duty to the Government he had the honor to represent; that duty was, of course, paramount, and consequently at this early stage he could pledge himself to nothing further than a warm interest in their success in the future arrangements that might be made between his government and themselves.

Having premised this much, he awaited any information which Capt. Loomey and his employers and partners were disposed to give him.

This address was neatly replied to by Mr. Ray, who would be happy to afford him all the information in his power, as would his friend, Capt. Loomey, and he could not but express his pleasure and admiration at the straight-forward, manly and yet kind manner in which he had

expressed himself, and which was far more satisfactory to him than implied promises and vague hopes held out which might never be fulfilled. Capt. Loomey having gone to get his charts, tracings and other memoranda, the Governor informed us that he had just arrived from the Sandwich Islands, whither he had gone in H. M. steam frigate *Virago*, en route for Queen Charlotte's Island, but that being thrown from his horse and having broken his collar bone, he had preferred remaining behind till he recovered, and that he was going to meet the *Virago* in six weeks at Vancouver's Island, as he had arranged with her Captain; from thence he would proceed in that vessel to Queen Charlotte's Island, and erect, at such point as he found most advisable, store and other houses, surrounding them with a fort or stockade, sufficient to insure safety from Indian attacks. That there was now awaiting him in Vancouver's Island iron store-houses and frames of other buildings, ten twenty-four pound guns, with ammunition and small arms, which, with the other necessities, he should have to charter a vessel to carry. But these initiatory steps being completed, the *Virago* would sail from Queen Charlotte's Island, her duty being fulfilled. His establishment in the mean time would consist of a government store-keeper, store-keeper's clerk, his own private secretary, six government messengers or porters, and twenty marines with a sergeant and two corporals, and such servants as were necessary. As soon afterwards as other arrangements could be completed, efforts would be made by the Home Government to facilitate the development of the mineral and other resources of the new colony. For the first twelve months he would be very lonely; but he had, when in the Hudson Bay Company's service, been often so situated. He also informed us that it was the experience he had had in dealing

with and treating Indians, that was the proximate cause of his present appointment to the colonial office, and not from any interest, political or family, nor, indeed, any merit he himself could lay claim to. All this was delivered in a modest but perfectly self-reliant manner. He then examined the tracings, borrowed them to take copies, took notes from the memoranda of Capt. Loomey, and at a late hour left us.

After his departure, I ventured to remark that I thought it strange, the appointment of one so young, when more experienced men could have been selected from the Hudson Bay Co.'s servants; but I was told that any one could see that he was a very superior man, and as such appreciated by a discerning government.

I suggested that it was strange Mr. Yeaster had not mentioned his appointment in his letters from England; but I was answered, that Mr. Yeaster had not yet had time to hear the result of, and to reply concerning, Capt. Loomey's discoveries.

Again, I observed "that his manner scarcely seemed natural; at times he appeared inclined to be lively, like an Irishman, as he was, and then changed his manner to the dignified, as if he had forgotten himself."

"*Honores mutant mores*," quoth the classic of our party. So, finding myself in a solitary minority, I held my tongue; wondering, possibly, at my own stupidity in doubting.

How far my doubts were subsequently obliterated, by the Governor offering me the private secretaryship, or store-keeper's appointment, at a liberal salary, it behooves me not to say.

Our friend, the Governor, for the next fortnight gave us a good deal of his company, and we did all in our power to cement so promising a friendship; dinners, drives and parties, were arranged to meet

his convenience. Ray introduced him to friends in every direction, amongst others, to a young and very handsome widow, whose husband had been dead some twelve months.

The stay of our friend, the Governor, in San Francisco was, however, to be but short, and he had to make the most of it; *and he did*. He became enamored of, and proposed to the young widow; gave her a gold watch and chain and much flattery; she hesitated whether to say yes or no, on so short an acquaintance, but was advised by relatives and friends, on all hands, not to miss so good a chance. But, when she had about made up her mind; when she was considering how best to cut the acquaintance of those ladies suddenly discovered to be hardly fit associates for a Governor's wife; when she was deciding on the material and make desirable for her wedding dress; when she was considering what furniture to take to Vancouver's Island, where she was to reside till the Governor's own houses and fort were built; when she was reflecting whether to take her son with her, or leave him at school; when, in fact, she was arranging everything to her own satisfaction—alas! for the mutability of human affairs—our friend, the Governor, suddenly disappeared. For days he was not seen. Whispers of murder and robbery were circulated—horror was depicted on the face of his friends—appetites were lost for the time, and consolatory whisky punches imbibed. Some felt for him not only in their hearts, but in their pockets, for among the favors he had received and bestowed, his drawing bills and borrowing money must not be forgotten.

At length it became pretty well known that he had *voluntarily vamosed*, leaving some to lament their cash, gone forever; Capt. Loomey lamented his secrets told, and the copies of tracings given, which would betray the localities of his much

valued discoveries; I, myself, lamented the loss of my private secretaryship; Ray lamented that he had been so egregiously fooled, and, *possibly*, (though he never would own to it) also sundry advances made to the Governor. Lastly, the handsome young widow lamented over the downfall of her promised greatness. The gold watch he had given her, she smashed in a pet, but afterwards sold the damaged article, she clearly being thereby the only pecuniary gainer by OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

We subsequently heard that he had actually arrived, as he had stated, in H. M. steam frigate *Virago* at the Sandwich Islands, a free passage having been given him from Valparaiso; that at the former place he had victimised the Hudson Bay Co.'s agent, to a considerable amount, and then left for San Francisco. From the time of his disappearance till this hour, we have never more heard from or of OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

ELLEN ASHTON; OR, HOW I CURED HIM.

BY G. T. S.

"THE fact is, Ellen, you are altogether too tame a wife. You sit here at home, moping over the fire, till two or three o'clock in the morning; while my brother, that nice husband of yours, is out spending his time with his gay companions, carousing, gambling, theatre-going, or something worse. You sit here, I say, and wait for his return, keeping up the fire, with his wrapping gown and slippers placed before it, to keep the dear man warm, who comes home just when he pleases to thank you for it. And, then, you dare not say your soul is your own; and if he tells you that he has been to a Lyceum, or a religious lecture, you believe it all, just because he says it. Fie upon you! Sis. Lyceums and religious lectures at two o'clock in the morning! Pray, what time was he in last night?"

"About half past one," I replied.

"Isn't that a pretty time for a man to come home to his family! Oh! I am out of all patience with him. If he were my husband I'd tune him! I'd cure him of some of his tricks, or die for it!"

"What would you do, Julia?" I quietly asked.

"Do? Do just as he does. Go out and spend my time when and where I pleased. Whose business is it? Not his. *He* does not seem to think it *your* business how late he stays out, or where."

"Sister," she said, after a pause, and assuming a more serious tone, "could not you contrive to make him jealous?"

"I don't know, Julia. I know that George loves me, and is still kind in all things but these you mention. I have never heard an unkind word from his lips. But I know he is given to dissipation, and I fear, sometimes, that the end must be ruin. I have tried to win him back to me, by kindness and attention. When he has come home late at night, he has never seen a frown upon my face. I have received him with a smile, and I know that smile has sometimes been to him like a dagger. I have often kept up little Harry, to a late hour, that his innocent prattle might plead for me with his father. "Naughty papa!" he said, the other night, for the child was weary with watching, "naughty papa! to stay away so late!" "Oh, no! good papa! God bless papa!" I said. "God bless naughty papa," said the child. And so I live, and hope, and wait. Perhaps there may be—but I know no better way."

Julia sat and looked seriously at the fire for some moments. She had evidently been touched by my words, and she pitied me, at the same time that she loved and blamed her brother. She then sprang suddenly up and exclaimed:

"There, Ellen, I have hit it! I have had a thought—'tis a good one—not from Lucifer, so you need not be afraid! You

know your brother Charles will be home from his eastern tour next week. George has never seen him. Let him stop with me, at my house. He alone shall be let into the secret. Every night I will contrive a meeting between you and him, say at half past one o'clock, on the street by which George comes home from his midnight carousals. He shall see you together, and oh! won't he stand on tip-toe, as if he had received a shock from an electrical battery! I would like to see the sight, wouldn't I, Ellen?"

"Oh, Julia! I cannot consent to it. The sight would kill him."

"Kill him! Trust me. These men are not so easily killed. Set your mind at ease, Sis. Leave me to manage the plot, and all will be well."

I reluctantly gave my consent, and waited patiently for the time when brother Charles should come home.

He came the next week, and his arrival was kept a profound secret from George. Julia had planned all the preliminaries for our meeting, and one Saturday morning, precisely at half past one o'clock, Charles and I met—he being let into the secret—on the sidewalk of the street by which George was accustomed to come home.

I shall never forget with what impatience I waited for his appearance, or with what tremor I heard the sound of his footsteps at a distance, and knew that they were his. He drew near—passed us—then, stopping and turning suddenly round, looked us directly in the face. I had drawn my veil aside, so that he might the more easily recognize me, and not be mistaken in what he saw. We appeared to be in earnest conversation for some moments together, and then moved slowly away.

I saw George go home, and heard him close the door as he went in. In about fifteen minutes I followed. George was sitting by the fire, with his head leaning

on his hand, at the table. His eyes were fixed on the fire, as if he would have looked it through, and he did not rise or stir, as I entered. I pulled off my shawl and hat, and seated myself at the other side of the table.

"A pleasant evening, husband."

No answer.

"Beautiful moonlight, and very pleasant in the streets!"

Still no answer.

"Hope you have enjoyed your evening as well as I have!"

No answer still.

Soon I got up, took the candle, and went to bed.

George retired soon after, and not one word was spoken by either of us.

The next day he was very silent and abstracted. I treated him with the same marked kindness that I had always done; and he was, as usual, gentlemanly, but reserved and silent.

The next evening I went out again, but not to meet Charles. I did not think it safe. I stopped with Julia till I knew that George had returned. He came home early that night—at half past ten o'clock. I came in soon after, pulled off my shawl and hat, and sat as usual by the fire. George was sitting there, too, in the same position that he was the evening previous, looking steadily at the fire; but with a sterner gaze, and a paler face.

I commenced—"Good evening, husband; I hope—"

George sprang from his seat as though he had been shot.

"Good God! Ellen, what ails you? Are you mad? or am I myself distraught? Last night I met you, at half past one o'clock, on the street, linked arm-in-arm with an unknown man! To-night you are out till nearly eleven o'clock, I suppose on the same business. Ellen, Ellen, what has got into you! Do you mean to drive me mad, and ruin my

home? Think of your child! Have some pity on him, if you do not on me!"

"Ay, that is it!" I said, calmly rising, and looking him full in the face. "That is the very prayer I would plead—which I have pleaded, with my looks, at least—with you, my husband! I have seen the ruin coming on our home! I have marked its sure hastening downfall! I have heard our little one sobbing in his sleep, and saying, 'Why does not papa come home? naughty papa!'—and when I taught him to pray for you, he would still say, 'God bless naughty papa!' Heaven had taught the child. And, George, it has been all wrong. You have neglected me, neglected your business, neglected your child. I bore it all. I opened not my lips to reproach you. You know it. I endured all in silence. I even met you with smiles, when my heart was breaking.

"My brother came home from his eastern travels. He learned my history. By his and Julia's arrangement, I met him in the street last night. George, in doing this, have I done wrong?"

He rose, covered his face with his hands, and walked towards the window. I heard his prayer for strength; and I saw, as it were, "an angel from heaven sent to strengthen him." I knew that as a prince, he had power with God, and had prevailed.

He said—"Ellen, you have conquered! Good angels have come and met me to-night. I will grieve you no more. By the help of God we will strive to make each other happy. I will try to be as you have been, my wife. May I never have to learn so stern a lesson as you have been taught, of long and patient endurance. Henceforth let us live in happiness and peace!"

And bright angels stooped and heard that prayer, that night; and in the Book of Life a new name was written by the Recording Angel. Behold, it is that of a "great sinner, who repenteth!"

CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK.

IN TWO PAPERS.—PAPER THE FIRST.

Among the peculiarities which distinguish California from all the other States of our Union, is the large element in its population of emigrants from the "Celestial Empire." What portion of its inhabitants belong to that class, at this moment, it is impossible to say; but probably there are not less than sixty thousand Chinamen among us. The State Register, for 1859, estimates the number in the State in 1857 at 38,687, and there have been large additions since that date. All other foreigners are put down at 67,000. In the city of San Francisco, the latest edition of the Directory gives us the number of Chinese as follows:

Males, over 21,.....	2,510
Females, over 18,.....	540
Children, under 5,.....	100
Total,.....	3,150

This we believe to be very far beneath the true estimate. Nothing is said of persons between five years and eighteen, in the case of females, and twenty-one, in that of males. Some judicious individuals have calculated that there are not less than 10,000 Chinese, of all ages, in the city.

Two things are worthy of special notice in respect to this portion of our population: first, the large proportion of males, and secondly, the very small proportion of children. The fact is, few females come to this country, partly because of want of employment, and partly because the great majority of these immigrants are brought here as serfs, or employés of others, for whose benefit they labor, chiefly in the mines, and they are generally young and unmarried men.

The small number of children is thus accounted for, in part, also, and in part by the fact that nearly all the females

are dissolute and loose in their character and habits. A large proportion of the houses of ill-fame in this city, are inhabited by Chinese women. A respectable *family* is scarcely to be found. The few men of the better class, who come to reside here, do not bring their wives with them. It is a singular peculiarity of the Chinese females, seen here, that they are extremely diminutive in their stature—scarcely one equaling in size the medium average of American women. It is said that they are transported hither, by individuals whose object is to reap pecuniary profit from their prostitution.

The manners and customs of the Chinese, as exhibited among us, are very singular, and, in some respects, amusing. It may interest many of your readers, who are not familiar with them, and especially the large number at a distance, to know something of the appearance, habits, and notions of these singular people.

Their dwellings and places of business, are generally congregated in one spot, in the suburbs or in two principal localities in the city. Most of them are poor, and occupy very humble dwellings; some of them in the outskirts of the city, being mere huts, or hovels. In their dress they are generally neat, but their houses are filthy and unpleasant—the odors which salute the olfactories of visitors and passers-by, serving to remind them of anything but "celestial" regions. Their food is largely composed of rice, but they consume, also, large quantities of crabs, fish, and the entrails of animals. As a general thing, they adhere rigidly to their national costume, which is familiar to Americans from the numerous prints which are in circulation. Now and then one, however, is seen wholly, or partially, dressed in American fashion. Sometimes, instead of the usual skull-cap, a soft hat adorns the head; or in place of the thin trowsers, tied at the ankles or

knees, woolen pants are substituted, while all the rest of the costume is Chinese; or, for the pointed clogs, thick Yankee boots are adopted. Very rarely a Chinaman is seen in full American dress. Here and there one allows his hair to be cut, or if left long, it is wound around the head; but, generally, the foretop is shaved off and the back hair allowed to grow very long, and is braided into a queue, terminated by a silk tassel, which dangles down to the heels.

A Chinaman is seldom seen at work out of doors in the city, or as a common laborer, as a drayman or porter, or in repairing the streets, or using a carpenter's tools. They are mostly occupied in lighter in-door labors, as mechanics, shopkeepers, laundrymen, &c. They are generally industrious, are seldom seen intoxicated with liquor, or smoking tobacco, or engaged in any scenes of violence. Some of them are addicted to theft, and are quite expert in the art.

The Chinese are met with everywhere in the streets of the city, although there are certain quarters, as we have said, which they inhabit. There are parts of two or three streets where it is said one may get a very good idea of Canton, not in respect to the buildings, but the internal appearance of the shops, with their goods and occupants. Here are prosecuted various arts and employments, and exposed a variety of articles of merchandise. Over the doors, such strange signs as these are seen: "Hob Kee & Co.," "Ah Sing," "Tung Foo," "Bee Lee," &c. At the windows and by the sides of the doors are lists, in Chinese characters, of goods for sale, and sometimes tablets, with mottos, to bring good luck, or act as charms against evil spirits, of whom they have great dread.

There are a few trading houses composed of intelligent and enterprising men, which carry on an extensive and profitable business in importing and jobbing

Chinese goods. Individuals have in this way, it is said, accumulated considerable fortunes. At the head of one of these houses is "Ho Cheony," a convert to christianity and member of the first Presbyterian church, a very intelligent and gentlemanly person. He speaks English fluently. He adheres to his native costume, and mingles with his own people.

We have said the Chinese have a mortal fear of demons, and to drive them away they are in the habit of letting off great numbers of fire-crackers, such as boys use on the Fourth of July. These, they suppose, will frighten and scatter the evil spirits that infest the air. Discharging these is also an important accompaniment to all their holiday services and celebrations. They are manufactured in China and imported here in great quantities.

Their great holiday is New Year, which occurs in February, and is always observed with great excitement and many ceremonies. Another notable day in their calendar, is their "Feast of the Dead." On this occasion they prepare great quantities of food, which they carry in procession to the cemetery, for the refreshment of the departed, who, it is supposed, appear in spirit and regale themselves upon the substantials that are thus provided for them. It is a part of the religious belief of the Chinese, that "departed spirits have entered upon a new life, which is, in many respects, a counterpart of the old one; they still own the ties and feel the wants of their earthly existence; they maintain intercourse with their living descendants, and are able to confer blessings upon them, while they are also accessible to their pious attentions, and even in a measure dependent upon them for support in the land of shadows. Such was the belief also of the ancient Hindoos, a race the most widely removed from the Chinese in place, origin and character; and the

pious Brahmin still holds monthly the ancestral feast, at which the fathers are invited to assemble and partake of the food set forth for them."

From such views arises the practice of the Chinese of carrying food to the grave on their funeral occasions—balls of dough, or cakes, roasted animals, &c.—for the benefit of the deceased. Another of their superstitions is, that the spirits of the departed will not rest in peace while their bones remain in a foreign land. And hence they are carefully removed as soon as possible to their native country. In the Lone Mountain Cemetery, near this city, there is a vault, where the bodies of the dead are deposited, inclosed in leaden or other coffins, to be kept until a favorable opportunity offers to send them to China. They are often shipped in great numbers in vessels bound to that country, where they are piously interred. It is said that whole regions, where the Chinese have resided in this State, have been raked over—ravines, old camps, banks of rivers, &c.—for relics of the dead, which are forwarded hither, to agents, to be sent home.

There is a Chinese Temple, or place of worship, in this city, where religious rites are celebrated, the only one in the State, and probably on the western continent. It is a singular fact that such an institution should be found anywhere in this christian land. San Francisco has the distinction of being the only place in the United States where, professedly, heathen idolatry is practiced. The edifice is an unpretentious one, built of brick, and was erected by a company, organized for the purpose, consisting of 9,000 Chinamen, with some contributions from the citizens of San Francisco of other classes.

It is used, in part, for an asylum for the poor and sick, a storehouse for property, and as a place of business for the officers of the company. The main building stands back from the street, and is

approached by a narrow and tortuous passage, on one side of which are doors leading to rooms used for various purposes, and which ends in a court, on which the edifice fronts. In the lower story is a large sitting room, with chairs ranged at the sides, cushioned and covered with embroidery. A narrow stairway leads to the next story, where is a large room for religious services, and where the idol is set up.

The following is a description of the room, and of the services enacted in April last, on the occasion of a great festival:

Near the entrance of the room is a large table, upon which are three huge wax candles burning, and three metallic urns, of a material resembling Britannia ware in lustre. The central urn has a dragon on its lid, through whose ugly mouth a stream of smoke rises from incense burning within. Beyond the incense-table is the offering-table. On this are several large plates, one containing a half-grown hog, either roasted or varnished to imitate the appearance of that condition. Another plate contains a whole ram, with legs, hoofs, head, ears, eyes and horns, cleaned apparently by the aid of boiling water. On another plate is a boiled hen. A great variety of indistinguishable esculents are also arranged on this table on smaller plates. To the west of this is a long, narrow table, supporting a number of plates heaped high with cakes, and a sacred lamp, which is supposed to be burning for all eternity. Here also, are several metallic vessels containing *joss sticks*, which burn very slowly, without flame. Each stick is dedicated to some saint or sacred personage.

West of this table are a number of wooden carvings, painted with strong and brilliant colors, black, blue, scarlet, yellow and green, and covered with Chinese writing and drawings in profuse gilding and colored smalts. The carved works gradually recede at the centre to the western wall of the room, against which, at a height of four feet from the floor, sits the idol of Ching-Tai, a famous Chinese warrior, who lived about 1500 years ago, and conducted himself so bravely on

earth, that at his death he was elevated to divine honors. The idol is the size of a large man, and is in a sitting posture. The face is of a very strong red color, exceeding in intensity the most blushing of bricks. A magnificent moustache, of very long horsehair, adorns his upper lip, and his eyes sparkle with a glary lustre. He is clothed in very rich garments, and his knees are adorned with jewels and precious stones. The ceiling is partly hidden by five variously colored boards, about twelve feet long and two feet wide, which are hung by the sides, and at such an angle that all can be seen from the door. Upon each is inscribed a sacred maxim, in Chinese writing. The aspect of the room from the front is imposing. Several flags hang at its sides and near the alcove, and although the colors are more brilliant than harmonious, yet they produce a strong effect. The furniture of this chapel cost \$12,000 in China.

Every morning, during the continuance of the festival, a religious ceremony took place, which might be likened to high mass in the Roman Catholic service. Half a dozen Chinamen, apparently priests, dressed in long robes of dark violet and light blue silk, entered the room, while one of their number chanted some monotonous words. The priests took places before the incense-table, kneeled upon cushions, and bowed successively a number of times to the idol. After rising, they moved around the room in procession, and took places again before the incense-table, where they kneeled towards, and made motions as if to embrace, each other. They then marched in procession about the room, kneeled before the hindmost table, and kneeled and bowed to the idol and each other, when one of them poured out a libation before the deity. Another march and they are again before the incense-table. One of the priests then read from an unbound Chinese book on pink paper, several passages, occasionally bowing. Then there was a chant by a number of persons, and, after several other processions about the room, chantings, kneeling, bowings, &c., the worship of Ching-Tai was suspended for several hours. During the greater portion of the ceremony, which lasted thirty or forty minutes, there was a chant conducted by one of the priests, or instrumental efforts at music in an adjoining room, on gongs, cymbals, and a shrill

ringing instrument, for which Christian tongues have no name. The sounds were endured by the Chinese with a placidity perfectly unaccountable to "outsiders."

THE BURIAL.

The train has passed;
The slow-paced train, with solemn tread,
And downcast eyes. No banners marked
Its course, fluttering gaily in the air;
But there were standards folded,
Draped in mourning. No joyous shout
Was heard; but silently, to the slow wail
Of funeral dirges, passed the train.
There were waving plumes—but they were
Plumes of sable. There was the tread
Of noble chargers, prancing impatiently,
But the tightened rein restrained them.
There were gallant men in panoply
Of war, and naked swords and
Burnished arms threw back the sunlight—
But they went not forth to battle.
There were lines of citizens,
Moving solemnly and slowly;
There were rows of carriages, and [see
Through the curtained windows you could
The bowed form and sable veil of mourners.

Along these streets the bridal train
Has passed joyously and lightly,
And the merry laugh has sounded—
How different now! The tolling bell—
The measured tread—the dark train, slowly
Moving as it bears its dread burden
Onward to the lone mountain of the dead.

It is ended;
The weary mourners seek their lonely homes,
And the suicide sleeps in his grave.
He was a noble man—full of
All generous impulses, loving, kind,
And he could not bear dishonor.
Misfortune met him, and he fled from her,
Even to the forbidden shades of death.
Rashly, in his fierce haste, rending
With his own hand the dreadful veil.
Great Heaven, protect us, even from our-
selves! LEIGH.

LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

Translated from the German,

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The author of this interesting story is John Augustus Musæus, who was born in Jena, Saxony, 1735. At an early age he entered its University for the study of theology, where he remained for about three years and a half; but, having danced at a rustic festival, his superiors thought this a sufficient impropriety to justify them in excluding him for ever from taking holy orders.

Musæus was no less excellent as a writer, than estimable as a man. Serenity of mind and kindness of heart threw about his character the never-failing charm of making friends. It is said of him that he belonged to the few happy mortals, who, during their lifetime, never had an enemy. Actuated mainly by his scanty income, he betook himself to literary pursuits; and was the last one to find out the beauties of his own works. His earnings he freely shared with his poorer brethren. Nothing could induce him to cringe servilely before rank, or gold, craving for patrons or wealth. He died, as he had lived, a righteous and good man, a loving father, a sincere and true friend, and one who was contented with the little that Heaven bestowed upon him. The present Legend is the first, in a series of five, to be found in his "Stories of the German People"—the work by which he became so great a favorite with the public. He died on the 28th of October, 1787, aged 52 years; and before the completion of the last work upon which he was engaged, entitled "Ostrich Plumes." A simple but beautiful monument was erected over his grave by some unknown hand. If the sparkling gems scattered throughout the original, have here lost any of their brightness, the translator would be very sorry, as the desire of his heart—the better appreciation and more general diffusion of German literature—would be defeated, and injustice done its able author.]

THE Sudets, though often feebly lauded in verse and prose, are considered the Parnassus of the Silesians. On its lofty crown Apollo and his muses dwelt in peaceful harmony, side by side with the famous mountain goblin, named The Turnip-Counter. He it was who immortalized the great and world-famed Riesengebirge more, by far, than all the Silesian poets put together. This sovereign of the gnomes owns only a small dominion on the world's surface, as the spot, enclosed by a high mountain chain, is but a few miles in circumference. Besides,

two powerful monarchs each put in their claim to the estate, disdaining to acknowledge the goblin, even as a silent partner. Yet, several fathoms below the rich crust of 'mother earth' his undisputed title, and his reign commences. Unabridged by any treaty of partition, it extends to the very centre of our planet. At times the subterranean Starost, always restless, takes pleasure in roaming over his far-stretching provinces in the caverns below, inspecting their inexhaustible treasures of valuable veins and stratas, reviewing the company of his mining gnomes, and directing their work.

Now they check the ravages the fiery fluid occasions in the bowels of the earth, by throwing up a substantial dam; then they seize the mineral vapors to impregnate barren rocks with their copious exhalations; a process by which the worthless stone becomes changed into rich ore. At other times, Turnip-Counter divests himself of the trouble his reign in the lower world imposes on him, and ascends the fortification on the frontier, fully bent on having his own way in the mountains of the Riesengebirge.

How he delights in playing off gambols and odd tricks on mankind generally, like some wanton fellow who, to enjoy a laugh, tickles his neighbor to death! For, let it be understood, friend Turnip-Counter is imbued with the attributes of eccentric genius, being capricious, impetuous, queer, clownish, rough, saucy, proud, vain, and fickle; a firm friend to-day, while to-morrow he is cold and distant; at certain moments kind, generous and sentimental, yet always at paradoxes; foolish and wise; often soft and hard in the same minute—like an egg dropped in boiling water; roguish and honorable; stubborn and tractable; humorous or otherwise, just as his disposition becomes worked upon at first sight.

Since Olim's time, and long before the descendants of Japhet advanced so far

north as to make the country habitable, Turnip-Counter haunted these dreary mountains, baited the bear and the urus until they waged war against one another; or frightened the timid game in his path, with terrible noises, and hurled it down steep declivities into the sombre valley below. Tired of the chase, he turned anew to the dark passages of the lower world, and stayed there for centuries, until he took a fancy, once more, to bask in sunshine, and enjoy the view on the outside of creation.

How he was startled on his return to light, while looking down the snow-capped mountain-peak, he beheld a complete change of scenery around! The forest, sombre and impenetrable before, had vanished before the woodman's axe, and over the fertile soil the harvest had matured in abundance. From among the nurseries and orchards peeped forth the thatch of cottages and thriving villages of happy homes, whose curling smoke quietly cleft the air. Some solitary watch-tower might be seen on a far-off mountain-slope, for the protection of the surrounding country; sheep and cattle fed in the flowery meadows, and melodious psalms sounded out from the young groves of trees. The astonished lord of the territory beheld something new to him; pleased and delighted, he forgot to pout at the arbitrary settlers, who had conducted their squatter business without having asked him for a grant; nor did he intend to disturb them in the enjoyment of their assumed rights to property. Yes, he even meditated an introduction to mankind—this mongrel race, between spirit and animal—to study its habits and court its society.

The shape of a robust farm laborer suited his purpose, and, as such, he hired himself to the first farmer, at random. All he took in hand, turned out well, and Rips, the plowman, was soon considered the best laborer in the village; however,

his master, being a prodigal, squandered the earnings of his faithful servant, without thanking him for his drudgery; therefore he left, and went to a neighbor, who entrusted a flock of sheep to his care. These he attended industriously, and drove them into the wilderness, or upon steep hills to feed. The flock prospered under his eyes, and increased in numbers—none broke their necks by tumbling down the precipice, or became torn by the wolves. Yet, his master turned out a miserable miser, who did not compensate the faithful worker as he deserved, but even went so far as to steal his own ram, and then took its value out of the shepherd's wages. So Rips deserted the niggard, and served the Judge of the district as hostler; hoping that he would scourge the thief and horsewhip the unjust with vigorous zeal; but the Judge was a corrupt man, spurning right, favoring parties, and insulting the law. Rips, not willing to act as the tool of injustice, declined his services, and was thrown into a dungeon, but escaped, in the usual way of spirits, through the key-hole.

His first attempt at anthropology had not developed his philanthropic propensities. He returned, vexed, to his eyrie, looked down on the smiling fields, perfected by human industry, and wondered how nature could have thrown away her gifts on such a bastard brood. Nevertheless, he risked another expedition to complete his former study. Invisibly he glided to the bottom-land of the valley, lurking around in copses and hedges, when before him stood the form of a charming maiden, radiant to behold, like the Venus of Medici, who divested herself of her drapery, in seeking the pleasures of a bath. In front of a grass-grown cascade, which threw its silvery stream into an unassuming water-basin, her play-companions rested, railing and carressing their mistress with innocent gladness.

This sight had a wonderful effect on the eaves-dropping mountain goblin. He became unmindful of his etherial nature and properties, and wished his lot had been cast among common mortals, that he might behold the daughters of Eve with the same human concupiscence. Still the organization of spirits is so subtle, that, to receive fixed and lasting impressions, the gnome felt he lacked a grosser body, which prevented him from viewing the bathing beauty with human eyes, and through them to fix her picture in his imagination. Therefore, he borrowed the mask of a raven and flew into the boughs of a tall ash tree, in view of the bath. This transformation was not a happy one, because he now beheld everything with the eyes of the raven, and felt like the raven; a nest of wood-mice had, under the circumstance, more attractions for him than the bathing nymph, as the soul is always actuated, in its thoughts and desires, by the body in which it is encased.

No sooner was this psychological discovery made, than the fault was remedied. The raven flew into a thicket; and, for his model, took a good looking youth, such being, undoubtedly, the right way to embrace a maiden-ideal in all her perfections. Passions possessed his bosom, which, from his very existence, he had no anticipation of; all his ideas became aroused, and a certain restlessness took hold of him; his desires struggled with, and coveted something, to which he had no name to give. An invincible impulse dragged him, like a pulley, mechanically forward to the cascade; yet, an opposing feeling produced a certain timidity, which would not let him pay his homage before the Medici in this embodiment, nor let him burst forth from the bower, whose leaves his eyes endeavored to pierce.

The pretty nymph was the daughter of the Silesian Pharaoh, who reigned in the environs of the Riesengebirge. She was

in the habit of walking among the groves and bushes that dotted the mountain chain, with her maids of honor, to collect flowers and fragrant herbs, or gather a basket full of wild cherries and strawberries—in that frugal era considered worthy to adorn the table of her father. On a sultry day, she would drink at the rocky spring under the cataract, or refresh herself in its limpid water. It seems that, from time immemorial, watering-places were selected as the rendezvous for gallant adventurers, and even at the present date, the same claim must be accorded them.

The inoculated mountain goblin became chained to the spot, through the sweet magic of love. Without absenting himself, he waited, daily, with impatience the return of his charmer, and her train.

The nymph tarried long; but at noon of a warm summer day, she visited again the cooling shade at the cataract. Great was her astonishment, in noticing the change of the spot; the rough rocks had been encased with marble and alabaster; the water, from tumbling down the steep declivity in a foaming stream, broken by many gradations, now leaped, with gentle murmurs, into a wide marmorean basin, from the center of which a water-spout went up, dissolving itself in a rain-show-er, turning from one side to the other at the breath of a zephyr, till the shaken column dropped into its reservoir. Maple trees, daisies, and the romantic little flower, Forget-me-not, grew on its margin; hedge-roses, mingled with jasmine blossoms, surrounded this beautiful spot, at some distance, enframing the most fascinating picture. To the right and left of the fall, opened a double entrance to an imposing grotto, whose walls and arches were covered with Mosaics, made up of colored pieces of ore, rock-crystal, and muscovy talc, so sparkling and glistening that its reflection momentarily blinded

the sight. In different niches were served nice comfitures, temptingly inviting some guest to take part of them.

The princess looked on in amazement, without knowing whether it would be well to trust her senses; or, better still, to fly the enchanted haunt. But she was a daughter of Eve, and could not neglect the opportunity to look at the objects around, and nibble from the splendid fruit that seemed to stand there expressly for her own appropriation. Having herself, with her suite, enjoyed the best in this miniature temple, she desired to step into the basin, and commanded her maids to be watchful, lest audacious loungers should be abroad.

The pretty child had hardly slipped over the polished edge of the font, when down she went, in a bottomless depth, although the deceitful pyrites, that shone on the seemingly shallow bottom, whispered no danger. Quicker than the hastening girls could seize the golden locks of their mistress, the deep pit had swallowed her. The virgin band, in consternation, commenced their cry of anguish when the lady vanished before them; they wrung their snow white hands, implored the Naiads, although in vain, to have pity on them; and ran up and down the bank in great distress; while the spring water, by his contrivance, saturated their dresses with its showers. None of them dared to follow the lost one besides Brinhild, her former favorite, who, without delay, jumped into the whirlpool, expecting the same fate. But she floated on the surface, like a cork, where she had to stay, in spite of all her opposing endeavors. There was nothing left for them, but to notify the King of the heart-rending affair. The faint-hearted lasses, with wails and lamentations, met him and his sportsmen at the outskirts of the forest. He tore his robe with grief and consternation; took from his head the golden crown; covered his

face with the royal purple, and cried and groaned aloud over the loss of his darling Emma. The first tribute of his tears he offered at the altar of a father's love, then steeled his courage and hastened to reconnoitre the ground where the adventure had happened. But the pleasing enchantment had vanished; nature, rough and sombre, stood there in all its savage grandeur; there was no grotto, no marmorean basin, no hedge of roses, nor jasmine bower. Happily, the simple-hearted King had no anticipation that his daughter could have been carried off by a foreign knight, as elopements were not then in fashion. Without forcing the girls, either by menaces or the rack, to a confession, he took their account in good faith; thinking that Thor, Woden, or some other god, was at the bottom of the affair. He then went on with the chase, and, after a while, became reconciled to his loss, as the Kings of this world feel no real affliction except at the loss of their crown.

Meantime, Emma was under the care of her lover, and not entirely without comfort; he having, by some stage-jugglery, managed to withdraw her from the sight of her followers, by a subterranean passage conducted her to his magnificent palace, which was far above any comparison with the residence of her father. On waking out of her trance, she found herself on a comfortable sofa, dressed in a robe of rose colored atlas, fastened by a girdle of azured silk. A young man, possessed of insinuating physiognomy, kneeled at her feet, telling, with passionate sentimentality, the story of his love, to which she listened with modest blushes. The enraptured gnome went on to state his rank and descent, described the subterranean dominions which he reigned over, and led her through all the rooms and halls of the castle, showing her their splendor and riches. On three sides of the building, there were stately

pleasure-grounds, where the young lady could enjoy the shade that played upon the turf and the flower-beds. The fruit trees bore apples, purple, red, sprinkled with gold, or gilded in part, and of such a style as no artistic gardner could cheat nature out of afterwards. The bushes teemed with singing-birds, executing a grand symphony in a hundred voices. Under the leaf-woven arches of the trees the sentimental couple took a walk. His eyes rested on her rosy lips, his ear drank in the mellow tones of her melodious voice; every word he swallowed like liquid honey; in his immeasurable life he had never enjoyed such blessed hours as these, with which first love now presented him.

Emma did not feel the same happiness. A certain sadness overshadowed her brow; gentle melancholy and tender languishing, that throw so great a charm around a female, showed that her heart's most secret wishes were not sympathetic with his own. He soon made the discovery, and anxiously sought, by thousands of caresses, to scatter the clouds, and cheer up the pretty lass, but in vain.

Man, he argued, is a social animal, like the bee or ant, but given to diversity. Man and wife may become, in time, very tedious company to each other. With whom, then, shall madam chat? For whose special satisfaction arrange her toilet? With whom consult on such a theme, and wherewith feed her vanity? Is it not plain, that the first female, in the garden of Eden, thought her stern consort a tedious fellow, when she took the serpent into her confidence?

Soon he went into the field, extracted a dozen of turnips, from an acre, laid them in a nicely wrought basket, and presented them to his beautiful Emma; who, in solitary musings, nibbled at the leaves of a rose, in the shady bower. "Fairest daughter of earth," the gnome commenced, "drive away from you all pensive-

ness; let your heart be open to social pleasure, as you will be no longer a sad recluse in my dwelling. This basket contains all that is necessary to make your stay here agreeable. You need only to touch, with this checkered stick, the vegetables in this basket, and they will assume any form you may please to give them."

(Concluded next month.)

WHEN WE SAILED AROUND THE HORN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The day dawned bright, and the morning
Revealed the hills afar; [light
And the Cross shone high in the southern
And glowed in beauty's star; [sky,
And Magellan's clouds rose high o'er the
On that delightful morn, [shrouds
When with shout and song we glided along,
And sailed around the Horn.

Old Staten Land stood just at hand,
As we passed the deep straits o'er;
And high arose, with crest of snows,
Terra del Fuego's shore.
Far, far behind, borne by the wind,
We left them on that morn,
When with hearts of glee we skimmed the
And sailed around the Horn. [sea

"Ho! ho! the land!" cried all that band—
"Now for the southern seas!
Spread every sail, and catch the gale,
And drive before the breeze!"
On, on we passed before the blast,—
How the ship flew on that morn,
When with pennon high, in the southern
We sailed around the Horn! [sky,

Brave band and gay, who on that day,
Came with me o'er the sea;
How my heart burns, while the past returns,
And again ye are with me.
Again your voice makes hearts rejoice,
As on that gladsome morn,
When, hand in hand, that joyful band
Went sailing round the Horn.

Our Social Chair.

DEAR, kind, social-hearted reader, we know you have felt, with us, what a blessing, beyond all price, it is to have *Sunday*, a day of rest and peace, apart from the religious veneration and observance of the day that many accord to it. You look upon it as a time when the ledger and cash-book are locked up and forgotten; when the axe, pick-axe, chisel, and jack-plane, are all laid aside; and when every sign of the employments by which a living is earned, are shut out from the mind's eye; and, when Saturday night comes, you say, "Thank God, this week's work is at an end, and to-morrow is Sunday." Blessed day.

Next to this, in its elevating and refining tendencies, is the Social Circle, where the day's fatigues or anxieties are forgotten; where life's energies are recuperated; its cares receive a balm, and its disappointments find an antidote. Then again, how pleasant it is, in such a circle, to find a little nest of social hearts, whose sympathies beat in unison with your own; and whose social and socializing (if we may coin a word) influences make you feel that you are perfectly at home.

It is thus we wish our friends to feel around our Social Chair; and where, although we cannot meet in person, each one may in spirit, to receive and give their little mite, or large donation, of such social pleasures as may make the giver and receiver the better for the meeting. All, with social natures, are welcome to a seat.

Last month we gave some correspondence, brief—and social, too—from several Chairs, and the Camp-Stool. Since then, the following has been received from a Teacher's Chair, at Sacramento, and which will prove the truth of our assertion, that although "contentment is great gain," (for thus the Scripture teacheth), so few, in this, have found 'good diggings,' but are still out on a 'prospecting trip' for some

snug seat, in hopes to strike a lead of happy ease. But to the epistle:

BELOVED SOCIAL CHAIR:—

It is with tottering steps and a very rickety constitution that I present my claims to the notice of my better-to-do sisterhood, who so enlivened the "gossip with correspondents" in your last number. I am a relic of the feudal ages; you would know that, without being told, could you witness the difficulty I sometimes have in maintaining an upright position in the world, and the weakened understanding with which I bear up under a weight of grievances that ought not to oppress an old chair like me. Then my arms are both out of joint, and my right side all stove in from the hard knocks I have received from the various "rulers" in this nominally Christian republic; who inflict upon my ribs blows that should descend upon those of the incarnate rebels over whom they make a show of presiding.

Of my ancestry it becomes not an old chair, now in its dotage, to speak. That I am of ancient lineage no one can doubt, or question my right to a heritage as noble as any chair in Christendom; for my whole exterior is "elaborately carved," (with pen-knife sketches,) and emblazoned with heraldic devices, (done in ink); a coat-of-arms more significant of deeds of chivalry than any other chair can boast. My life has been spent in the service of the public—I belong to everybody, and yet to nobody in particular.

I have endeavored to sustain a character unblemished, kind and considerate; but, (and I blush to say it,) I have not always done it. We all have our failings, but that of ingratitude is not in my nature. Those whom I have known longest—who have leaned upon me the heaviest—whom I have supported amidst the darkest hours their hearts have ever known—are the first to forget their old and tried friend; or, if

they cast their eyes back over the waste of years which told of our close relationship, it is with no feeling of affection or tender solicitude for my welfare. The old school chair is seldom cushioned with pleasant memories, or pillowed with gentle recollections; and the bright day-dreams which were their occupants before the darkness and the dews had fallen around them, have no part or lot with my existence.

Nothing gives me such a suicidal reflection as the wish to indulge in a good hearty cry, and being obliged to postpone it, *ad nolens volens*. I hope you will not question my Latin. I'm no Latin scholar, though I'm expected to know everything, from A to the last word in Revelations. But I never could learn the dead languages, and so I told the "committee" when they "set" on me.

Oh dear! my poor head does ache so! I would give all my old city scrip, and my next year's salary, if I could lean it against some friendly, loving breast, and have a good blubber. I would n't care whether it was a "rosewood, velvet-cushioned," or a plain "Windsor chair." I would prefer the latter, or even a good, substantial "camp-stool," provided it was not on its "last legs," and had good "bottom."

I wouldn't mind exchanging places with you, "Miss Sewing Chair," it must be so pleasant being all alone—especially when your sweetheart is with you—and you sit all day in a cosy little room, and listen to that lively little tongue going rippity-tippity-clippity-skippity-hippity-rip-whir-r-r-r buzz-z-z-z, until the thread breaks, and then—well, I guess the fire flies. But the Chair Family seem to be a discontented "set"; even the "Chair of State" envies the poor "Social" its mite of happiness in a miserable attic, midway between heaven and earth, crammed in with an innumerable score of "old exchanges," unintelligible manuscript, soiled linen, stumps of cigars, unpaid bills, and a chaotic mass of confusion "lying around loose"; thermometer at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the country, and an idea trying in

vain to gain admittance to the "apartments to let" in its upper story. I have an idea that we might all be worse off than we are; but, whatever be your lot, never wish yourself a

TEACHER'S CHAIR.

Other kind and spirited epistles from different "Chairs" have been received, and more we hope will come, that we may find the philosopher's stone in one or the other.

THE correct and expressive sentiments that breathe through the following paragraphs, will commend themselves to every man and woman in the State, who have a greater desire for the happiness of themselves and others, than the indulgence of a thoughtless or wanton selfishness, at the expense of domestic joy, and will be welcomed in the Social Chair:

MATRIMONIAL MANNERS.—The husband should never cease to be a lover, or fail in any of those delicate attentions and tender expressions of affectionate solicitude which marked his intercourse before marriage with his heart's queen. All the respectful deference, every courteous observance, all the self-sacrificing devotion that can be claimed by a mistress is certainly due to a wife, and he is no true husband and no true gentleman who withholds them. It is not enough that you honor, respect, and love your wife. You must put this honor, respect, and love into the form of speech and action. Let no unkind word, no seeming indifference, no lack of the little attentions due her, remind her sadly of the sweet days of courtship and the honeymoon. Surely, the love you thought would have been cheaply purchased at the price of a world, is worth all your care to preserve. Is not the wife more, and better, and dearer than the sweetheart? We venture to hint that it is probably your own fault if she is not.

And has the wife no duties? Have the courteous observances, the tender watchfulness, the pleasant words, the never tiring devotion, which won your smiles, your spoken thanks, your kisses, your very self, in days gone by, now lost their value? Does not the husband rightly claim as much, at least, as the lover? If you find him less observant of the little courtesies due you, may this not be because you sometimes fail to reward him with the same sweet thanks, and sweeter smiles? Ask your own heart. Have the comfort and happiness of your husband always in view,

and let him see and feel that you still look up to him with trust and affection—that the love of other days has not grown cold. Dress for his eyes more scrupulously than for all the rest of the world; make yourself and your home beautiful for his sake; play and sing—if you can—to please him; try to beguile him from his cares; retain his affections in the same way you won them, and—be polite even to your husband.

To a social nature, like ours, it is a very agreeable satisfaction to have the pleasure of shaking hands, at least once a week, with our editorial brethren “up country” through the medium of our exchanges; God bless them. And, in addition to their being doves from mountain arks, with the olive branch of peace and of friendly intercourse, (such as should always exist in every member of the same family and profession), they are the aorta and pulmonary arteries of the great intellectual body politic, and, as such, tell of a healthy and vigorous throb, that is in excellent accord and sympathy with the free air and careless life of the mountains; and which give new life and vigor to that portion of its organization that is found in these lower cities. Besides, they are mirrors that reflect not only the facts but the phases of mountain life, to all outside. As an instance of what we mean, we clip the following from the *Tuolumne Courier*, entitled

THE BUTCHERS.

What's “up,” with the butchers? Again meat is down; so say many hand-bills stuck up in the town. What a glorious time now for a gourmand and glutton,—for *one bit a pound* they can feast on fat mutton. And beef, too, Lord bless me! how cheap it is now—only *eight cents a pound* for an ox or a cow! And then, oh how low is the meat with the “vine,”—for twelve and a half we can buy a fat swine. Now the beeves are all frightened, soon expect to be killed; the sheep, too, each hour, think their blood will be spilled; and the swine fear and tremble when the boiler it hums, and fat puppies look shy when the sausage-man comes. The butchers! the butchers! vile men that they are! on innocent brutes they have now began war; determined to slay all, from bullock to sheep, and so they sell meats now most wonderful cheap. But they, like the rest of mankind, have their

changes,—from eight up to twenty the meat market ranges. One day it is up, and another it's down; so the meat market's zig-zag all over the town. Now, when they sell cheap, and the prospect looks brighter, the next thing you know they will nip you the tighter; get all hands a buying their cheap meats a plenty, then whack goes the price clear from eight up to twenty. Oh, the butchers! the butchers! a merciless crew! there are many, oh many vile things that they do! they slay all God's cattle, have other bad vices, not the least of them is, they have no steady prices. But still, ye of the blood! *only keep the price down*, soon you'll be the best “fellers” that dwell in the town. We'll purchase, with *cash*, all the brutes that ye kill, and thus we'll *atone* for the blood that ye spill. So up with your cleavers and sharpen your knives, of all eatable brutes now just take the dear lives; give us flesh, fat and wholesome, for twelve cents and ten, and we'll ne'er stick our fork in the *butchers* again. SLUICE-FORK.

Columbia, Aug. 10th.

We give the following forcible elucidation of the naturalization question, from the *Sierra Democrat*:

If naturalized citizens, born in France, [or any where else], must consult French law to ascertain whether or not they are liable to military impressment on return to France, [or their native country], would it not be the part of simple justice to change the naturalization laws, and make the distinction before requiring an oath of allegiance to the United States? Inform the the applicant that he was incapacitated, by the laws of another nation, for full citizenship in this; that he could be made a *half-citizen*—that is, we would let him fight for this country when he has none to do for France—and that if found fighting in our army *against* France or her ally, he would be hung. That might be *some* satisfaction to a chivalric fellow, and would be simple fair dealing with all.

Let us also add the following chaste and pretty stanzas from the *San Juan Press*, entitled

A SPRING SIGH FOR HOME.

In the style of Burns.

Now violets bloom on Berkshire braes,

An Berkshire woods are green;

The young May moon now hings her horn
O'er ilka wimplin stream.

Wee daisies white, the lee lang night
Play bopeep through the grass,

An snowdrops sweet annoint the feet
Of early skelpin lass.

The swallow twitterin' round the byre
Awakes the merry morn;
The lark to sip the early dew
Gaes blinkin through the corn.

Sweet clover banks perfume the air,
Sweet birds attune the breeze,
Sweet buds on flowers are beckonin there
To golden kilted bees.

Oh! there's my hame, my dear, dear hame—
But hame no mair for me;
Yet when I die oh let me lie
Beneath some Berkshire tree.

A CONTRAST—I was walking out yesterday when I noticed among other things, one of those pitiful sights that I am sorry to say, are so common in this state—a poor lone bachelor's cabin. Poor did I say! he may be rich—yesterday perhaps he picked up a ten pound nugget! His sluice boxes every day may be lined with fine gold!—that fifty vara lot his shanty stands on, may be worth a fortune, as fortunes go in this world. Yet see him alone sweeping his floor—watching his bacon over that fire in the corner—rough and shaggy are his clothes, and a desolate homeless look haunts his cabin like a genius of evil, the wind moans through the cracks; the windows are greasy and broken, and the spiders weave their dusty webs there—he is poor if that is his wealth.

Further on is a nice little cottage half hidden by the fast growing trees, and surrounded by pyramids of bright tinted flowers that offer their sweetness a free gift to the wind—how grateful their perfume like incense ascending from the altar of home.

As I stood by admiring, a bright little girl came up and inquired "should she pick me some flowers!" "One or two if you please," and the white armed little angel flew round through the beds picking whole hands full of roses and jessamines and the sweet scented balm, and with an innocent smile, came and offered them over the gate.

I have no comments to make, the two pictures speak for themselves; only this, Cal-

ifornia's *hopes* are her *homes*. Like her drifting sands the lone ones float away, but her granite hills are not more firm than hearth-stones where the Lares and the Penates are placed—California homes are the bulwarks of the State. L.

The Fashions.

Bride's Toilet.

The material for the dress is plain white silk—Gros de Naples or Poult de Soie—with three flounces entirely covering it, and each flounce edged by three narrow ($1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide) ruffles, pinked; or, instead of ruffles, three puffings of tulle, with an edging of blond. The puffings should be interspersed with flowers of orange and clematis. The corsage high and plain, with long point, back and front; with a bertha to drop from the shoulder half way to the waist, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are of the pagoda style, and very wide, trimmed to match. Veil of tulle, very long, and trimmed with quilled ribbon. Wreath of orange flowers and roses. Handkerchief trimmed with a frill of rich lace, set on full, the corners being round. Slippers are more elegant than gaiters, and at present are preferred for all suitable occasions, among which none more so than a wedding.

Party Dresses.

White Tarleton is thought highly of, just now, and the more expensive tissues and grenadines are eclipsed by it; colored is much used, also; but the plain white, relieved by colored ribbons, is preferable. Both plain and double skirts are approved.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE receipts into the State Treasury, for the tenth official year, which ceased June 30th, were \$1,176,494, and the expenditures, \$1,141,777.

Samples of rock, taken straight through the vein, of the newly-discovered silver mine near Honey Lake Valley, yielded \$450 in gold, and \$15 of silver, to the ton.

The Bensley Water Company have erected several fine hydrants at the street cor-

ners of San Francisco, to which drinking-cups are attached, for the convenience of the public—especially for the use and encouragement of the new temperance organization named the Dashaways.

The Pitt River Indians have again committed acts of robbery and violence, and the U. S. troops under Major Kibbe are there upon active duty.

The brig "Floyd" left San Francisco for Fort Yuma, with a detachment of Company C, 6th regiment, and Quartermaster's stores, to relieve Companies I and H, 3d Artillery.

The famous Allison Ranch quartz lead is said to have yielded 2100 pounds of gold since Jan. 1st; which, at \$18 per oz., would make the snug little sum of \$453,000.

Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, arrived by Overland Stage, at Placerville, El Dorado county, on the 31st June, via Pike's Peak and Salt Lake City.

A considerable number of spurious Mexican dollars, dated 1854, are in circulation in this State. They are supposed to have been made in China.

A miner named H. Steele, fell 185 feet down the Gouge-Eye shaft, at Sebastopol, Nevada County, without being seriously injured.

The ladies of Michigan Bluffs raised \$309 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The Alameda County Herald, F. F. Fargo, editor and publisher, made its first appearance July 27th.

By the Sonora, Orizaba, Pacific, and Northerner, on their last trips, nearly two thousand passengers arrived in San Francisco.

On the 31st July, the Oakland and San Francisco ferry boats ceased their opposition, and now run regularly at the same price, starting from each side at the same hour.

A copper pitcher, shaped like a gourd with the neck off, was recently found by Mr. James Patterson, at Red Hill, El Dorado County, imbedded in cement, several hundred feet beneath the surface of the mountain.

A new weekly paper has just been issued at Knight's Ferry, San Joaquin county, entitled "The Ferry Bee." J. B. Kennedy, editor and publisher.

A miner at work on Coyote Creek near Vallecito, took out of his sluices a lump of gold mixed with quartz. After separating, there were forty ounces of pure gold.

The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph, via Los Angeles, was completed to San Juan on the 12th ult.

The California State Telegraph Company have reduced their rates one half.

The amount of treasure shipped by the John L. Stephens, on the 5th ult., was \$2,144,976.

On the 5th ult., the J. L. Stephens carried away 510 passengers for Panama, and the Orizaba 737. First cabin tickets sold as low as \$85 each, by both lines.

Stalks of corn twenty-three feet high, and having fine ears of corn on each, are growing at Parker's Ranch, on the Mokelumne River.

Richard H. Dana, the author of the spirited nautical narrative, entitled "Three Years Before the Mast," arrived in San Francisco on the 13th ult., by the steamer Golden Gate;—twenty-three years after his first visit to California.

The San Jose Telegraph is now published semi-weekly.

The members of the Episcopal Church and congregation of the Rev. F. C. Ewer, have commenced the erection of a fine brick building, for public worship, at the corner of Stockton and California streets, San Francisco.

Peaches have become so plentiful and cheap in all the principal cities of the State, that they are being ground down for the manufacture of peach brandy.

The first number of the San Andreas Democrat, published by H. Marlette, was issued on the 11th ult.

A daily stage line has been established between Oakland and Stockton, and the news of the morning at the latter place is received in San Francisco by five o'clock of the same day.

A large assemblage of printers was convened in San Francisco, on the 14th ult., for the purpose of forming a Typographical Association for California.

The 'Placer American' is the name of a new paper issued on the 6th. ult. at Auburn, Placer county.

The new diggings recently discovered near Mariposa still continue to yield abundantly. On Friday last, says the *Star*, three men made a division of the proceeds of six days' labor. They divided between them 101 lbs. 9 oz. and 2 dollars, in coarse gold, which they had pounded out with a hand mortar—equal to 1221 oz., which, at \$17 an ounce, amounts to \$20,757. The fine gold contained in the siftings will probably amount to over \$3,000 more.

Editor's Table.

WHAT a pity it is that we cannot get up a good war with some respectable maritime power, (like England or France, for instance,) by whose blockading fleet of war vessels on the Pacific Coast, all communication with the Eastern States could be entirely cut off by sea, for four or five years; during which time, of course, the overland method of transport for freight would be altogether too expensive to admit of heavy goods arriving in California by that route. How such a blockade would stir up the spunk and mettle of our people, and drive them to—what? Why, to the manufacture of a large proportion of the goods they now import, and the use of the four millions of dollars, monthly sent out of the State, for the erection and fitting up of manufactories for the fabrication of goods before imported!

Of course, it is not to be expected that Congress need be at all anxious to lend us any assistance, in men or arms, to defend our country or ourselves against such a power; or to open up any other system of overland communication than the "long tried" and "fast-sailing" one known as the Governmental Mule and Ox Team Express! through from the Missouri River to the Sacramento in the unprecedentedly quick time of one hundred and eighty-two days and twelve hours! A Pacific and Atlantic Railroad would be out of the question, as the dream of those who live fifty or a hundred years before their time, (*vide* Horace Greeley's speech in San Francisco on the 17th ult.) Besides, if we could but wait long enough, it is possible that some enterprising philanthropists *might* be found, who would be generous enough to construct the Pacific Railroad across U. S. territory—providing the sovereign States at either end of the road would construct their quota to the State line.

It is true that we might be able to obtain a few letters by the present overland stage lines, providing Congress, in its economical wisdom, did not see fit to cut those off also. Yet, in the perpetuation of those lines, it is out of the question that a full mail could be carried, inasmuch as no less than from fifty to sixty dray-loads of mail matter are conveyed from the San Francisco Post Office to every steamer bound for Panama and the east; and any one who has had the least insight into matters pertaining to overland mail communication, may readily form some idea of the probable cost for transportation of fifty dray-loads of letters, books and papers, by that route.

One fact is certain: In the event of such a war—and may it come soon!—it would teach us the noble and elevating manliness of self-reliance, not only in the production of the "dogs of war," but for the creation among ourselves of the arts of peace; and give Minerva supreme sway over the future destiny of the glorious lands of this confederation on the Pacific Coast.

It is not our province, and is much less our inclination, to mingle in the muddy stream of party politics, nor to intrude upon our readers any ideas respecting the individuals of that august body of politicians who are now parading our State; but simply to offer congratulations to the people, who have elected, or are about to elect, from their number, the exponents of the various doctrines and opinions we espouse, and to thank those gentlemen for the high-toned and manly sentiments, and the choice language used on every occasion; which must not only raise us in our own estimation, but in that of our sister States, and place us on a pedestal of admiration to the wondering gaze of our foreign admirers, and even enemies, if we

have any. Surely, such force, vigor, politeness, and general urbanity, as that which has characterized the political addresses of the day in this State, is rarely heard or read of in any country,—Oregon perhaps excepted—and as good things are not always for the million, let us hope that foreigners at least did not understand them; for the flowers of the English language (luckily for us) are said to be but imperfectly understood by them.

The style, too, of the language used in this, will also form an excellent precedent for future campaigns, and be something for the young aspirant after fame to remember and emulate. "Liar," "thief," "robber," "villain," are expressive old Saxon words, and should be used, not with caution, but with spirit, gesticulation, and energy; and though they are the usual accompaniment of oaths, they may be used with or without them; for young men, and not unfrequently old ones, will occasionally get themselves into a labyrinth of difficulties, and a good, forcible sentence, with such additions as suggested—true or untrue, it matters not—will relieve them of considerable embarrassment.

Tallyrand was a statesman, in his day; Chesterfield a courtier, in his; but neither of them knew the simple art of extrication practiced in ours; and though it might seem, at the first glance, dangerous to high-spirited natures, there is nothing to be dreaded from the method. Should any one stand in the way of another's political advancement, the harmless and amusing sport of traducing his character seems to be the most popular and approved method of getting him out of the way. The reply and defence will most probably be in the use of such Saxon words as we have named, and to the former will give the decided advantage of having the opening and closing remarks—providing such playthings as revolvers and bowie-knives should not be prematurely used in too close a proximity to the persons of those engaged in this scholarly discussion. We do not know that this can be called a plank in any plat-

form, so much as a well worn plank in all—especially for the last few months. How such men reflect the high moral standing of a country like ours? [and show the immense advantage possessed over older States and countries, where urbanity, gentlemanly deportment, and respect is accorded those who differ; and such language as that mentioned, is entirely monopolized by the lowest blackguards and outcasts from society.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

I. Try.—We like the spirit and drift of your communication; which, although very fair, is not quite fit for publication. Carry out your doctrine by "trying again."

S. P.—You had better not attempt anything, the consequences of which you may fear. In such a case, decide immediately in the negative.

Marie.—We are pleased to know that we have your good opinion.

"Italy versus France."—Is too spitefully censorious, without possessing merit of composition or facts to support the position taken; nevertheless, we are of the writer's opinion, that but few are satisfied with the conditions of the peace just concluded between the Emperors Francis Joseph and Napoleon.

John G.—Nevada.—True democracy, as we understand it, means "the greatest good for the greatest number," and if a man votes for one whom he knows to be dishonest or incapable, even though he be on a ticket headed "Democratic," he violates the great principles of democracy, and proves that he loves a party better than he does his country; and consequently, in our estimation, is no true democrat or patriot.

Japhet.—You must not credit the sentence, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," to the Bible, but to Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." This error has, unfortunately, had too wide a circulation.

Lime Point.—Thank you. We will endeavor to preserve all Spanish and Indian names of places, to the best of our ability. Shall be happy to hear from you in some good California article for this Magazine.

RECEIVED—My Trip to the Moon—Letter to Miners, &c., &c.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1859. No. 4.

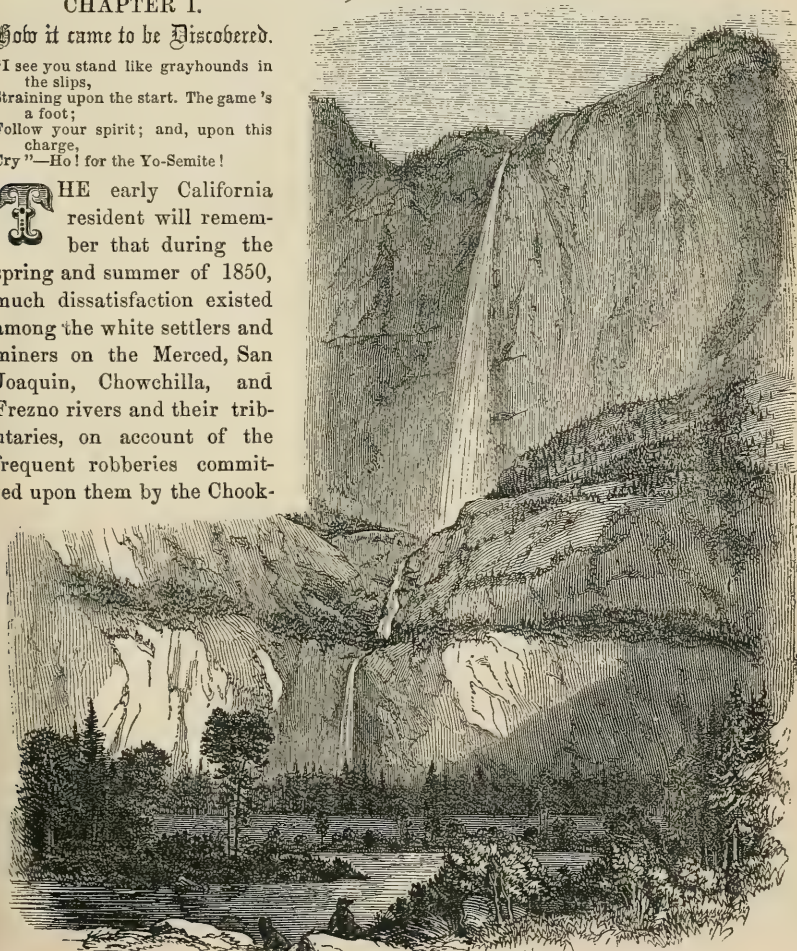
THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

How it came to be Discovered.

"I see you stand like grayhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a foot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry"—Ho! for the Yo-Semite!

THE early California resident will remember that during the spring and summer of 1850, much dissatisfaction existed among the white settlers and miners on the Merced, San Joaquin, Chowchilla, and Fresno rivers and their tributaries, on account of the frequent robberies committed upon them by the Chook-



THE YO-SEM-I-TE FALL. TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT.
[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

chan-cie, Po-to-en-cie, Noot-cho, Po-ho-ne-chee, Ho-na-chee, Chow-chilla and other Indian tribes on the head waters of those streams. The frequent repetition of their predatory forays having been attended with complete success, without any attempted punishment on the part of the whites, the Indians began seriously to contemplate the practicability of driving out every white intruder upon their hunting and fishing grounds.

At this time, James D. Savage had two stores, or trading posts, nearly in the centre of the affected tribes; the one on Little Mariposa creek, about twenty miles south of the town of Mariposa,* and near the old stone fort; and the other on Fresno river, about two miles above where John Hunt's store now is. Around these stores those Indians who were the most friendly, used to congregate; and from whom, and his two Indian wives, Eekino and Homut, Savage ascertained the state of thought and of feeling among them.

In order to avert such a calamity, and without even hinting at his motive, he invited an Indian chief, who possessed much influence with the Chow-chillas and Chook-chances, named Jose Jerez, to accompany him and his two squaws to San Francisco; hoping thereby to impress him with the wonders, numbers, and power of the whites, and through him, the various tribes that were malcontented. To this Jerez gladly assented, and they arrived in San Francisco in time to witness the first celebration of the admission of California into the Union, on the 29th of October, 1850,* when they put up at the Revere House, then standing on Montgomery street.

During their stay in San Francisco, and while Savage was purchasing goods

for his stores in the mountains, Jose Jerez, the Indian chief, became intoxicated, and returned to the hotel about the same time as Savage, in a state of boisterous and quarrelsome excitement. In order to prevent his making a disturbance, Savage shut him up in his room, and there endeavored to soothe him, and restrain his violence by kindly words; but this he resented, and became not only troublesome, but very insulting; when, after patiently bearing it as long as he possibly could, at a time of great provocation, unhappily, was tempted to strike Jerez, and followed it up with a severe scolding. This very much exasperated the Indian, and he indulged in numerous muttered threats of what he would do when he went back among his own people. But, when sober, he concealed his angry resentment, and, Indian-like, sullenly awaited his opportunity for revenge. Simple, and apparently small, as was this circumstance, like many others equally insignificant, it led to very unfortunate results; for, no sooner had he returned to his own people, than he summoned a council of the chief men of all the surrounding tribes; and, from his influence and representations mainly, steps were then and there agreed upon to drive out or kill all the whites, and appropriate all the horses, mules, oxen, and provisions they could find.†

Accordingly, early one morning in the ensuing month of November, the Indians entered Savage's store on the Fresno, in their usual manner, as though on a trading expedition, when an immediate and apparently preconcerted plan of attack was made with hatchets, crow-bars, and arrows; first upon Mr. Greeley, who had charge of the store, and then upon three other white men named Canada, Stiffner,

* The news of the admission, by Congress, of California into the Union, on the 9th of Sept. 1850, was brought by the mail steamer "Oregon," which arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on the 18th of Oct. 1850, when preparations were immediately commenced for a general jubilee throughout the State on the 29th of that month.

† These facts were communicated to us by Mr. J. M. Cunningham, (now in the Yo-Semite valley,) who was then engaged as clerk for Savage, and was present during the altercation between him and the Indian.



BOATS LEAVING THE WHARF — THE ANTELOPE FOR SACRAMENTO, AND THE BRADON FOR STOCKTON.

and Brown, who were present. This was made so unexpectedly as to exclude time or opportunity for defence, and all were killed except Brown, whose life was saved by an Indian named "Polonio," (thus christened by the whites,) jumping between him and the attacking party, at the risk of his own personal safety, thus affording Brown a chance of escape, and which he made the best of by running all the way to Quartzburg, at the height of his speed.

Simultaneously with this attack on the Fresno, Savage's other store and residence on the Mariposa was attacked, during his absence, by another band, and his Indian wives carried off. Similar onslaughts having been made at different points on the Merced, San Joaquin, Fresno, and Chow-chilla rivers, Savage concluded that a general Indian war was about opening, and immediately com-

menced raising a volunteer battalion; at the same time a requisition for men, arms, ammunition, and general stores, was made upon the Governor of the State (Gen. John McDougal,) which was promptly responded to by him, and hostilities were at once begun.

Without further entering into the details, incidents, and mishaps of this campaign—as a full account of this Indian war will make a very interesting and instructive subject of itself, for future consideration—we have thought it necessary to relate the above facts as they occurred, inasmuch as out of them originated the Mariposa Indian war, and the discovery of the great Yo-Semite valley. Therefore, with these introductory explanations, and the reader's consent, we will at once proceed upon our tour to that wonderful, mountain-bound valley of waterfalls.

CHAPTER II.

Off for the Mountains.

'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse.

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

The reader knows as well as we do that, although it may be of but little consequence in point of fact, whether a spirit of romance; the love of the grand and beautiful in scenery; the suggestions or promptings of that most loveable of all lovely objects, a fascinating woman, be she friend, sweetheart, or wife; the desire for change; the want of recreation; or the necessity of a restoration and recuperation of an over-tasked physical or mental organization, or both;—whatever may be the agent that first gives birth to the wish for, or the love of travel; when the mind is thoroughly made up, and the committee of ways and means reports itself financially prepared to undertake the pleasurable task; in order to enjoy it with luxurious zest, we must resolve upon four things—*first*, to leave the “peck of troubles,” and a few thrown in, entirely behind; *second*, to have none but good, suitable, and genial-hearted companions; *third*, a sufficient supply of personal patience, good humor, forbearance, and creature comforts for all emergencies; and, *fourth*, not to be in a hurry. To these, both one and all, who have ever visited the Yo-Semite valley, we know will say—Amen.

Now as we cannot in this brief series of articles, describe all the various routes to this wonderful valley, from every village, town, and city in the State; as they are almost as numerous and as diversified as the different roads that christians seem to take for their expected heaven, and the multitudinous creeds about the way and manner of getting there, we shall content ourselves by giving the principal ones; and after we have recited the following quaint and unanswerable argument of a celebrated divine to the querulous and uncharitable members of

his flock, in which we think the reader will discover a slight similarity between the position of Yo-Semite travelers, to that of the various denominations of christians; we shall then proceed to explain how and when we journeyed there, and who were of the party.

An aged and charitable christian minister had frequently experienced much painful annoyance from an unmistakable bitterness of feeling that existed between the members of his church and those of a different sect; and as this was contrary to the word and spirit of the Great Teacher, and a great stumbling block to the usefulness and happiness of the members of both denominations, he notified them that on a certain Sunday, he wished his brother minister to close his doors, as he wished to address the members of both churches at the same time, on a very important subject. This was accordingly granted him. When he ascended the pulpit, he looked affectionately at his hearers, and thus began—“My christian friends, there was a christian brother—a Presbyterian—who walked thoughtfully up to the gate of the New Jerusalem, and knocked for admittance, when an angel who was in charge, looked down from above and enquired what he wanted. ‘To come in,’ was the answer. ‘Who and what are you?’ ‘A Presbyterian.’ ‘Sit on that seat there.’ This was on the outside of the gate; and the good man feared that he had been refused admittance. Presently arrived an Episcopalian, then a Baptist, then a Methodist, and so on, until a representative of every christian sect had made his appearance; and were alike ordered to take a seat outside. Before they had long been there, a loud anthem broke forth, rolling and swelling upon the air, from the choir within; when those outside immediately joined in the chorus. ‘Oh!’ said the angel, as he opened wide the gate, ‘I did not know you by your

names, but you have all learned one song, come in! come in!! The name you bear, or the way by which you came, is of little moment compared with your being able to reach it at all, or the wonders you will now behold, and the gratification

you will experience.'—As you my brethren," the good man continued, "as you expect to live peaceably and lovingly together in heaven, you had better begin to practice it on earth. I have done."

As this allegorical advice needs no



THE START.

words of application either to the Yo-Semite traveler or the christian, in the hope that the latter will take the admonition of Captain Cuttle, "and make a note on't," and with an apology to the reader for the digression, we will now proceed *en route*.

The resident of San Francisco can have his choice of two ways for reaching Stockton; one, for the most part, overland by stage, as follows:—

	Miles.
F'm S. F. to Oakland, by ferry, which is	8
F'm Oakland, by stage, to San Antonio, 2	
" San Leandro.....	7
" San Lorenzo.....	11
" Hayward's.....	13
" Alvarado, or Union City, 18	
" Centreville.....	22
" Mission of San Jose.....	27
" Hart's Station.....	30
" Livermore's.....	34
" Mountain House.....	44
" Harland's Ferry.....	60
" French Camp.....	66
" Stockton.....	79

Whole distance from San Francisco to Stockton, by this route, 79 miles.

Or, making his way to Jackson street wharf, a few moments before four o'clock, he can take one of the California Steam Navigation Company's boats, and arrive in Stockton, by water,—distance 124 miles—in time for any of the stages that leave that city for the mountains. We chose the latter route; and, on the evening of the 14th of June of the present year, found ourselves on board the Helen Hensley, Captain Clark, (one of the oddest looking, and at the same time one of the most intelligent specimens of steamboat captains we ever met.)

As the steamboat Antelope, bound for Sacramento, was heavily freighted, we had the advantage of taking and keeping the lead, and arrived at Benicia at twenty minutes to seven o'clock—distance thirty miles, from San Francisco—at least half an hour ahead of her; a circum-

stance of very unusual occurrence, and which seemed to afford considerable satisfaction to the more enthusiastic of the passengers; for, whether a man may be riding on any four legged animal, from a donkey to a race-horse, or in any kind of vehicle, from a dog-cart to a train of cars; or in any sailing craft that floats, from a flat-bottomed scow to a leviathan steamer, such is his perverse desire to be able to crow over something or somebody, that if he breaks his neck in the attempt to pass a fellow traveler; or runs the risk of losing a wheel, or his life, while driving furiously; or takes an extra and speedy, though not always the most popular, method of elevation, upon the broken fragments of an exploded boiler, he is sure to wish for the success of that particular animal, vehicle, or craft, on which he may for the time be a passenger! We do not say that *we*, (that is, our boat), were "racing," for we were not; nor do we say that we were in any danger, for the officers of the boat—and of all these boats—were too careful to run any risks, especially as all "racing" is strictly prohibited by the Company.

The run across the straits of Carquinez, from Benicia to Martinez, three miles distant, took us just ten minutes. Then after a few moments delay, we again dashed onward; the moonlight gilding the troubled waters in the wake of our vessel, as she plowed her swift way through the bay of Suisun; and to all appearance deepened the shadows on the darker sides of Monte Diablo, by defining, with silvery clearness, the uneven ridges and summit of that solitary mountain mass.

At twenty minutes past eight, P. M., we entered the most westerly of the three mouths of the San Joaquin river, fifty-one miles from San Francisco and twenty-one above Benicia—after passing the city of New York on the Pacific, the intended "Eden" of speculators and castle-

builders—without performing the fashionable courtesy of calling.

The evening being calm and sultry, it soon became evident that if it were not the height of the mosquito season, a very numerous band were out on a free-booting excursion; and although their harvest-home song of blood was doubtless very musical, it may be matter of regret with us to confess that, in our opinion, but few persons on board appeared to have any ear for it; in order, however, that their musical efforts might not be entirely lost sight of, they took pleasure in writing and impressing their low refrain in red and embossed notes upon the foreheads of the passengers, so that he who looked might read—mosquitoes! when, alas! such was the ingratitude felt for favors so voluntarily performed, that flat-handed blows were dealt out to them in impetuous haste, and blood, blood, blood, and flattened mosquitoes was written in red and dark brown spots upon the smiter, and behold! the notes of those singers were heard no more "that we knows on."

While the unequal warfare is going on, and one carcass of the slain induces at least a dozen of the living to come to his funeral and avenge his death, we are sailing on, up one of the most crooked and most monotonous navigable rivers out of doors; and, as we may as well do something more than fight the little bill-presenting and tax-collecting mosquitoes, if only for variety, we will relate to the reader how, in the early spring of 1849, just before leaving our southern home on the banks of 'the mother of rivers,' 'the old Mississippi,' a gentleman arrived from northern Europe and was at once introduced a member of our little family circle. Now, however strange it may appear, our new friend had never in his life looked upon a live mosquito, or a mosquito-bar, and consequently knew nothing about the arrangements of a good

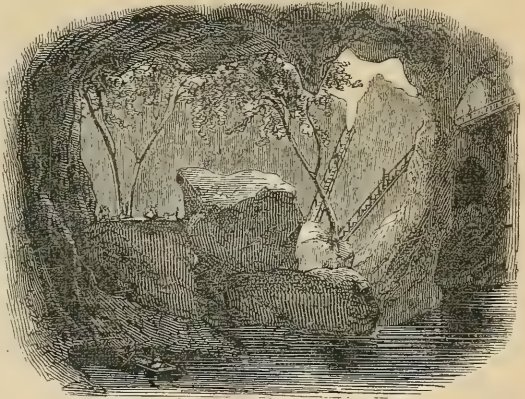
femme de charge for passing a comfortable night, where such insects were even more numerous than oranges. In the morning he seated himself at the breakfast-table, his face nearly covered with wounds received from the enemy's proboscis, when an enquiry was made by the lady of the house, if he had passed the night pleasantly? "Yes,—yes," he replied, with some hesitation, "yes—tolerably pleasant—although—a—*small fly*—annoyed me—somewhat!" At this confession, we could restrain ourselves no longer, but broke out into a hearty laugh, led by our good-natured hostess, who then exclaimed:

"Mosquitoes! why, I never dreamed that the marks on your face were mosquito bites. I thought they might be from a rash, or something of that kind. Why! didn't you lower down your mosquito-bars?" But as this latter appendage to a bed, on the low, alluvial lands of a southern river, was a greater stranger to him than any dead language known, the "*small fly*" problem had to be satisfactorily solved, and his sleep made sweet.

Perhaps it would be well here to remark, that the San Joaquin river is divided into three branches, known respectively as the west, middle, and east channels; the latter named, being not only the main stream but the one used by the steamboats and sailing vessels, bound to and from Stockton—or at least to within about four miles of that city, from which point the Stockton slough is used. The east, or main channel, is navigable for small, stern-wheel steamboats, as high as Fresno City. Besides the three main channels of the San Joaquin, before mentioned, there are numerous tributaries, the principal of which are the Moquel-

umne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers. An apparently interminable sea of tules extends nearly one hundred and fifty miles south, up the valley of the San Joaquin; and when these are on fire, as they not unfrequently are, during the fall and early winter months, the broad sheet of licking and leaping flame, and the vast volumes of smoke that rise, and eddy, and surge, hither and thither, present a scene of fearful grandeur, at night, that is suggestive of some earthly pandemonium.

The lumbering sound of the boat's machinery having suddenly ceased, and



BOWER CAVE.

our high-pressure motive power having descended from a regular to an occasional snorting, gave us a reminder that we had reached Stockton. Time, forty-five minutes past two o'clock, on the morning of the 15th. At day-break we were again disturbed in our fitful slumbers by the rumbling of wagons and hurrying bustle of laborers discharging cargo; and before we had scarcely turned over for another uncertain nap, the stentorian lungs of some employee of the stage companies announced that stages for Sonora, Columbia, Murphy's, Mokelumne Hill, Sacramento, Mariposa, and Coulterville, were just about starting. The moment

that "Coulterville" was included in the list it recalled us to wide-awake consciousness that as we had come on purpose to go by that route, we had better be moving in the premises. Therefore, hurriedly making our toilet, and hastily going ashore, we each deposited seven dollars in the palm of the agent as our fare to the Crimea House, at which point another deposit of five dollars was to insure us safe and speedy transit in some other conveyance from that place to Coulterville.

A portion of our pleasant little party having joined us in Stockton; and, as we are now all snugly ensconced in the same stage, we will proceed to initiate the reader into the *dramatis personæ* of this (to us) deeply interesting performance. Rev. F. C. Ewer, and lady; (and when we mention "Rev." we hope that no one, at least in this instance, will associate it with anything prosy, or heavy, or dull, otherwise we wish at once to cut his or her acquaintance at the outset,) Miss Marianna Neill, Mr. L. C. Weed, our excellent photographer, and your humble servant, J. M. H. "All aboard!" cried the coachman; "all set," shouted somebody, in answer.

"Crack went the whip, and away went we."

There is a feeling of jovial, good-humored pleasurable that steals insensibly over the secluded residents of cities when all the cares of a daily routine of duty are left behind, and the novelty of fresh scenes opens up new sources of enjoyment. Especially was it so with us, seated as we were, in that comfortable, old stage, with the prospect before us of witnessing one of the most wonderful sights that is to be found in any far-off country either of the old or new world. Besides, in addition to our being in the reputed position of a Frenchman with his dinner, who is said to enjoy it in three different ways; first, by anticipation; next, in action; and third, on re-

flection; we had new views perpetually breaking upon our admiring eyes.

As soon as we had passed over the best gravelled streets of any town or city in the State, without exception, we threaded our way past the beautiful suburban residences of the city of Stockton, and emerged from the shadows of the giant oaks that stand on either side the road, the deliciously cool breath of early morning, laden as it was with the fragrance of myriads of flowers and scented shrubs, was inhaled with an acme of enjoyment that contrasted inexpressibly with the stifling and unsavory warmth of a lilliputian state room on board the steamboat.

The bracing air had partially restored the loss of appetite resulting from, and almost consequent upon, the excitement created by the novel circumstances and prospects attending us, so that when we arrived at the Twelve Mile House and breakfast was announced, it was not an unwelcome sound to any one of the party. This being satisfactorily discussed, in eighteen minutes, and a fresh relay of horses provided, we were soon upon our way. At the Twenty-five Mile House we again exchanged horses. By this time the day and our travelers had both warmed up together; and before we reached Knight's Ferry, as the cooling breeze had died out, and the dust had begun to pour in, at every chink and aperture, the luxurious enjoyments of the early morning were departing by degrees—in the same way that lawyers are said to get to heaven!—and when a group of sturdy, athletic miners was seen congregated in front of the hotel, and the bell and its ringer had announced that Knight's Ferry and dinner were both at hand, it would have been the height of preposterous presumption in us to attempt to pass ourselves off for "white folks" before we had made the acquaintance of clean water and a dust-brush.

After taking refreshments with loss of our appetites and forty-five minutes, we not only again "changed horses," but found both ourselves and our baggage changed to another stage—as the newest and best looking ones seemed to be retained for the level, and city end of the route, while the dust-covered and paint-

worn are used for the mountains. As we shall probably have something to say concerning these towns on our return, we will respond to the coachman's "all aboard," by calling out "all set," and thus leave it for the present.

At the Crimea House, our bags and baggage were again set down, and after



CAMPING AT DEER FLAT—NIGHT SCENE.

a very agreeable delay of one hour, during which time the obliging landlord, Mr. Brown, informed us that errors of route and distance had been made by journalists who were not quite familiar with their subject, and by which those persons who travel in private carriages were liable to go by La Grange, some five miles out of their way.

Here a new line as well as conveyance was taken, known as the "Sonora and Coulterville," and as that had now arrived, we lost no time in obtaining possession of as good seats as we could find, and reached Don Pedro's Bar about six o'clock, P. M. But for an unusual number of passengers, we should have been here subjected to another change of stage; now, fortunately, the old and regular one would not contain us all, so that the only change made was in horses, and after a delay of twelve minutes, we were again

dashing over the Tuolumne river, across a good bridge.

Now the gently rolling hills began to give way to tall mountains; and the quiet and even tenor of the landscape to change to the wild and picturesque. Up, up we toiled, many of us on foot, as our horses puffed and snorted like miniature steamboats, from hauling but little more than the empty coach. The top gained, our road was through forests of oaks and nut pines, across flats, and down the sides of ravines and gulches, until we reached Maxwell's Creek; from which point an excellent road is graded on the side of a steep mountain, to Coulterville, and all that the traveler seems to hope for, is that the stage will keep upon it, and not tip down the abyss that is yawning below. Up this mountain we again had to patronize the very independent method of going 'afoot'; and while as-

cending it, our party was startled by a rustling sound being heard among the bushes below the road, where shadowy human forms could be seen moving slowly towards us. Hearts beat quicker, and images of Joaquin and Tom Bell's gang rose to our active fancies. "They will rob and perhaps murder us," suggested one. "We cannot die but once," retorted another. "Oh, dear! what is going to be the matter," was sent in a loud, shrill whisper from the owner of a treble voice in the stage. "Let us all keep close together," pantomimed a fourth, an outsider. "I *shall* faint," (another sound from within.) "Please to postpone that exercise, ladies, until we reach plenty of water," respectfully and cheerfully responded a fifth, and who evidently had some particular interest in the speaker.

"That's a hard old mountain," exclaimed the ringleader of the party that had caused all our alarm, as he and his companions quietly seated themselves by the side of the road. "Good evening, gentlemen." "Good evening." Why, bless my soul, these men who have almost frightened us out of our seven senses, are nothing but fellow travelers!" "Could'nt you see that?" now valorously enquired one whose knees had knocked uncontrollably together with fear only a few moments before. At this we all had to laugh; and the driver having stopped, said, "get in, gentlemen," we had enough to talk and joke about, until we reached Coulterville, at a quarter to ten o'clock, P. M. Here, by the kindness of Mr. Coulter, (the founder of the town,) our much needed comforts were duly cared for; and, after making arrangements for an early start on the morrow, we retired for the night, well fatigued with the journey; having been upon the road fifteen and one-half hours.

As we wish to make these sketches of use to future travelers, we have been particular in noting time, cost, distance, and

numerous other particulars, and as we have reached the end of our journey by stage, we append the following:

TIME AND DISTANCE TABLE FROM STOCKTON
TO COULTERVILLE.

	Time made.	Miles.
Left Stockton at 1-4 past 6, A. M.		
From Stockton to 12 Mile House.....	1.35	12
From " to 25 Mile House	4.15	23
From " to Foot Hills.....	4.35	30
From " to Knight's Ferry.....	5.40	37
From " to Rock River House, (in- cluding detention for dinner).....	7.40	44
From Stockton to Crimea House.....	8.40	48
Here we exchanged stages, and delayed one hour.		
From Stockton to Don Pedro's Bar, (in- cluding delay at Crimea House)....	11.30	60
From Stockton to Coulterville, (exchan- ged horses and was delayed 12 min.)	15.30	71

Our first considerations the following morning were for good animals, provisions, cooking utensils, and a guide,—the former (all but the *good*) were supplied by a gentleman who rejoiced in the uncommon and somewhat ancient patronymic of Smith, at twenty-five dollars per head for the trip of eight days, almost the original cost of each animal, judging from their build and speed, so that the bill run as follows:—

5 saddle horses, one for each person,	\$125
1 pack mule.....	25
Guide.....	25

We hope before the next traveling season commences that reasonable arrangements will be made for a daily line of *good* saddle animals, both here and at Mariposa, (a most excellent starting point,) for it is much to be regretted that such exorbitant charges should preclude persons of limited means from visiting this magnificent valley. For the supply of provisions and cooking utensils, Mr. Coulter and the guide relieved us of all anxiety; and, at a quarter to nine the next morning, we were in our saddles, ready for the start. How we were attired or armed; what was the impression produced upon the bystanders; or, even what was our own opinion of appearances, "deponent saith not."

CHAPTER III.

The Route to the Valley.

Life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one brief day, than has a creeping century
Of sameness.

BAILEY'S FESTUS.

For the first three or four miles, our road lay up a rough, mountainous point, thro' dense chaparal bushes that were growing on both sides of us, to a high, bold ridge; and from whence we obtained a splendid and comprehensive view of the foot-hills and broad valley of the San Joaquin. At this point we entered a vast forest of pines, cedars, firs, and oaks, and rode leisurely among their deep and refreshing shadows, occasionally passing saw-mills, or ox-teams that were hauling logs or lumber, until we reached "Bower Cave," at about half past one, P. M., twelve miles distant from Coulterville.

This is a singular grotto-like formation, about one hundred feet in depth, and length, and ninety feet in width, and which is entered by a passage not more than three feet six inches wide, at the northern end of an opening some seventy feet long by thirteen feet wide, nearly covered with running vines and maple trees, that grow out from within the cave; and when these are drawn aside, you look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which is a small sheet of water, made shadowy and mysterious by overhanging rocks and trees. On entering, you walk down a

flight of fifty-two steps, to a newly constructed wooden platform, and from whence you can either pick your way to the water below, or ascend another flight of steps to a smaller cave above. But



DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN TO THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

although there is a singular charm about this spot that amply repays a visit, we must not linger too long, but pay our dollar, (fifty cents too much), and renew our journey.

As the day was hot, and the ride a novelty to most of us, we took a long siesta here, not fairly starting before a quarter to five o'clock, P. M. From this point to "Black's Ranch," our five miles' ride was delightfully cool and pleasant, and for the most part, by gradual ascent up a long gulch, shaded in places with a dense growth of timber, and occasionally across a rocky point to avoid a long detour or difficult passage. This part of our journey occupied us two hours. After a short delay, the ladies and a portion of our party started on, while Mr. Ewer and the writer having found one of the discoverers of the mammoth trees of Mariposa county, remained behind to glean some interesting facts concerning them, which will appear in due season before this series of articles is finished. While thus engaged, we had not noticed the fast gathering night shadows; and, when we made the discovery, we gave the spurs to our horses and hurried off.

On account of the steep hill-side upon which our trail now lay, and the pious habits of one of our horses, as the night had become so dark that we could scarcely see our hands before us, this ride was attended with some danger, and required that in consideration of the value, on such a trip, of a sound neck, if only for the convenience of the thing, we remembered and practiced too, the Falstaffian motto concerning discretion, and took it leisurely; arriving at Deer Flat, six miles above Black's, at a quarter past nine o'clock, P. M.

As our absence had created no little anxiety to at least one of the ladies of our party, on account of a husband being among the missing, our safe arrival in camp was welcomed with rejoicing acclamations. A good hearty meal was then discussed, and preparations made for passing the night, as comfortably as possible, in our star-roofed chamber, but on ac-

count of the novelty of our situation, to several, in camping out for the first time, it was long past midnight

"Ere slumber's spell had bound us."

Deer Flat is a beautiful green valley of about fifteen or twenty acres, surrounded by an amphitheatre of pines and oaks, and being well watered, makes a very excellent camping-ground. By the name given to this place, we thought that some game might probably reward an early morning's hunt, and accordingly, about day-break, we sallied out, prepared for dropping a good fat buck, but as no living thing larger than a dove could be started up the amount of fresh meat thus obtained was not very troublesome to carry.

A few minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th, we again started, and although not in the possession of the brightest of feelings, either mental or physical, we had no sooner become fairly upon our way than the wild and beautiful scenes on every hand made us forget the broken slumber of the night, and the unsatisfactory breakfast of the morning, as we journeyed on towards Hazel Green, which point we reached in two hours,—six miles distant from Deer Flat.

From this point the distant landscapes began to gather in interest and beauty, as we threaded our way through the magnificent forest of pine on the top of the ridge. Here, the green valley deep down on the Merced; there, the snow-clothed Sierra Nevadas, with their rugged peaks towering up; and in the sheltered hollows of the base, Nature's snow-built reservoirs, were glittering in the sun. These were glorious sights, amply sufficient in themselves to repay the fatigue and trouble of the journey without the remaining climax, to be reached when we entered the wondrous valley.

At ten minutes to eleven o'clock, A. M. we reached Crane Flat, six miles from Hazel Green; where, as there was plenty of



DISTANT VIEW OF THE "POHONO," (INDIAN NAME,) OR BRIDAL VEIL WATERFALL.
 [From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

grass and water, we took lunch and a rest of about two hours.

From this point parties visit the small grove of mammoth trees, to be seen on this route, but as our party was too anxious to look upon the great valley of waterfalls, we did not go down to see them; at our request, however, Rev. J. C. Holbrook has kindly favored us with the following extract from his note-book, which may happily supply the omission:—

"From Crane Flat we made a little detour to the right of about a mile and a half, to see some "Big Trees." We found them to consist of a little cluster on the side of a deep cañon, of the same species of cedar as those which form the celebrated grove in Calaveras county. They are monsters, and of almost incredible size. Two of them grow from the

same root, and are united near the base, and hence we call them the "Siamese Twins." They are virtually one tree, being nourished by the same roots. We paced the distance *around* them at the bottom, close to the bark, and found it to be thirty-eight paces, or one hundred and fourteen feet, which would give as the *diameter* of both, thirty-eight feet!

The bark on one side has been cut into, and it measures twenty inches in thickness. At a few rods distance, interspersed among other trees, are four or five others of these monarchs of the forest, of which two or three are twenty-six paces each in circumference, or seventy-eight feet, with a diameter of twenty-six feet. They are perfectly straight, and tower up heavenward from 150 to 200 feet.

These trees are well worth visiting by

any one who has not seen the groves in Calaveras and Mariposa counties. Such dimensions seem almost too marvelous for belief to persons at a distance. I sent the above statement to a daily paper in a western city, and in publishing it, the editor said: "We call particular attention to the statement relative to California forest trees. It *would be accounted apocryphal had it a less reliable source.*" The trail is very plain from Crane Flat to these trees, although the descent and ascent to and from them is rather laborious, especially on a day as intensely hot as was that on which I visited them."

It is difficult to say whether the exciting pleasures of anticipation had quickened our pulses to the more vigorous use of our spurs, or that the horses had already smelled, in imagination at least, the luxuriant patches of grass in the great valley, or that the road was better than it had been before, certain it is, from whatever cause, we traveled faster and easier than at any previous time, and came in sight of the haze-draped summits of the mountain-walls that girdle the Yo-Semite Valley, in a couple of hours after leaving Crane Flat—distance nine miles.

Now, it may so happen that the reader entertains the idea that if he could just look upon a wonderful or an impressive scene, he could fully and accurately describe it. If so, we gratefully tender to him the use of our chair; for, we candidly confess, that we can not. The truth is, the first view of this convulsion-rent valley, with its perpendicular mountain cliffs, deep gorges, and awful chasms, spread out before us like a mysterious scroll, took away the power of thinking, much less of clothing thoughts with suitable language.

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood,

and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

These words from Holy Writ will the better convey the impression, not of the thought, so much, but of the profound feeling inspired by that scene.

"This verily is the stand-point of silence," at length escaped in whispering huskiness from the lips of one of our number, Mr. Ewer. Let us name this spot "The Stand-point of Silence." And so let it be written in the note-book of every tourist, as it will be in his inmost soul when he looks at the appalling grandeur of the Yo-Semite valley from this spot.

We would here suggest, that if any visitor wishes to see this valley in all its awe-inspiring glory, let him go down the outside of the ridge for a quarter of a mile and then descend the eastern side of it for three or four hundred feet, as from this point a high wall of rock, at your right hand, stands on the opposite side of the river, that adds much to the depth, and consequently to the height of the mountains.

When the inexpressible "first impression" had been overcome and human tongues had regained the power of speech, such exclamations as the following were uttered—"Oh! now let me die, for I am happy." "Did mortal eyes ever behold such a scene in any other land?" "The half had not been told us." "My heart is full to overflowing with emotion at the sight of so much appalling grandeur in



RIVER SCENE IN THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, NEAR THE FOOT OF THE TRAIL.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

the glorious works of God!" "I am satisfied." "This sight is worth ten years of labor," &c., &c.

A young man, named Wadilove, who had fallen sick with fever at Coulterville, and who, consequently, had to remain behind his party, became a member of ours; and on the morning of the second day out, experiencing a relapse, he requested us to leave him behind; but, as we expressed our determination to do nothing of the kind, at great inconvenience to himself, he continued to ride slowly along. When at Hazel Green, he quietly murmured, "I would not have started on this trip, and suffer as much as I have done this day, for ten thousand dollars." But when he arrived at this point, and looked upon the glorious wonders presented to his view, he exclaimed, 'I am a hundred times repaid now for

all I have this day suffered, and I would gladly undergo a thousand times as much, could I endure it, and be able to look upon another such a scene."

Admonished by our excellent guide, (whom everybody called "Sam,") we were soon in our saddles, and again on our way, never dreaming that we had spent more than a few brief minutes here, although our time-pieces told us that we had delayed forty-five, but which ought to have been prolonged to at least one day.

About a mile further on, we reached that point where the descent of the mountain commences; and where our guide required us to dismount, while he arranged the saddle blankets and cruppers, and straightened the saddle girths. Some were for walking down this precipitous trail to the valley, but as the guide

informed such that it was nearly seven miles to the foot of the mountain, the desire, for the time being, was overcome; yet, in some of the steepest portions of the trail one or two of the party dismounted, neither of whom, we are proud to say, was a lady.

About two miles from the "Stand-Point of Silence," while descending the mountain, we arrived at a rapid and beautiful cascade, across which was a bridge, and here we quenched our thirst with its delicious water. Here we will mention that there is an ample supply of excellent cool water, at convenient distances, the entire length of the route, whether by Coulterville or Mariposa.

Soon, another cascade was reached and crossed, and its rushing heedlessness of course among rocks, now leaping over this, and past that; here giving a seething, there a roaring sound; now bubbling, and gurgling here; and smoking and frothing there, kept some of us looking and lingering until another admonition of our guide broke the charm and hurried us away.

The picturesque wildness of the scene on every hand; the exciting wonders of so romantic a journey; the difficulties surmounted; the dangers braved, and overcome; put us in possession of one unanimous feeling of unalloyed delight; so that when we reached the foot of the mountain, and rode side by side among the shadows of the spreading oaks and lofty pines in the smooth valley, we congratulated each other upon looking the very picture of happiness personified.

But as the sun had set, and a ride of six miles was yet before us ere we reached the upper hotel (Hite's) to which we were going, we quickened our speed, and reached the ferry. Here a new difficulty presented itself, inasmuch as the ferryman had left it for the night, and lived nearly half a mile above. This however, was overcome, by bringing a fowling-

piece into excellent play, (nearly the only one called for on the entire route,) on account of the scarcity of game, and after a delay of nearly one hour we were ferried across, at the rate of thirty-seven and a half cents per head, for men as well as animals, and at half-past nine o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the end of our day's journey. We feel confident that we express the sentiment of each when we say that this day will be remembered among the most delightful of our lives.

TABLE OF DISTANCES, AND TIME OCCUPIED BY OUR PARTY IN GOING TO THE VALLEY.

	Time of travel. h. m.	Rest'g & camp'g. h. m.	Dist. miles.
From Coulterville to Bower Cave,	4 25		12
Rested at the Cave,		3 40	
From the Cave to Black's Inn,	2 00		5
Rested at Black's		20	
From Black's to Deer Flat,	1 45		6
Camped for the night at Deer Flat, from 9 p. m. till 5 min. of 7 a. m.,		9 55	
From Deer Flat to Hazel Green,	2 00		6
Rested at Hazel Green,		10	
From Hazel Green to Crane Flat,	1 30		6
Rested and lunched at C. Flat,		2 15	
From Crane Flat to "Stand-point of Silence,"	2 10		9
Stopped at "Stand-Point of Silence,"		45	
From Stand-Point of Silence to 2d Cascade Bridge,			2
From 2d Cascade to foot of Trail, into Valley,			5
From foot of Trail to upper Hotel,			6
From Stand-Point of Silence to Upper Hotel,	5 15		
Total time of Travel,	19 5	17 5	
Total time of resting and camping,	17 5		
Total time from Coulterville to Hotel in Valley,	36 10		
Total distance,			57

In our next number we shall continue this series of articles on the Yo-Semite Valley, and present some of the most skilfully drawn and finely executed engravings of all its most remarkable scenes that have ever appeared in this work, from photographs and sketches taken from nature.

MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA;

Discoverer of Oregon.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

[Continued from page 122.]

Original account of the Voyage of the Greek Pilot, Juan de Fuca, along the northwest coast of America, in 1592. Extracted from the Pilgrims of Samuel Purchas, page 849, Vol. third, London, 1625. Vide Greenhow's California and Oregon, 4th edition, on page 408.

“A note made by me, Michael Lock the elder, touching the strait of sea called Fretuna Anian in the South Sea, through the North West passage of Meta Incognita.

“When I was at Venice in April 1596, haply arrived there an old man, about sixty years of age, called commonly Juan de Fuca, but named properly Apostolos Valerianus, of nation a Greek, born in Cephalonia, of profession a mariner and an ancient pilot of ships. This man being come lately out of Spain, arrived first at Leghorn, and went thence to Florence, where he found one John Douglas, an Englishman, a famous mariner, ready coming for Venice, to be pilot for a Venetian ship for England, in whose company they came both together to Venice. And John Douglas being acquainted with me before, he gave me knowledge of this Greek pilot, and brought him to my speech, and in long talks and conference between us, in presence of John Douglas, this Greek pilot declared in the Italian and Spanish languages, thus much in effect as followeth:—First he said that he had been in the West Indies of Spain forty years, and had sailed to and from many places thereof, in the service of the Spaniards. Also he said that he was in the Spanish ship which, in returning from the Islands Phillipinas, towards Nova Spania, was robbed and taken at the Cape California by Captain Candish [Cavendish], Englishman, whereby he lost sixty thousand ducats of his own goods. Also he said that he was pilot of three small ships which the Viceroy of Mexico sent from Mexico, armed with one hundred men, under a captain, Spaniards, to discover the Straits of Anian, along the coast of the South Sea, and to fortify in that strait, to resist the passage and proceedings of the English nation

which were feared to pass through those straits into the South Sea; and by reason of a mutiny which happened among the soldiers for the misconduct of their captain, that voyage was overthrown, and the ship returned from California to Nova Spania, without anything done in that voyage; and that after their return, the captain was at Mexico punished by Justice.

“Also he said that shortly after the said voyage was so ill ended, the said Viceroy of Mexico sent him out again in 1592, with a small caraval and a pinnace, armed with mariners only, to follow the said Voyage for the discovery of the straits of Annian, and the passage thereof into the Sea, which they call the North Sea, all along the coast of Nova Spania and California, and the Indies, now called North America, (all which voyage he signified to me in a great map, and a sea card of mine own, which I laid before him) until he came to the latitude of 47 degrees; and that there finding that the land tended north and northeast, with a broad inlet of sea, between forty-seven and forty-eight degrees of latitude, he entered thereinto, sailing therein more than twenty days, and finding that land trending still sometime northwest, and northeast, and north and also east and south eastward, and very much broader sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by divers islands in that sailing; and that at the entrance of this said strait, there is on the northwest coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceeding high pinnacle, or spired rock, like a pillar thereupon.

“Also, he said that he went on land in divers places, and that he saw some people on land clad in beasts' skins; and that the land is very fruitful, and rich of gold, silver, pearls, and other things, like Nova Spania. And also he said that he being entered thus far into the said strait and being come into the North Sea already, and finding the sea wide enough everywhere, and to be about thirty or forty leagues wide in the mouth of the straits where he entered, he thought he had now well discharged his office; and that not being armed to resist the force of the savage people that might happen, he therefore set sail, and returned homewards again towards Nova Spania, where he arrived at Acapulco anno 1592, hoping to be rewarded by the Viceroy for

this service done in the said voyage. Also he said that, after coming to Mexico, he was greatly welcomed by the Viceroy, and had promises of great reward; but that, having sued there two years, and obtained nothing to his content, the Viceroy told him that he should be rewarded in Spain, of the King himself, very greatly, and willed him therefore to go to Spain which voyage he did perform. Also he said that when he was come into Spain, he was welcomed there at the King's Court; but, after a long suit there, also, he could not get any reward there to his content; and therefore, at length he stole away out of Spain, and came into Italy, to go home again and live among his own kindred and countrymen, he being very old. Also, he said that he thought the cause of his ill reward had of the Spaniards, to be for that they did understand very well that the English nation had now given over all their voyages for discovery of the northwest passage; wherefore they need not fear them any more to come that way into the South Sea, and therefore they needed not his service therein any more. Also he said that, understanding the noble mind of the Queen of England [Queen Elizabeth] and of her wars against the Spaniards, and hoping that her Majesty would do him justice for his goods lost by Captain Candish, he would be content to go into England, and serve her majesty in that voyage for the discovery perfectly of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if she would furnish him with only one ship of forty tons burden, and a pinnace, and that he would perform it in thirty days' time from one end to the other of the strait, and he willed me so to write to England. And, upon conference had twice with the said Greek pilot, I did write thereof, accordingly to England unto the Right honorable the old Lord treasurer Cecil, and to Sir Walter Raleigh, and to Master Richard Hakluyt, that famous cosmographer, certifying them hereof. And I prayed them to disburse one hundred pounds, to bring the said Greek pilot into England with myself, for that my own purse would not stretch so wide at that time. And I had answer that this action was well liked and greatly desired in England; but the money was not ready, and therefore this action died at that time, though the said Greek pilot perchance liveth still in his own country,

in Cephalonia, towards which place he went within a fortnight after this conference had at Venice.

"And in the meantime, while I followed my own business in Venice, being in a lawsuit against the company of merchants of Turkey, to recover my pension due for being their consul at Aleppo, which they held from me wrongfully, and when I was in readiness to return to England, I thought I should be able of my own purse to take with me the said Greek pilot; and therefore I wrote unto him from Venice a letter, dated July, 1596, which is copied here under:

"To the magnificent Captain Juan de Fuca, pilot of the Indies, my most dear friend in Cephalonia. Most honored Sir, being about to return to England in a few months, and recollecting what passed between you and myself at Venice, respecting the Voyage to the Indies, I have thought proper to write you this letter, so that, if you have a mind to go with me, you can write me word directly how you wish to arrange. You may send me your letter by this English vessel, which is at Zante, (if you should find no better opportunity) directed to the care of Mr. Elezar Hyckman, an English merchant, St. Thomas street, Venice. God preserve you, sir.

Your friend,

MICHAEL LOCK, of England.

Venice, July 1st, 1596.'

"And I sent the said letter from Venice to Zante in the ship Cherubim; and shortly after, I sent a copy thereof in the ship Minion, and also a third copy thereof by Manea Orlando, patron de Nave Venetian. And unto my said letters he wrote me answer to Venice by one letter, which came not to my hands, and also by another letter, which came to my hands, which is copied here under:

"To the illustrious Michael Lock, Englishman at the house of Mr. Lazaro, English merchant, in St. Thomas street, Venice.

'Most illustrious Sir, Your letter was received by me on the 20th September, by which I am informed of what you communicate. I have a mind to comply with my promise to you, and have not only myself, but twenty men, brave men, too, whom I can carry with me; so I am waiting for an answer to another letter which I wrote you, about the money

which I asked you to send me. For you know well, sir, how I became poor in consequence of Captain Candish's having taken from me more than sixty thousand ducats, as you well know. If you will send me what I asked, I will go with you, as well as all my companions. I ask no more from your kindness, as shown by your letter. God preserve you, most illustrious Sir, for many years.

Your friend and servant,

JUAN FUCA.

Cephalonia, September 24th, 1596.

"And the said letter came into my hands in Venice, the 16th day of November, 1596; but my lawsuit with the company of Turkey was not ended, by reason of Sir John Spencer's suit, made in England, and at the Queen's Court, to the company, seeking only to have his money discharged which I had attached in Venice for my said pension, and thereby my own purse was not yet ready for the Greek pilot.

"And nevertheless, hoping that my said suit would have shortly a good end, I wrote another letter to this Greek pilot from Venice, dated the 20th of November, 1596, which came not to his hands, and also another letter dated the 24th of January, 1596, [1597?—A. S. T.] which came to his hands. And thereof he wrote me answer, dated the 28th of May, 1597, which I received the first of August, 1597, by Thomas Norden an English merchant, yet living in London, wherein he promised still to go with me unto England, to perform the said Voyage for discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if I would send him money for his charges, according to his former writing, without which money he said he could not go, for that as he was undone utterly when he was in the ship *Santa Anna*, which came from China and was robbed at California. And yet again, afterwards, I wrote him another letter from Venice, whereunto he wrote me answer by a letter written in his Greek language, dated the 20th October, 1598, the which I have still by me, wherein he promised still to go with me into England, and perform the said voyage of discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea by the said straits, which he calleth the Strait of Nova Spania, which he saith is but thirty days' voyage in the straits, if I will send him the money I could not yet send him, for that I had

not yet recovered my pension owing me by the company of Turkey aforesaid; and so of long time I stayed any further proceedings with him in this matter.

"And yet, lastly, when I myself was at Zante, in the month of June, 1602, minding to pass from thence for England by sea, for that I had then recovered a little money from the company of Turkey, by an order of the Lords of the Privy Council of England, I wrote another letter to this Greek pilot, to Cephalonia, and requested him to come to me to Zante, and go with me into England, but I had no answer thereof from him; for that, as I heard afterward at Zante, he was then dead, or very likely to die of sickness. Whereupon I returned myself, by sea, from Zante to Venice, and from thence I went, by land, through France, into England, where I arrived at Christmas, anno 1602, safely, I thank God, after my absence from thence ten years time, with great troubles had for the Company of Turkey's business, which hath cost me a great sum of money, for which I am not yet satisfied of them."

Greenhow notes in his aforesaid work, on page 86, that Michael Locke was, for some time, English consul at Aleppo, and was an intimate friend of Richard Hakluyt, for whom he translated the *Decades of Pedro Martir*, [a work on the early history of America, etc., written by Columbus' friend, sometimes known in American and English books as *Pedro Martyr de Anghiera*.—A. S. T.] and furnished other papers published in Hakluyt's *Collection of Voyages*. Hakluyt was, at one time, Chaplain to the English embassy at Paris. In Greenhow will be found, also, the letters of Juan de Fuca in the original *lingua Franca*, as well as their translation inserted herein. Humboldt says, in his *Essay on New Spain*, that the Straits of Anian were so named from one of the brothers on board of Gaspar de Cortereal's vessel, in Cortereal's voyage of 1499 to Labrador.

The question of the discovery of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, is not only one of the most curious and celebrated in cosmography, commerce, and maritime

discoveries, but entered, with great effect, into the political discussions on the Oregon Question between Great Britain and the United States, from 1840 to 1846, ending only on the 15th of June, 1846, at the conclusion of the treaty of Washington. It has been a vexed question in history, geography, biography, policy, lying, cheating, etc., etc., for 268 years, and wont be ended for 268 years more.

No doubt Sebastian Viscaino's expedition of 1602 was made to verify the statements of Juan de Fuca, as well as other Spanish expeditions, prior to 1600, of some of which and of subsequent voyages thereaway, we have faint printed records, while others are either lost or may be found in manuscripts in Spain, Mexico, Manilla, or, as would seem from Mr. York's notes and Masarachi's Biography, are still to be found in Cephalonia.

The Straits of Juan de Fuca were specially searched for by Heceta, from Mexico, in 1775, and by Cook, from England, in 1778, without result. It was finally found and re-discovered by Capt. Berkley, in 1787, in the ship *Imperial Eagle*, under the flag of the Austrian East India Company. This re-discovery was afterwards claimed by Capt. Meares, in his voyages published in London in 1790, as made by him before Berkley. It was entered by Capt. Robert Gray, of Boston, in 1789, in the trading sloop *Washington*, who sailed into it fifty miles in "an east southeast direction and returned southward, from whence, in the ship *Columbia*, he departed with a cargo of furs for China and exchanged for a cargo of tea, with which he entered the U. S., Boston, in 1790, having for the first time carried the flag of the United States round the world." His partner, Capt. John Kendrick, also of Boston, afterwards in the same trading sloop *Washington*, sailed in August of the same year of 1789, *through* the Straits of Juan

de Fuca, *in its entire length*; being the first vessel (after Juan de Fuca's) which had proved the truth of the geographical facts disputed since 1593. It was afterwards surveyed by Capt. George Vancouver, in 1792, under special orders from the government of Great Britain; the survey having been made by Lieuts. Cayetano Valdez and Dionisio Galiano in conjunction with Vancouver; these officers having been sent by the government of Spain, on a voyage from Mexico in the *Sutil* and *Mejicana*, to ascertain the existence and, if found, the extent of the aforesaid Strait of the Greek pilot.

The country of the Straits of Juan de Fuca was the great field of the American sea fur traders, who drove all other competitors out, till the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company eat them up. The fur trade made the fortunes of the richest mercantile houses of Boston, Salem, New York, and other American towns, and which has produced again, in our days, vast commercial and political results. These facts will be found related more at large, and in well digested compilation and collation, in Greenhow's work, before mentioned, and in the voyages of the different fur traders.

The discussion of the Oregon Question, between the American and the British governments, from 1843 to 1846, brought the Straits of De Fuca again into prominent notice, and *then* it turned on the pivot of the discovery and the possession for Spain, by Spanish navigators, of the countries of the straits, and so by sale of Louisiana, under Jefferson, to the United States, and by subsequent treaties with Mexico of limits and boundaries, and also the discoveries of Gray, Ingraham, and Kendrick, as American citizens; and on the part of the English by the re-survey of Vancouver, the hoisting of the British flag in various parts, and the claims raised by Meares, Colnet, *et al.*, and the Hudson's Bay Company. This

was finally settled by the Oregon treaty in Washington City, of 1846.

In the beginning of this discussion, Capt. Charles Wilkes arrived in the United States, in June, 1842, with his exploring squadron, which had performed the circuit of the globe. He made careful surveys and explorations, in 1841, of the Straits of Juan de Fuca—the Puget Sound, and the Columbia River country—at least, as careful as his instructions and his circumstances allowed; and much did this vilified navigator accomplish for his countrymen, too. His lawsuits were only ended about 1854.

Fremont was also in the Oregon country, in 1841, by order of the United States government, to connect his surveys with those of Wilkes in the Straits of Fuca, etc.; he also has had an agreeable time! which wrung out of him, four years ago, “My youth and prime were spent in toil and care.” Neither are his lawsuits ended in 1859. Governments, all of them, seem to be queer things—intangible nonentities, “with no bodies to be crushed, and no souls for perdition.”

After the golden epoch of 1848, everything corporeal and spiritual floated Californiawards, (as now, since 1848, everything physical and mental is pregnated with California,) and Juan de Fuca came to be known as a California household word. The United States Government sent coast surveyors, land surveyors, light-house surveyors, etc., who made more careful, special and detailed examinations of the islands, shores, sounds, rivers, bays, lands, etc., of the Juan de Fuca country; the continental part of which is now known as Washington territory. The account of these matters may be found at large in the five volumes of the Reports of the Coast Survey office, from 1852 to 1857, made by Prof. A. D. Bache, Superintendent, and the Land Office Reports. The country is found to be of the very *first* importance to the

United States, and of the utmost value to our naval, commercial and political influence and preponderance in the Pacific Ocean—because it has the best harbors and natural dock-yards in the world, a highly salubrious climate, immense quantities of fine agricultural lands, close to tranquil navigable waters, and no end of timber for ships and houses, and more fish than the Cape Cod people can ever catch, if they all turned sailors and fishermen, and cast nets and lines from now to eternity. It can contain millions of people, and supply all the deserts, valleys, and mines of California and Arizona with wood, and cover them with houses; and if burnt down twenty times, build them up again.

Finally, in the summer of 1858, to further confirm the simple account of the old Greek sailor in 1592, “that the land is very fruitful and rich of gold, silver, pearls and other things, like Nova Spania,” a great rush of events took 30,000 people, in ninety days, “passing by divers islands in that sailing,” to find the gold of Frazer River, which comes into the Northern Seas at the termination of the Straits of Juan de Fuca.* They found *the gold* and *they will always find it in abundance*, and be a great help to California in ten thousand ways, never mind what scribes think, pro or con, or who it makes, or who it unmakes. The result of which was, that two new Colonies and one Sovereign State were made, by people of our own race and language—the one, Vancouver’s Island, the other, British Columbia, and the State of Oregon. And of great extent and value are the North Pa-

* The Spanish navigators of 1780-92 mention the existence of veins of lead, copper, and other minerals, on the northern coast. Species of the Montrety Haliotis, or Aulon, are found in the waters of the Straits of Fuca, and also Muscles, (Mytilus), and Clams, (Lutrarias); some of the two latter said to be of very large size. These, and other Molusca, are often found in California, containing large numbers of coarse pearls; and it may be the same occurs in those of the north coast, straits and sounds, of Vancouver and Washington, whence, probably, De Fuca’s assertion, though seemingly, before 1848, an extravagant one of his times.—A. S. T.

cific Countries to our race; much greater than we or our children, for two generations, can have any idea of—peradventure to unravel the mystic net of human destinies and hopes—mayhap to subdue the shores of Eastern Asia; but certainly to govern the vast territorial and aqueous domain of the great Pacific Ocean; whereof, we may say with the poet, so strange has nature worked hereaway, continental and insular—

"Art, nature, earth itself to change is doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed;
And where the ocean rolls, wide continents have bloomed."

Finally, the governments of Great Britain and the United States, always misunderstanding each other, formed a joint commission of civil and scientific officers, in 1858, to run the line west, through from Lake Superior, on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, until it touches "the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence *southerly*, through the *middle* of the said channel, and of the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific Ocean." So the English language, in 1860, completely encircles and embraces the maratime commerce of the globe.

And, as Frazer River turned out, it seems to be designed that the aforesaid commission may find a country fit to build a continental railroad, so that people may have the choice of a northern line thro' a wilderness of woods and rivers, or by a southern route, through deserts, sheep pastures and silver mines. Certainly, the joint survey will add greatly to every department of human knowledge.

The further discussion of this subject, is beyond the limits prescribed by the necessities of a California Magazine. The matter of Juan de Fuca and the Straits which bear his name, and the noble, beautiful countries they invest, may be found discussed in the Voyage of the

Sutil and Mejicana—in Humboldt's New Spain, and his other works—in Vancouver's Voyage—in the Voyages of Meares, Colnet, Gray, Kendrick, Ingraham, *et al.*—in Wilke's United States Expedition—in Greenhow's work on Oregon and California—in the U. S. Coast Surveys and Land Office Reports—in many French and Russian works, and in other books of the California Bibliography. Doubtless interesting matters relating to Michael Lock and De Fuca, may be found in the public and old corporation offices, and in the records of great families, in London, of Queen Elizabeth's time, which would well reward the industry of competent critics and writers.

Humboldt, in his essay on New Spain, vol. 2, page 359, London edition, says, in 1804: "We do not allude to the *apocryphal* voyages of Maldonado, Juan de Fuca, and Bartolome Font, to which, for a long time, only *too much importance* was given. The most part of the *impostures* published under the names of these three navigators, were *destroyed* by the *laborious and learned discussions* of several officers of the Spanish Marine!! Notwithstanding all my enquiries, I could never discover in New Spain a single document in which the pilot De Fuca or the Admiral Fonte were named." And yet, the learned author seems to have ignored the force of the evidently truthful, honest note of Lock, in Purchas, of 1625, which would have led him and the learned Spaniards to the very spot of his birth-place and death, to verify, in the main, the relations of the old Greek pilot. Probably for some political or personal spite, all record of De Fuca had been destroyed in the archives of Mexico and Spain, after the fact was discovered of his services being offered to Queen Elizabeth, who desperately hated the Spaniards, for more than ten thousand good reasons. Martinez de Navarette, in his introduction to the Voyage of the Sutil

and Mejicana, (made in 1792, under Galiano and Valdez), and published at Madrid in 1802, by order of the King of Spain, says that the most diligent and thorough search was made by his friends, Ciriaco Cerrallos and Ceau Bermudy, in the archives of Seville, and other places in Spain, without being able to find the *least trace of the name of De Fuca*. Similar researches were made in Mexico, among the archives of that country, under express orders from the King's Government in Spain, with the same result. It is a pity, indeed, these officers did not take the pains to send a few hundred miles off to the east, to Cephalonia, to prevent history setting them down as incompetent for the task of careful and impartial critical writers.

The moral of this cosmopolitan affair of Juan de Fuca, may be wound up here, by showing, after two hundred and sixty-eight years of literary and scientific disputes, in the lawyers' motto, that "Justice is slow but sure." *He* is in his grave in the old Greek island now, but if he had have known, like some other long-headed sailors, ancient and modern, the value of the other cunning law axiom—well ascertained every day in California—that "To the vigilant belong the benefits of the law," he might have left his sixty thousand gold ducats in Manilla, and so worked his way to wealth and station, and not been robbed by the fillibusters nor ended his days in care and poverty, with not even a secure place in the history of men's actions. But 268 years is a long time to do justice to a man's memory. And yet, with the California lights after 1848, and the information from our friend, Mr. York, who can doubt the facts of the evidently honest, carefully punctuated, and detailed note of Michael Lock, the English consul at Aleppo, in 1596, of the London Company of Merchants to the Levant; and how he conferred with such world-re-

nowned Englishmen as the Great Lord Cecil and the Great Sir Walter Raleigh, names so well known in the history of America?

Monterey, April, 1859.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Once every year, the Japanese celebrate the Feast of Lanterns, in memory of the departed. Little boats, decorated with lanterns, and loaded with gifts of wine, olives, and honey, are sent out in the direction of the southern seas, whither they suppose their lost friends have gone. Every gift has on it written the name of some one they love, and bears to him a message from the friends he has left behind.

Go! to the friends we love,
O'er the dim southern sea;
To them our choicest offerings bear—
Grapes from the vineyards, olives fair,
And honied sweets from the bee.

Bear them these gifts, inscribed
Each with a name we love;
Fathers, and mothers, and sisters dear,
Brothers, who left us with many a tear,
O'er the distant seas to rove.

And, oh! for those, whose lives
Were borrowed from our own!
Who from our broken household bands,
Cling to us with their little hands—
With many a look and tone.

Oh! let these tokens tell
Our yearnings for them still! [years—
Of love that lives on thro' the changing
Of a place in the heart, now a fount of
Which only they can fill. [tears,

Go! o'er the distant seas!
Borne by the favoring wind;
Ye bear with ye rich treasures there—
Many a blessing, many a prayer,
From the hearts ye leave behind.

OUR PLAY.

I.—THE OCCASION.

WE had played "Proverbs," "Hunt the Slipper," "Button, button! who has the Button?" and all the other plays, to which innumerable forfeits are attached, and which are paid with innumerable kisses. Numerous pilgrimages had been made to "Rome," until finally the zeal of the votaries flagged, and still it was only eleven o'clock, and the entire company was eager for more amusement.

The scene was my father's farm-house; the time, a beautiful moonlight night in June; the occasion, a gathering of a dozen or fifteen neighboring boys and girls—young gentlemen and ladies, would be more proper, perhaps—who had met by chance, or agreement, as often happens in rural districts. They had strolled out in pairs, or groups, in the early part of the summer evening, and finally all congregated at Uncle Ben's—as the patriarchal mansion of my father was known, far and near—and there were enjoying themselves in rustic sports and merriment.

The amusements had all flagged, as I have said, and still the party was not inclined to separate. A dozen new games were proposed, but some one raised objections to them all. Finally, a theatrical entertainment was suggested, and met with general favor. But a serious difficulty offered itself to the plan: not one of the company knew a part in any play. The objection was apparently insurmountable, but was finally overcome by the brilliant idea of extemporizing a performance. Then there was a busy and noisy consultation concerning the plot, the characters and who should fill them, and what they should do, and all the other business appertaining to stage management. In all this, the girls had the most to say, and their imaginations kindled with the romantic subject, all

agreeing that there must be a beautiful and interesting strange lady, who must be shut up in some haunted old castle; and there must necessarily be a noble and courtly lover, who should rescue her from danger, and on whom she must bestow her hand; and then there must be a base and black-hearted rival, and ruffians, and a ghost—yes, a ghost! if nothing else. Order was finally restored from this confusion, and the plot and characters arranged. Kate Holden appointed herself stage-manager, and announced the following "cast" for the thrilling three-act drama of "The Lady of the Doomed Castle"—"Lady Isabella," the strange and beautiful heroine, Isabel Heath; the noble and gallant "Count Stefano," the favored lover, my humble self, Stephen Bland; the base and intriguing "Don Ignacio," the rival suitor, James Hardinge; the two ruffians, Robert Hardinge and John Heath; ghost, Albert Clark; "Juana," the maid of "Lady Isabella," Jane Clark.

Miss Holden was a mischievous little witch, and she had exercised her greatest powers of mischief in casting the characters of our play. In the selection of Isabel Heath as the heroine, and sustainer of that particular character, she had shown admirable judgment, though deserving little credit, as she was perhaps the only one of the company who could have acted the part. She was a strange and original character, naturally; her disposition a curious mixture of wild mirth and serious thoughtfulness. She possessed complete command over her rich voice, and had a wonderful power of language. These personal peculiarities fitted her admirably for her part. But the question was whispered, "would she accept it?" She was self-willed and capricious, we all knew, and would suit her own fancy entirely. While the plan of the play was being discussed, she had been in one of her maddest spells of mer-

riment, her black eyes laughing at her own wild suggestions; but when the manageress announced her arrangements, the gayety had vanished from her features, and she now stood by the mantelpiece, lost in thoughtful reverie, the contour of her gracefully bent neck and fine features clearly defined by the lamp-light. Perhaps she had sufficient reason for being thoughtful, for the mischief-loving tendencies of Miss Kate had made a cast of characters that might well prove embarrassing. Both I and James Hardinge, the rival lovers in the play, were understood to be suitors for Miss Heath's favor, and the words and actions of our impromptu drama might be so suggestive as to provoke merriment at our expense. The whole party appeared to entertain this opinion, and seemed to doubt if Isabel would play the part. Kate stole softly to her side, and gently placing her arm about her neck, I heard her whisper, "Come, Belle, don't let any caprice spoil the amusement—it's only play—all make believe, you know." And then followed an inaudibly whispered conference, after which our manageress directed the actors and actresses to proceed to fix their costumes, while she arranged the stage business.

Then followed half an hour of confusion—ransacking the whole house for articles of dress and scenery. Curtains were strung across the parlor, and side curtains hung at the farther end, where two door-windows opened out upon the porch. The audience was seated at the other end of the room, and the lights placed so as to leave the part fitted up for the stage somewhat darkened—a boy being placed by each light, to screen it with his hat to produce a sufficient effect of gloom for the appearance of the ghost.

The *dramatis personæ* had finished the arrangement of their costumes. Miss Heath was dressed in deep black. Her features, naturally pale, had received ad-

ditional pallidness from the application of flour, and the contrast with the darkness of her eyes and apparel, and the deep crimson of her lips, gave her the appearance of a fated being. A heavy veil, worn as a *robosa*, fell from her half-loosened hair upon her neck and shoulders; and a sprig of white lilac and a spotless snow-ball were fixed in the tresses of her raven hair. She looked admirable; and as she stood silent and thoughtful in the uncertain light of the porch, her appearance inspired a feeling of strange awe, well calculated to be awakened by her part of the play. The noble "Count Stefano" wore high, lace-topped boots, black doublet, black mantle, black plume—borrowed from his mother's bonnet-box—and a sword his father had used when captain of the militia. "Don Ignacio's" costume was very similar, lacking only the sword, which want was supplied by a huge horse-pistol, stuck in his belt. The rufians were dressed carefully in character; the ghost wrapped carefully in a sheet, and the maid's toilet had undergone very little change from its every day appearance. The audience was seated, the actors were all in the "green-room"—the trellissed, vine-covered porch. The bell rang, and the curtains were drawn aside.

II.—THE PLAY.

SCENE 1. *A parlor. Lady Isabella sitting by the window, holding in her hand a faded flower.*

Lady Isabella singing—

What is the secret of the doom

That, like some vile enchanter's powers,
Blasts with its spell of blighting gloom
The brightness of this world of ours?

We bid the eye with smiles be bright,
But tear-drops in a torrent start;

We bid the breast with joy be light,
But grief weighs sadly on the heart.

The day is bright and clear at morn—

Ere noon the sky is overcast;
A summer-day the flowers adorn,
Then wither in the autumn blast.

A season hears the birds' glad strain—

Their merry warbled tones are hushed ;
The fountains leap a day, and then
The place is arid where they gushed.

[Pauses, and idly picks the leaves of the withered flower, while she soliloquizes.]

"Ah, me! how sad the hours when one dare not think; for who, that feels themselves the weary curse of a demon, would rear even the tender offspring of fancy to have it share the same sad fate. My affection is fatal; I foster a flower, and it fades; I cherish some little songster, and it droops and its glad song dies. I dare not love a human being, for my love would blight their existence. And yet, I fear this wretched heart—despite my every effort—will doom a fellow-mortal, the noblest, the bravest. Ah! Stefano, how fondly, how fatally——"

[A slight noise at the lattice—she suddenly pauses.]

Count Stefano, without.—"Speak on, fair lady. So that thou lovest, nor death nor doom I heed."

Lady Isabella.—"What voice is that, whose accents send this thrill of soft emotion wandering through my frame? Its tones had scarcely echoed, ere they died; and yet, I should know it, did it but whisper one word amid a multitude of deafening sounds."

"I should think anybody would know Steve Bland's voice, it sounds so much like a pumpkin-vine trombone," said some one of the audience in a whisper, that was audible throughout the room.

[Count Stefano, not hearing the interruption, enters the apartment, and kneels at the feet of the Lady Isabella.]

Count Stefano.—"A thousand pardons, lady, for this rude intrusion; but bind love down to a set of formal rules, and then school lovers to formality."

Lady Isabella.—"I fain would chide thee, but my tongue lacks power; I fain would flee—my limbs have lost their strength. Your conduct, sir, is most uncivil; leave me, I pray you, on the instant."

Count Stefano.—"Thy slightest wish were a most potent command. But this full heart will not suffer me to go, till I have unladen some of its weight of love,

Hear me speak, fair lady; be gracious as the flowers, which listen to the pleasing love-tale of every repining breeze. [Count Stefano's voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as he continued]: Miss Heath, I have long wished for an opportunity like this, as I truly kneel in character at your feet, to tell you how much I adore you; to ask if my love——"

"Louder!" shouted Kate Holden, in her sauciest tone, "your reading of that fine passage is doubtless very pleasing to those who hear, but recollect your audience is not limited to one fair person, noble Count Stefano."

[Count Stefano, slightly embarrassed, resumes:]

"Fair lady, when first mine eyes beheld your heavenly beauty, its magic power seduced my willing heart, and I became a captive—thy loveliness my master. I struggled not to be free, but gladly submitted to a bondage-chain, whose links were golden and whose galling was pleasure. [*Sotto voce, again.*] Miss Heath, I do not exaggerate when I speak thus. The devoted love I have long cher——"

At this moment the the accursed ghost stalked in upon us. I could have exercised my swordsmanship upon him with a gusto; but a general burst of approbation greeted his appearance. He had made a decided hit, and while he stood there, with a ghastly hand outstretched towards us, the curtain was drawn on the first scene.

The rest of the play passed off well. The ghost made numerous entrances, often at the most inopportune moment, but always with success. "Don Ignacio" played his part admirably. He became jealous of and enraged at "Count Stefano," and fired his pistol at him, which that intrepid individual returned by a sword-thrust through his mantle. "Lady Isabella's" maid sat on a foot-stool, and said nothing through the play, charmingly. But the grand thing of all, was the closing scene, where "Lady Isabella" was rescued from the hands of "Don Ig-

nacio" and the ruffians, who were forcing her away, by the valiant arm of the noble "Count Stefano," who slew the three and bore the lady off in triumph. Immense applause greeted this act, and the audience *encored* until we had to repeat it; after which, the principal performers were called before the curtain, and the play was over.

III.—CONCLUSION.

The golden summer days had passed rapidly away, and the gorgeous days of autumn began to tint the sky and forests. One thought alone had engrossed my heart since the night of our play, when I had acted the lover and protector of "Lady Isabella." Could I but kneel again at Isabel Heath's feet, as I had knelt then, declare my passionate love and be rewarded with an approving smile, which I could be assured was not all sport, my happiness would be complete. But I had never been able to work myself up to sufficient courage to make the attempt. There is a dastardly cowardice that unnerves the heart of the bravest lover, when he thinks of the fearful scene that is to determine his fate, and makes him pause upon the very threshold of the great event.

It was on one of the bright evenings of the mild harvest-moon, that Isabel and I stood among the flowers in the yard of Mr. Heath's dwelling. My heart was fraught with the hopes and fears of a mighty resolution; but the considerations which bid us pause on such occasions, had made me silent and hesitating for a long time. Isabel was calmer. Perhaps she was wholly unsuspecting of the approaching crisis, or perhaps she possessed more mastery over her feelings. Women, I believe, are generally cooler under such circumstances than men; and very naturally, too, for the decision rests entirely with them. At any rate, she carelessly gathered, here and there, some

lingering summer flower, and chatted pleasantly and perfectly self-possessed.

"Miss Heath," I began, after a long silence, "have you ever thought since of our play of the 'Lady of the Doomed Castle?'"

"Oh, very frequently."

"Your part was charmingly acted—the character suited you exactly."

"Indeed? I will return the compliment by saying that you personated my conception of the part of 'Count Stefano' to the very life."

"If so, I owe it all to the inspiration of your presence. I own, the part pleased me; for to be your accepted lover and protector, under any circumstances, is what I would most desire."

I own that I felt a little complacence at this speech, for I thought it nicely turned. At least, I had broken the ice; and, as Isabel remained silent, with her head slightly inclined, I grew bolder, and proceeded:

"Yes, Belle, if you think the offer worthy of acceptance, my fate, my fortune, and the boundless love of a generous heart, are at your service, and I only wish, in return, this little hand as mine."

I took the little hand in my own. It trembled slightly, but seemed to remain willingly in my gentle grasp. I raised it to my lips, kissed the taper fingers and continued:

"Say if——"

"Isabel! Isabel!" rang out the sharp voice of Mrs. Heath, from the cottage-door. "Where in the world are you? The dew is falling, and you will surely catch your death out there without your shawl!"

The sharp cry of the regardful matron had startled us, and the trembling little hand was quickly withdrawn from mine. We were screened from the mother's view by a dense clump of lilac bushes.

"It isn't cold, mother; I'll come in a moment," answered Isabel.

"And my answer, Belle," I said.

She looked up, with the prettiest smile that ever played on the features of a maiden standing by a lilac bush under the mild rays of a harvest moon, and handing me a bunch of flowers, she said:

"There's a rose-bud among them, I believe; and——"

"And——?"

Our lips approached each other, just where the lilac sprays brushed our cheeks; and there was a faint rustle of the leaves, and another faint sound, well known to lovers' ears, and Belle darted away into the house.

J. T. G.

THE MINERS' DEATH.

In a glen of the Sierras, where a rapid river rolled,
From the wild Nevada's summits, with offerings of gold—
On the banks where he had toiled for many a weary day,
Parched with a burning fever, a dying miner lay.

"Come closer to me, mother, put your hand upon my brow;
As you kissed me when we parted, my mother, kiss me now—
Life's dream is almost over, it shall waken soon in joy—
My mother, bless me softly, as you blessed me when a boy."

He died alone and friendless: but in his fevered dream
A mother, like an angel, came beside that golden stream;
But the hands of thoughtless strangers, as the sun sank in the west,
Without a tear, without a prayer, consigned him to his rest.

Wherever, in this western land, has rolled the living tide
Of emigrants with golden dreams, the mounds lie side by side—
In Nevada's rugged gorges, in every mountain glen—
On hill side and by river, are the graves of noble men.

The wild flowers bloom above them, in beauty, every spring—
Sweet offerings of nature's hand, which friends may never bring;
But far away, in other lands, fond eyes grow dim with tears,
And vainly wait the coming of the loved of other years.

The stars drift up the mountains into depths of azure skies,
And gaze upon the lonely graves like watchful spirit eyes;
But far away, in eastern lands, the bright stars beaming there,
Look down on faces, watching in tearful, midnight prayer.

In the western El Dorado, beside the mountain streams,
The hearts of weary men, at night, turn homeward in their dreams;
But far away, across the sea, how many hearts are breaking,
For those who sleep beside these streams, the sleep that knows no waking.

S.

CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK.

IN TWO PAPERS.—PAPER THE SECOND.

On one occasion we were present when a Chinaman from the interior visited the temple in this city and performed his devours to the idol. Having procured some joss sticks and papers, on which were some inscriptions, from an adjoining room, he set up two of the former on end in front of the idol and lighted them with fire from a lamp which is always kept on the table, and they continued burning for a long time. He then prostrated himself in the middle of the room, in front of the idol three times, touching the floor with his forehead. He then lighted the papers and waved them while burning towards the idol, and then prostrated himself again three times. The object of this was to secure the favor of the deified individual whom he worshipped, and prosperity, through his assistance, in his mining operations.

Several years since some efforts were commenced in this city for christianizing this class of our population. Rev. Mr. Speer, who had labored as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in China, and who spoke the Chinese language, was sent here, and under his auspices, a chapel was erected by subscriptions among our citizens to the amount of \$20,000. The property is held by Trustees. At length Mr. Speer's health failed and he returned to the Atlantic States, and hitherto his place has not been supplied. Little apparent good resulted from his labors, but a successor is now on the way to renew the effort for the benefit of this class, and it is to be hoped they will not be in vain. In Sacramento city, Rev. Mr. Shultz, a Baptist missionary, has accomplished something in the way of enlightening the Chinese and leading them to embrace Christianity and unite with his church.

A vast majority of the Chinese in this State are to be found in the interior, engaged in mining speculations. Great prejudice exists against them, however, among the Americans, and they are treated with much contempt and opposition. They are not allowed to labor with others, nor, as a general thing, in new diggings, but are compelled to confine themselves chiefly to re-working old placers that have been abandoned by the Americans. They live, however, very cheaply, and if they can earn from a quarter to half a dollar a day, it is five or ten times as much as they can realize at home. A few years ago a State law was passed forbidding the immigration of Chinese, and for a time none came here, but recently this act has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and the tide has begun again to set in, and several thousands have arrived at this port, and many others are on the way.

It is well known that China is overcrowded with population, and there is a prospect that thousands of her surplus people will find their way to our shores, and some even fear that the State will be overrun by them. This raises the important questions, What shall be done with them? and How shall they be treated? By the laws of the State they cannot become citizens if they would, and by their customs, habits and language, they seem to be cut off from intercourse with our own people and prevented from amalgamating with the other portions of our population. At present, and with such prejudices as exist against them, they seem to be outcasts, like the Gypsies in Europe in former days. Here is a serious problem to be solved in reference to them, and it is not impossible that ere long the Chinese question will be as difficult and perplexing on the Pacific slope as is the Negro question on the Atlantic side of our continent. Certainly, humanity and philanthropy, to say nothing of

christianity, plead in behalf of this singular people, that they shall not be regarded and treated as dogs, but as rational, moral and immortal beings, who are to be instructed and elevated if possible in the scale of being and brought into a condition to share in the blessings enjoyed by us in this free and christian land. Has not Providence sent them here to imbibe our views in politics and religion, and thus to enable us not only to benefit them, but to act in their own land? Surely we are inexcusable if we practice the same principle of exclusion and contempt for them, for exercising which towards Europeans and Americans the whole civilized world has cried out against China, and to terminate which, fleets have been sent to batter down their fortifications and to drub them into respect for "outside barbarians."

There is no doubt that these people are accessible to salutary influences, and that enlightened and persevering efforts will tell at length in their character, views and condition. One thing is worthy of notice, viz.: that nearly all the men can read, and they can therefore be reached by books and tracts in their own language. In China many have been converted to Christianity, through the truth thus presented to them. "The Chinese," says a missionary, "are the oldest tract distributors in the world. Tracts in all forms, from the poster on the corners of streets up to the splendidly embellished volume, are everywhere seen in Chinese towns." Why should not tracts and books be furnished to the Chinese freely here?

Another thing is encouraging: parents desire that their children should learn the English tongue, and will send them to school if invited to do so. A few private individuals have recently caused a primary school for Chinese children to be opened in this city, and twenty-seven scholars are enrolled, of whom ten are

girls. The Board of Education has also recently, with enlightened liberality, voted a monthly appropriation out of the public funds to aid in sustaining this enterprise. This is a movement in the right direction, and if persevered in, the results cannot but be salutary. Teach the children to read and speak English, and ere long they will imbibe our ideas and cast off the errors of their parents.

In this connection and while speaking of the Chinese in our own State, it may be interesting to refer to some facts in reference to the character and condition of the nation at home. There is great danger of misconception on several points by judging of the Chinese people from those who emigrate to our shores. These are by no means a fair specimen of the Chinese nation, whether as to manners or intelligence, or capacity for improvement. They are generally of the very lowest and most stolid and stupid class of their countrymen. At a meeting recently held in London, the Chinese were alluded to by a speaker as being less civilized than the Hindoos, whereupon Rev. Dr. Legge, a missionary lately returned from China, expressed his astonishment and gave the following striking description of a literary institute in Canton. He said:

"I am glad that the Chinese with whom I am acquainted did not hear him. (Renewed laughter.) If they had done so, they might think there was some foundation for the name by which their countrymen describe us, that of 'barbarians.' (Laughter.) I look around upon this assembly—this vast multitude of men and women—I suppose we have here between three and four thousand souls. At the beginning of last year I went over the literary palace at Canton, on the occasion of a sort of anniversary meeting, at which the young men of the province of Canton assemble to compete for literary degrees. In that one building I counted no fewer I think than 7,242 distinct cells or apartments for the accommodation of the students. In fact this assem-

bly might be put into that one building, and every lady and gentleman have a cell to himself or herself. Now, that is only a specimen of the educational spirit of the Chinese nation. It is true that their civilization is very different from ours, but they are far, far removed from barbarism! (Hear, hear.) When we bear in mind that for four thousand years the people have been living and flourishing there, growing and increasing—that nations with some attributes perhaps of a higher character—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, and more modern empires, have all risen and culminated and decayed, and yet that the Chinese empire is still there with its four hundred millions of inhabitants—why, it is clear that there must be among the people certain moral and social principles of the greatest virtue and power.” (Hear, hear.)

In an able article on China and the Chinese, in the *New Englander* for February last, Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, says: “We believe there is not a little ignorance and arrogance in the popular estimate of the Chinese and of the value of their civilization. We hold, that in virtue of what they have been and still are, they deserve to be treated with more forbearance and generosity than has been wont to be exhibited towards them. * * * Feelings of gratitude, are not without their effect upon us. Who can sit over that cup, of all cups the most social and cheering, and the most harmless, withal, and not feel within him a warm glow of something like affectionate good will towards a country which has given, and which alone continues to supply, such a gift to man and womankind? Can that part of earth’s surface, after all, be truly said to have cut itself off from communion with the rest, from contributing intimately and efficiently to their pleasures, which in so many and so widely scattered homes fills the steaming urn with its enlivening beverage? What shall we say, farther, of the silk and porcelain, as contributions to the material comfort of the race?

We will not insist too strongly upon the Chinese inventions of the Mariner’s Compass, Gunpowder, and the Art of Printing, since we cannot trace their origin, as possessions of our own, directly and certainly back to China, [although they certainly were in use there before they were in Europe.] But a country which has bestowed upon mankind silk, porcelain, and tea, we might almost regard as having done its part, and allow to build up as high a fence as it pleases about itself, even at the risk of shutting out much sunlight, and to be happy within in its own chosen way.”

The same writer remarks: “More discordant opinions than may be found recorded respecting China, the character of its people, the value of their institutions, their accessibility to trade, their capacity of adopting new ideas and new forms of social and political life, the possibility of their reception into the brotherhood of nations—more discordant opinions than have been expressed on such points as these, even by the well informed, it would not be easy to find put forth upon any other similar subject.”

The history of China is remarkable, and presents an unparalleled spectacle of stability, and of the conservative power within the empire, that has been wanting *everywhere else*. What has thus preserved the integrity of that nation, while all others have undergone such changes, and many of the greatest empires of the world have commenced their being, culminated and passed away? “China was one people and kingdom a thousand years before that dire and half mythical period when the Greek heroes led their followers to the siege of Troy, and it has maintained ever since, unbroken, the identity of its language, its national character, and its institutions.” *Four thousand* years have rolled away since we have credible evidence that the Chinese nation was in existence, and what rising and

falling of dominions have been witnessed in other parts of the earth, within that period?

Kong-fut-se or Confucius, as is well known, is the sage whose influence has been all powerful over this nation in forming their character and affecting their destiny. No other man has ever lived who has stamped his impress more extensively on others of his race. He was born in the year 551 B. C., and died B. C. 479, aged seventy-three. More than six hundred temples exist where he is honored. Yee the Great, was the head of the earliest dynasty of which there are any authentic accounts, and he flourished about two thousand years B. C. He dammed the furious Great Yellow River, the Hoang-ho, and rescued its immense and fertile valley, still the richest and most populous part of the empire, from inundation and waste, and commemorated his work by an inscription cut on the face of a mountain overlooking the valley. The Chinese people were at that far distant period essentially the same that they have ever since remained. About 225 B. C., lived Chi-hoang-ti, a great warrior and statesman, and one of the most remarkable characters that ever existed in China. He vastly extended the area of the empire, chased the Huns across the frontier, and built the Great Wall, one of the wonders of the world. This astonishing work traverses high mountains, deep valleys, and by means of arches, wide rivers, extending a distance of fifteen hundred miles! The foundation and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks, cemented with pure white mortar. At intervals of about two hundred paces, are erected square towers, or bulwarks.

About the year 588 A. D. the art of printing from wooden blocks was introduced. Following this was a period of great prosperity and peace, when art and literature attained high perfection, and

the celebrated Chinese Academy was founded. "During the reign of Tong," about this period, says Prof. Whitney, "China was probably the most enlightened and happy country on the face of the earth."

In 1279, Keeblai Khan, grandson of the celebrated Genghis Khan, became the first emperor of the Mongol Dynasty, called Tuen. "From his throne in Pekin, he swayed the affairs of all the countries from the eastern seas to the very borders of Germany. He was sovereign of the most enormous empire the world has ever seen. Keeblai Khan reformed abuses, executed great public works, and under him, literature wonderfully flourished. The Grand Canal is a monument of his wise and public spirited policy." This is fourteen hundred miles long, forming a water communication between Pekin and Canton. But it was not our object to sketch the history of the Chinese nation, but simply to allude to some circumstances and events, which might serve to remind our readers that they are not to judge of China and the Chinese by the immigrants that find their way to our shores.

The population of the empire has been variously estimated at from two hundred and fifty to four hundred millions, the latter being probably nearest the truth. In fact, some official documents discovered by the English, demonstrate that this last named number is beneath rather than above the truth. Of course, the support of so immense a population, implies and demands that agriculture and horticulture be carried to high perfection, and such is the fact in China. The government confers great honor upon agriculture, and once each year, the Emperor goes forth into the field in state, and performs ceremonies and invokes the blessing of heaven upon the land, and the high priest of the empire offers up sacrifices.

The principal production is rice, but wheat and other grains are grown, as well as yams, potatoes, &c. Even the steepest hills are brought into cultivation, and artificially watered. The manner in which the dwellings of the peasantry are situated, not being collected into villages, but scattered through the country, contributes greatly to the flourishing state of agriculture. There are no fences, nor gates, nor any sort of preventives against wild beasts or thieves. The women raise silk worms, and spin cotton, and manufacture woollen stuffs, being the only weavers. The Chinese have all the domestic animals of Europe and America. The camel is the beast of burden. Poultry abounds. The revenue is \$150,000,000, and the army consists of 900,000 men.

The Chinese, as we have already said, pay a kind of religious homage to their ancestors, and perform ceremonies around their tombs. "Ancestral worship," says Prof. Whitney, "has nowhere attained to such prominence as a part of the national religion, as in China; it even constituted, and still constitutes, almost the only religious observance of the common people, and which nothing has been able to displace. Every family has its ancestral altar; with the rich, this has a separate building allotted to it; with the poorer, it occupies a room, a closet, a corner, a shelf. There the commemorative tablets are set up, and there, at appointed times, are presented offerings of meats, fruits, flowers, apparel, money. Distinguished philosophers and statesmen, patriots, who have given their lives for their country, are in a manner canonized, by having their memorial tablets removed from the privacy of the family mansion, set up in public temples, and honored with official worship." Of this character is the homage paid to the great man whose image graces the Chinese temple in this city.

Infanticide has been charged upon the Chinese, as a national and authorized practice, but without foundation. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer*, writing from Peking, says:

"The 'dead wagon' still continues to frequent the streets of Peking, and I have seen them every morning proceeding at a slow pace through the two principal streets of the capital, and back again. Every one may throw his dead child into the wagon, without mentioning from whence it comes, or whose it is; he only pays a small copper coin to the driver. The corpse must, however, be either wrapped in a mat, or laid in a coffin, else it is not received. These wagons were, whenever I met them on their way back, filled up to the brim with small bundles and coffins, out of which often peeped the little hands or feet of the departed children. This is the garb in which Chinese charity appears. The cart with corpses thus collected, passed through the southwest suburbs of Peking, where a place with a temple is fixed for their reception, and where they are deposited, until there is a sufficient number for interring them. When this is the case, they open a large hole, into which the coffins and other combustibles, together with the corpses, are thrown, burnt, and then covered over, whilst a Buddhist priest reads the customary prayers for the dead. This practice of collecting the dead children is said to have commenced on the occasion of a small pox epidemic, during the reign of Kienlung, when so many children died, that the parents threw them into the streets, so that the police were obliged to collect and bury them. According to our religious notions, this may appear cruel on the part of the parents. The Chinese, however, have a different opinion of it; the human soul, is, according to their notions, not yet perfect before the eighth year,—therefore, children under that age are never buried in family cemeteries.

"Roman Catholic missionaries have concluded from this, and circulated in Europe, that infanticide was permitted in China. Infanticide is prohibited by law, and is punished like any other murder; even intentional abortions are visited with corporal punishment. If, therefore, among the children thus collected, there are some who died a violent death, this would only prove that those who

committed the murder, did it either from shame, or wished, from criminal motives, to conceal the child's birth. True it is, the police never inspect the children brought to be buried; just as little do they ask those who bring them from whence they come; hence it is very probable that the carts carry many murdered children out of the city."

In conclusion, we repeat, it is totally unjust to judge of the Chinese nation by the specimens which are afforded us among those who immigrate to this region. They are generally from the seaboard cities, where there is the most degeneracy and degradation, and where the native character is most altered for the worse by foreign trade and piracy,

Those who have known the Chinese most thoroughly, (the Christian missionaries and others,) by continued, wide extended, and familiar intercourse, are generally those whose opinion of them is most favorable.

THE MERRIMAC.

I.

Gently flowing,
Brightly glowing,
Ever onward, proudly free—
Fair isles darkling,
Bright waves sparkling—
Sparkling towards the waiting sea.

II.

Dark woods blooming,
Sweet vales blooming,
Mirrored as by crystal clear;
Wild birds singing,
Echoes ringing—
Ringing on the list'ning ear.

III.

Evening coming,
Insects humming,
Shadows falling through the air;
Zephyrs courting,
Naiads sporting—
Sporting on the billows fair.

IV.

Sunset glowing,
Breezes blowing.
Ripples breaking on the shore;
Night invading,
Daylight fading—
Fading as forever more.

V.

Sounds retreating,
Night-hours fleeting,
Rest descending from on high;
Dew-drops falling,
Softly calling,
Fragrance from the azure sky.

VI.

Stars outshining,
Rays combining,
Morning darting from above;
Pure thoughts swelling,
Ever telling—
Telling of a boundless Love!

VII.

Thus my dreaming,
Ever teeming
Is, with thoughts, fair stream, of thee;
Wild joy blending,
Upward sending,
Thanks to God that thou art free!

LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

Translated from the German,

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

[*Concluded from page 137.*]

AFTER he had left the princess, she did not delay a moment to try the magic rod according to her instructions. "Brinhild," she cried, "dear Brinhild, appear," when, lo! Brindhild was at her feet, embracing her knees, shedding tears of joy, and lavishing caresses upon her as in former days. So complete was the illusion, that Miss Emma could not tell what to think of this, her own creation, whether or not it was Brinhild herself, that

she had conjured to her, or only a mockery of her senses. In the meantime she gave herself up to the pleasures of social intercourse with her pet companion, taking a walk with her, hand in hand, through the garden, enjoying her admiring ejaculations, and presenting her with the gold-spotted apples from their respective trees. The princess next showed her friend the rooms of the palace. In the wardrobe, the female spirit of contemplation became exercised to such a degree that they remained there until sunset. Veils, girdles, and pendants, with all the rest, were mustered and tried on in succession. Brinhild evinced such a pleasing manner and exquisite taste, in the selection and arrangement of the toilet, that if only a turnip, naturally, she nevertheless was the queen of her species.

The enjoying gnome felt delighted, in having fathomed the mysteries of woman's heart so well, and at having made such happy progress in his knowledge of anthropology. The lovely Emma seemed to him more beautiful, more affable, more cheerful now, than ever before. The whole stock of turnips, under her magic touch, turned out and brought to her the lasses who had formerly acted as her handmaids; and from two remaining turnips sprung up a gentle Cyprian cat and a pretty lap-dog. She opened her court again, when each of her maids performed their special duties as of yore, and never was a noble lady better served. Her wishes were anticipated; her nods and winks obeyed, and her commands promptly executed. For several weeks a social entertainment was kept up of dancing, songs, and music, in the harem of the gnome, from morning until night, when the mistress perceived that the healthy colored cheeks of her companions were waning, and the mirror in the marble saloon notified her that herself, alone, was an opening rose-bud among

the dying flowers, to which her dear Brinhild, and the rest of the maids, might well be compared. Every one, however, pretended to be in excellent health; besides, the generous gnome kept a splendid table at his establishment. Yet, the girls faded more and more; life and activity vanished, and the fire of youth burnt low. On a beautiful morning, after a healthy night's rest, the princess entered the drawing room; her horror may be imagined at receiving the salutation of a number of wrinkled old crones, who supported themselves by sticks and crutches, while being suffocated with a consumptive cough. The Cyprian cat lacked power to move about, and Beni, the lap-dog, had stretched out his four legs. Terrified at such a spectacle, the princess hastened from the room, stepped out upon the balcony, and loudly called on the gnome, who quickly attended the summons and stood before her in deep humility.

"Mischievous spirit," she said, in anger, "why dost thou delight in spoiling the only pleasure of my harmless life, satisfied, as I am, in keeping the shadows of my former companions about me? Is the surrounding solitude not enough to torment me, or is it necessary for thy sport to make this place a hospital? Without delay give back my lasses' youth and beauty, or my hate and contempt shall revenge the outrage."

"Glorious daughter of earth," the gnome pleaded, "thy anger ought not to be without measure. All in my power is at thy disposal; yet crave not that which is impossible. The powers of nature serve me, although I am unable to change their immutable laws. While the turnips possessed vegetable strength, thy magic rod could produce from them any form thy fancy chose; but now, when the juice they contained has dried up, they are going to decay, because the life-retaining power of the composing ele-

ments has vanished. However, let not this trouble thee, well beloved. Another full basket can repair the damage, by giving thee the power of creating thy pets at will. Return the earth her presents, which have given thee such excellent amusement; thou wilt find better company on the turf in the garden."

The gnome retired, while Emma, with magic stick, touched the wrinkled bodies, gathered up the shrunken turnips, disposed of them in the same manner that children are apt to dispose of their toys, when tired of them, or as princes do their favorites, when they become wearisome, and thought no more about it. Swift-footed did she skip over the sod, without finding the full basket she was in quest of, exercising all her faculties to account for its not forthcoming. At the vine-covered balustrade she was met by the gnome, whose embarrassment could not be mistaken, even from a distance. "Thou hast deceived me!" she said; "where is the basket? For an hour I have looked for it in vain."

"Kind mistress of my heart," the spirit answered, "excuse my indiscretion, in promising more than I could give. I have wandered all over the country in search of fresh turnips, but long since they were gathered, and are now withering in musty cellars. Nature is now dressed in mourning; winter is in the valley below, and your presence only has chained spring to these rocks, where flowers spring up beneath your footsteps. Only have patience until the moon has gone through her evolutions thrice, and never shall you again be disappointed in playing with your dolls."

The gnome had not finished, before the pouting beauty turned on him her heels, went into a closet, without deigning a reply, while he started off for the nearest market-town; and there, under the guise of a farmer, bought an ass, who carried on his back several sacks of seed;

enough to sow over a whole section of land. One of his ministering spirits watched the crop in prospective with care, started and kept up a subterranean fire, to hasten the growth of the turnip seed. Things went on satisfactorily to all appearance. Miss Emma reviewed the turnip field daily with a greater curiosity than she had done the golden apples, seemingly transported from the garden of the Hesperians, to her own; yet she became incommoded by her spleen and ill-humor, to the detriment of her bright, blue eyes. She tarried mostly in a sombre, melancholic mood of fire, throwing flowers into the spring, whose waters mingled with the river Oder, by which they were floated down to the bottom lands; such time-killing, trifling, being understood by all initiated into such mysteries, signify a secret sorrow of the heart. The gnome perceived the impracticability of his ever being able to steal away the heart of Emma by the thousand little attentions he bestowed on her. Nevertheless his patience did not give out or weary in the attempt of changing her prudishness in his favor. His inexperience in love affairs made him believe the trouble he encountered, might belong naturally to romances treating on such subjects; besides, he perceived very nicely and sagaciously that the resistance his ardor encountered, was not without a certain pleasure, well calculated to sweeten the reward of all his constancy. Yet this novice in anthropology mistook the true reason for the obstinacy of his mistress, in taking it for granted, that her affections were disengaged, and the unclaimed lot of her heart belonged to him as the first squatter.

Alas! this was a fatal mistake. A neighbor of his, residing on the banks of the Oder, the duke Ratibor, had been a favored suitor; he appropriated to himself Emma's first love, which, if report speaks correctly, is indestructible, like

the foundation of the four elements. The happy couple looked forward to the day of their union, when the bride disappeared. The terrible news changed the gentle Ratibor into a furious Roland. He deserted his residence, turned misanthrope, went into the forest, complained to the rocks about his misfortune, and committed all the pranks of our fashionable heroes, if the malicious Amon plays on them his pranks. The faithful Emma sighed with her secret grief in her delightful prison, yet still guarded her secret too well for the gnome to account for it. Long since she had made it her study to outwit him, in some way that she might escape from her prison. After many sleepless nights, she had contrived a plan worthy of an experiment.

Spring returned to the mountain glens; the subterranean fire in the conservatory of the gnome became extinct, and the vegetable crop, unscathed by the severity of winter, attained its maturity. Emma slyly extracted several every day, and tried experiments every day for her amusement, as it seemed, although her intention went much further. Once she produced a bee from a little turnip, and sent her off, to gain information from her knight.

"Fly, little insect! fly towards the east," she spake—"to Ratibor, the chieftain of the country, and murmur softly into his ear, his Emma is alive yet, but slave of the goblin, who reigns over these mountains. Don't lose a word of my salutation, and bring back news of his love." The bee flew from the finger of the lady, on its errand, when a greedy swallow picked off the messenger, stuffed with such satisfactory dispatches. By the use of the magic wand she formed a cricket, next teaching it a similar sentence, and greeting for her lover: "Jump, little cricket! over the mountains, to Ratibor, the chieftain, and chirp in his ear, the faithful Emma expects to throw

off her golden chains by the help of his strong arm." The cricket went on its way with speed, but a long legged stork, who was walking along the high road on which the former was traveling, took hold of it with his long bill, and buried it in the dungeon of his capacious craw.

The strong-minded girl, nothing daunted, transformed the third turnip into a magpie. "Flutter from tree to tree, talkative bird, till thou encounterest Ratibor, my betrothed; acquaint him of my captivity, and give him notice to wait for me, with steed and men, on the third day from now, beyond the boundary line of the mountains girding Marienthal; there he may give the fugitive help and protection." The bird knew her duty; she flitted onward, while Emma followed her with her eye till out of sight. The unhappy Ratibor strayed about the forest quite dejected; the arrival of spring and the activity of nature had only strengthened his grief. He sat under a shady oak, thought only of, and sighed loudly for, Emma! The echo retorted in flattering syllables; but at the same time, an unknown voice called out his own name. Listening, he considered it an illusion, when he heard the call repeated. At that moment he perceived the magpie fluttering in the boughs overhead, and understood it to be the intelligent bird, calling his name. "Wily prattler!" he called out—"how didst thou learn the name of a miserable being, wishing only to become annihilated, without leaving a vestige behind him?" Enraged, he picked up a stone, to cast it at the bird, when she sounded the name of Emma. This was a talisman, weakening his uplifted arms, he trembled with excitement, and in his soul it sounded softly, Emma!

Perched upon the tree, the speaker, with the eloquence belonging to her species, delivered herself of her lesson. Ratibor listened to the happy message, light broke in upon him; the terrible

grief beclouding his senses and unstringing his nerves, vanished; once more he found sensibility and recollection, and tried to gain some news in regard to the fate of Emma, although the gabbler did not know any more, but soon took her flight. The duke sought, with long strides his home, armed his horsemen, and went with his troops, for the cape of his good hope, to brave the adventures before him. In the mean time, Miss Emma prepared every thing for the execution of her scheme. She did not torment the patient gnome any longer by her indifference; her eyes sparkled hope, and her coyness grew more pliant. Such happy signs a sighing swain is not slow to improve; and the keen senses of the spiritual adorer soon became aware of the revolution going on; for a gracious look, a friendly gesture, a significant smile bestowed, was oil dropped into the flame, or electric sparks upon alcohol. Emboldened, he paid his court anew, having sued long in vain without being discarded. The preliminaries were as good as signed, only the young lady required a few days to consider, for the sake of decorum; those, the happiest of goblins, willingly granted.

Early the following morning, the beautiful Emma went forth, adorned as a bride, with all the jewels her casket contained. Her light brown hair was twisted in a knot behind, and was set off to advantage, by a crown of myrtle; the trimming of her robe sparkled with diamonds, and when the gnome, already in waiting, hastened to pay her his homage, she modestly covered her blushing face with the end of her veil. "Heavenly maiden!" he stammered, "grant me the favor to read my blessedness from thy eyes!" He attempted to uncover her face, to convince himself of his final success; not daring to extort from her a verbal acknowledgment of his suit. The lady however, veiled herself more closely,

answering modestly, "Can a mortal resist you, love of my heart? Your constancy has gained its object; only, in receiving such a confession from my lips, let my blushes and my tears become covered with a veil." "Why tears, oh dearest?" the spirit asked; "every tear of yours falls like a burning drop of naphtha upon my heart. I only ask a return of my love; but no sacrifice." "Oh! why misconstrue my tears?" Emma replied, "My heart repays your tenderness; even if dark forebodings harrass my mind. A wife preserves not always the attractions of a bride; age never will affect you; while beauty is only a flower of short duration. How shall I convince myself that in the bridegroom I may behold the same affectionate, kind, considerate and abiding husband?" The visitor asked: "Ask for a proof of my faithfulness and obedience in the performance of thy commands, or put my patience to the test, and judge by these of the strength of my unalterable passion." "Be it so!" the cunning Emma decreed. "I ask a single proof only in my favor. Go count the turnips upon the field; my wedding feast shall not be without witnesses; in giving to them animation, they will act as my bridesmaids; yet, be careful in not deceiving me, and make no mistake in their number; because such shall be the evidence of thy immutability!"

Although the gnome went on his errand with reluctance, he nevertheless obeyed without delay, and jumped among the turnips with the same alacrity that a French physician of a lazaretto evinces at the contemplation of the number of sick his expediency brings to the graveyard. Soon, by his zeal, he had summed up the total amount; when, to be certain, the counting was repeated, but, with chagrin, he found a variation of one, in comparison with his first experiment. The third attempt differed again, from the former two; although it is not

very strange, after all, since a pretty female face will bring confusion into the ablest mathematical cranium.

No sooner was this faithful subject of the crafty Emma out of sight, than her preparations for flight commenced. A large succulent turnip changed its vegetable body to that of a noble steed, saddled and bridled; quickly the enchantress was mounted, galloping over the heath and desert of the desolate hills, on the back of the speeding pegasus, down to the Marienthal, and gladly throwing herself in the arms of Prince Ratibor, who anxiously awaited her coming.

So far the busy gnome had dived into the chaos of numbers, as to take no more notice of passing events around him, than the calculating Newton did of the noisy trumpet under his window, in celebration of the battle at Blenheim. He had been able at last, after many fruitless experiments, to make out a correct list of all the vegetables, large and small, the acre contained. Happy, he returned to give his intended a practical illustration of his turning out the most gallant and obedient husband, the imagination and caprice of a wife ever made herself subservient to. Complacent he reached the turf, without finding what he sought for; neither did he behold the desired object in the covered bowers and garden walks; into every nook and corner of the palace he sounded the name of Emma, but the only answer he received was the echo of the deserted halls. He grew weary; and finding something to be wrong, he threw off without delay the clumsy phantom of a body, arose high up into the air, and discovered his beloved fugitive in the distance, her noble horse clearing the limits of his district. Madened, the furious spirit compassed a few clouds, peacefully passing by, and hurled a flash of lightning after the runaway, only splitting an oak of a thousand years' standing; for, beyond the territorial line,

the revenge of the gnome proved harmless, and the thunder-cloud dissolved into a damp fog.

In despair he cruised through the upper regions, and complained of his blighted love to the four winds, until the violence of his passion had settled down, when he returned once more to his palace, and when his sighs and groans vented themselves undisturbed between the walls. He lingered in the garden, but the enchantment had lost its glory; a single footprint of her, the faithless, left in the sand, attracted his attention more than the golden apples and other curiosities. Sweet remembrances turned up everywhere on the soil, where formerly she passed, from which she had gathered flowers; in the places where he had watched her sometimes unperceived, or held such delightful conversations; all this depressed him to such a degree, as to throw him into the direst condition. By degrees his ill humor found vent in horrible imprecations as an offset to his stately parentation on "love's disguises," and he solemnly affirmed, to discard the study of mankind, and take no further notice of such a wicked and deceitful race. Twice he stamped upon the ground, and the magic palace, with all its splendor, turned back into its original nothingness. The abyss opened its dark jaws, the gnome precipitated himself into the pit, turning up at the other side of his dominion, in the center of our globe, where his spleen and hate of mankind followed him.

Prince Ratibor, at the catastrophe described, had secured the matchless booty of his fillibusterism. He conducted the beautiful Emma, in very triumphant pomp, back to the court of her father, there celebrated his nuptials, divided with her his crown, and built the town Ratibor, bearing his name unto this day. The wonderful adventure of the princess, encountered by her on the Riesengebirge;

her bold flight, and happy escape, became the talk of the land; and has been preserved from one generation to another, up to the latest times; for the ladies of

Selesian, with many of their neighbors both right and left, took great interest in the stratagem of the cunning but successful Emma.

Our Social Chair.



ALTHOUGH human bipeds are sometimes accused of entertaining themselves and others with "a horse laugh"—which we suppose must be a cachination that approximates to a neigh—man is said to be the only animal that indulges in a laugh; and while we admit that the axiom may be true in its vulgar interpretation, we must demur to it entirely, if it excludes all muscular action of the face that is indicative of pleasure in other animals: For instance, if the favorite dog meets his master, after a long absence, there is not only a wagging of the tail to manifest his delight, but a partial drawing out and up of the eye-brows, and a general relaxing of the muscles of the face, especially about the eyes, almost in the same manner, yet of course, not to the same extent, as in a human face. It is thus with the horse, which, instead of wagging his tail to indicate his pleasure, as in the dog, lays down his ears and moves them now a little on this side and now on that, while the muscular action of the face is subject to a similar relaxation and expansion to that of the dog. Besides, dogs scowl, like some men, and if they can manifest their aversion, why not their delight also? We all know that nearly all kinds of animals have their time of sport and their method of playing; and while engaged in these, the close observer may discover a variety of changes in the muscles of the face.

We have been led into these reflections by an extract from an interesting work entitled the "Passions of Animals," which we here give as suggestive of enquiry, with an excellent hint that the love of "Fun" is not confined to the genus *homo*.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mud bird on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched necks and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battles or trials of strength, by twisting their horns together, and pushing for mastery.

The animals pretending to violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes great precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and spring forward to another. Bengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are analogous of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, buried them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried 'currack!' triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining this spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

If the reader does not wish to laugh, let him skip the following, from the *Clinton Courant*:

Jem B—— is a wag. A joke to Jem, is both food and raiment; and whenever and

wherever there is an opening for fun, he has it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the "mountainings," entered the store, and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, a'most anything—I want to git a kind of a ginteel job; I'm tired o' farmin', an' kin turn my hand to most any thin'."

"Well, we want a man; a good, strong, healthy man, as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller have to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines; that's all. It requires a stout man—one of good constitution; and after he gets used to it, he dosen't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say six or seven ounces of castor oil, some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, Croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to take anything; but, as a general thing, you can count upon—say from six to ten doses of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it; but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man, (pointing to a very pale faced, slim looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold if you are ready, and, if you say so, we'll begin to-day; here's a new barrel of castor oil, just come in, I'll go and draw an ounce—"

(Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—)

"N-no, no; I g-u-e-ss not—not to-day, any how. I'll go down and see my aunt, an' ef I c'nclude to come, I'll let you know."

As he did not return, it is to be supposed he considered the work too hard.

The following, (not altogether from Pope,) has been "gotten up," "without regard to cost," but, "at a heavy expense," to express the condition and sentiments of the Digger aborigines of this country:

Lo! the poor Indian, who, untutored, feeds
On locusts, beetles, frogs, and centipedes!
His taste keen hunger never taught to sigh
For beef, veal, mutton, pork or pumpkin pie!
But thinks, admitted to that equal feast,
All things are good for man, as well as beast!

Or, in other words, "White man's beep (beef,) beeskit (biscuit,) and wheeskey, belly (very) good for chemuck. Heep wano. Grass-hoppers, acorns, mucho malo — Injun man no caree."

As the Yo-Semite Valley seems to be the great point of attraction to parties recreating, it may not be amiss to give, from the *Mariposa Star*, the following amusing list of provisions that four persons deemed necessary on such a trip! —

A party recently left Joe's store at Mormon Bar for the Valley, and a friend of the *Star* furnishes the following statistics—showing the amount of "the necessaries of life" which is required for an eight day's trip in the mountains:

- 8 lbs potatoes.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- 1 bottle pepper sauce.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- 1 box tea.
- 9 lbs onions.
- 2 bottles whisky.
- 1 ham.
- 11 lbs crackers.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. sardines.
- 2 bottles brandy, (4th proof.)
- 6 lbs sugar.
- 1 bottle brandy, (4th proof.)
- 7 lbs cheese.
- 2 bottles brandy, (4th proof.)
- 1 bottle pepper.
- 5 gallons whisky.
- 4 bottles whisky (old Bourbon.)
- 1 small keg whisky.
- 1 bottle of cocktails, (designed for a "starter.")

The party proceeded as far as Sebastapol, (about two miles,) and halted to rest under a tree. They were there met by a teamster, who took the following message to the Bar. "Tell 'Sam' that we are all right—have got all the provisions we want—our pack animals are doing well—we will return in eight days. About the sixth we will be at the South Fork, on our way home. Tell him to try and meet us there with some whisky, say about two gallons, just enough to last us home. One of our kegs leaks."

The following capital retort will assert its own claim to *pun*-gency, and prove to be well worth the reading:

We saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried. A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then"—giving a sagacious look at the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The counselor said "stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness' head in a bark-mill, little mercy might have been expected; the judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavor to make the spectators believe that a laugh was nothing but a hiccough, while the witness stepped off the stand with all the gravity of a fashionable undertaker.

Not much made out of that witness!

In the annexed clipping from the *Mariposa Gazette*, an off-hand picture of Horace Greeley is given while visiting the valley of water-falls, and groves of mammoth trees, in company with the editor of that paper, and which will be found worth a dozen "dressed up" ones of that famous individual:

Hon. Horace Greeley left Col. Fremont's residence, in Bear River Valley, Thursday morning of last week, and reached Yo-Semite Valley the same night. He returned *via* the Big Tree Grove, which is a distance of ten miles [there and back] from the Yo Semite trail, reaching Bear Valley on Saturday night.

From Mariposa the party were absent fifty-five hours, fourteen hours being spent in the Valley. This is much the quickest trip ever made. Horace, though not by any means an elegant equestrian, possesses two important qualifications for making good time. He sticks to the saddle, or in other words, "hangs on to the crupper" with one hand, and "goes it"—shaking all over like a jelly. He would not, after this fatiguing trip was over, own up to soreness,

as it affected his *honor*, though we gravely suspect the *seat* of it was somewhat damaged, for at these times he evidently was seriously considering his latter end. He was very companionable on the road, discoursing upon light and heavy subjects with easy bluntness, and *naivete*. There is considerable of a dry comical quality in his composition, which unmistakably sticks out on suitable occasions. A peculiarity was noticeable in his manner of expressing wonder and admiration of the grand scenery of the Valley, Big Trees, &c. When anything remarkable appeared to view, he would break forth into whistling, which sounded like the wind blowing through a knot hole, or would roar on some "hime," or sort of *pot pourri*, in which all sorts of words and metres were beautifully intermingled, and set to most execrable music enough to charm the heart of a cat-head owl. He had likewise learned to yell or howl in coming across the plains in a manner that would astonish any aborigine on this continent to a dead certainty. On one foot he wore a cotton sock, and on the other a woolen one. Boots, number 14, which not many years ago cost as much as \$2.50. Pepper and salt pants, with the old white coat and hat completed his entire habiliments, the *tout ensemble* of which was very striking and antique. The old coat was much dilapidated, and pieces had been cut from it in sundry and divers places. The committee that met him at Placerville cut all the buttons off it but three, and the Yo Semite delegation got the rest with the most of its binding.

Notwithstanding Mr. Greeley's evident weariness, he addressed the citizens of Mariposa, Saturday evening, at some length. The subject matter of his remarks were relative to the Pacific Railroad, and to matters of a local character—the Yo Semite Valley, Big Tree Grove, &c. He was attentively listened to, and his remarks were well received.

Mr. Greeley started Sunday afternoon from Bear Valley for San Francisco, at which city he will pass a few days, and then take up his route for the Atlantic States.

The following amusing election item, from our spirited cotemporary, the *San Francisco Morning Call*, will shew that the "Johns" are rapidly becoming interested in our "Melican" institutions:

A STRANGE VOTER.—At one of the precincts a Chinaman presented himself yesterday morning, dressed *a la Americano*,

and offered a "Native American" ticket straight. The inspectors, judges, and all hands commenced giggling and thought they would get a regular rip-roaring laugh out of the Americanized Celestial, so one of them asked him, "John, how long have you been in the country?" Says John, "Seben year me lib here." "Well," said another man, "where were you born, and what's your name?" John turned his moon-eyes to the right and left, then half closed his peeper in a quizzical way, and replied, "Melican me—me name you wantche know?" "Yes," said another man. "Well," said John, as he turned to leave the crowd, "me name is, *Yew Bel!*" John sloped rapidly, dodging an Irishman's boot which whizzed past his ear.

THE following graphic picture, from the *San Joaquin Republican*, of the way-worn emigrant, so many of whom are now arriving among us, we know will be read with peculiar pleasure:

It is quite a novelty to one not used to it, to see how much at home an emigrant family appear at night, when their wagon is halted near a brook or well. The animals are taken out, unharnessed, watered and fed. The wife and mother, in the mean time, kindles a fire from the chips or branches, which she is pretty sure to find about the "camp." The children play around, and if any of them are large enough, they help father or mother, as the case may be. The tea or coffee is made, and the omnipresent bacon is fried, the bread is produced, and a more grateful meal is eaten than at any of our fashionable restaurants, where all the luxuries of the day are set before the epicure. After supper there is a quiet talk, a little singing, perhaps, and then the bed is made upon the wagon, or, perhaps, upon the ground, and all hands lay down to sleep as composedly as if they were upon a bed of down, in a fine city brick house, taking care that their faithful friends, the horses or mules, are previously well secured. In the morning, father, mother, and the boys and girls, are up with the sun. Father and the boys, water, feed, and harness the animals, and mother and the girls get breakfast. This disposed of, all of the weaker members of the party stow themselves in the wagon, the sturdy boy mounts his horse and looks after the cows and loose stock, if there are any along, the husband and father cracks his whip, whistles Yankee Doodle, and away they start for their next "home."

We met a party of this kind on the French Camp road, on Sunday, while riding out a few miles with a friend. We happened to have a quantity of fine grapes in the chaise, as we had called upon a gentleman before starting, upon whose vines the luscious fruit hangs in tons. They were a welcome donation to the travel-worn family, trifling as may have been their value to a satiated Stocktonian. Had not the shadows of night settled, we should have been sorely tempted to have tried their appetites with a second edition, procured from town. If any of our citizens are puzzled to know what to do with their surplus fruit, this may be a useful hint to them. They will get a rich price for the luxury thus disposed of, one of these days.

You are quite right, worthy *confrere*. A kind action, though unremembered by the receiver, meets with an immediate return to the donor; besides, it may not be amiss to call to mind the words of the Divine Teacher: "It is better to give than to receive."

The following choice *morceau*, from the *Bay State*, is so life-like and racy that we cannot resist the temptation of presenting it to the readers of the Chair:

By the way, what is there so derogatory to dignity, as chasing a hat? We saw a gentleman proceeding up street the other day in a most magnificent manner. A beautiful stove-pipe "Leary," and an awful dignity sat on his brow. Had he been in the interior of Africa, he would have been set up for a deity, hat and all. The wind is no respecter to persons; it bloweth whithersoever it listeth; it caught heneath the well turned brim of the "Leary,"—magnificence felt it going and tried to prevent it with both hands. But 'twas gone. Away over curb-stones, gutters and pavements it flew, on crown and brim. Magnificence immediately gave chase. Did you ever see the grace with which a dignified individual tries to run? A sort of genteel skip and polished hop. Once or twice his hands were almost upon it; but fresh breezes wafted it away. At last it met a horse drawing a job-wagon, dodged beneath the animal's fore feet, striking plump into it. With this novel shoe the beast made a few rods, when a vigorous kick sent it flying over the driver's head, and it fell into the street a mishapen thing, with a ventilator in it the size of a horse's hoof. Then it was that Magnificence stood still and "cussed."

The Drama.

Some changes have taken place in this department since our last notice. Miss Avonia Jones has left for Australia. The New Orleans Opera Troupe concluded their engagement at Maguire's, and have been making a successful tour among the principal mining towns of the State. The Italian Opera was revived at the American theatre for some three evenings, but owing to the lack of sufficient patronage, it was allowed to droop and die. Yet, on the 10th and 22d ult. complimentary benefits were given the principal artists, Senor and Senora Bianchi, at the American theatre, prior to their departure for Australia.

The Nelson Troupe, consisting of the Misses Carrie and Sara Nelson, Mr. Alfred Nelson, and Mr. J. Simmonds, arrived here from Australia; and, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Courtaine, and a fair stock company, have been performing at Maguire's Opera House. They opened to rather thin houses, partly occasioned, no doubt, by the very bombastic advertisement of their manager, Mr. Simmonds, which very naturally led people to suspect a lack of excellence in the troupe—but they have grown gradually into public favor, and which they certainly very well deserve. At first, these ladies strikingly reminded us of the Misses Goughenheims, but their superior singing as well as acting, soon convinced us that there the resemblance ended.

The pieces chosen, for the most part, have been in elegant extravaganza; Miss Carrie personating some dashing and high-spirited young gentleman, in which character her pretty face and good figure shew to excellent advantage, and with an easy grace of motion which is observable in every movement she may make, throws a charm upon her audience. Miss Sara has a less roguish looking and somewhat more amiable face than her sister; and although not quite so good an actress, she is a far better singer, and possesses great control of her sweet and well cultivated voice. Mr. Alfred thoroughly understands his part

and has an intensely comic style of humor, and a good voice; but, owing to his "rather over-doing it," and not giving sufficient change of manner to his change of characters, some of his acting is by far too monotonous for great success. Mr. Simmonds has also a very good vein of humor, but of an entirely different kind to that of Nelson, and but for a little too much of the bombastic in his performances, would be a great favorite with the public. The *mise en scene*,—a very important part of theatrical management—has been well attended to throughout the engagement of this troupe.

The Lyceum was opened by an excellent stock company; but not being attended with sufficient profit to the performers, it was given up to Mr. Andrew Torning, and reopened for the season, on the 10th ult.

Mr. Lewis Baker, an excellent theatrical manager, opened the American theatre on the 12th ult. Among the performers were Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Mr. L. Baker—both old California favorites—Mrs. Judah, Miss Sophie Edwin, and Messrs. J. B. Booth, Geo. Ryer, Wm. Barry, and other well and familiarly known artists. Should Mr. Baker present a series of *new* as well as good pieces, it is our opinion that he possesses a company that is fully capable of placing them acceptably before the public, and his success will be certain.

The Fashions.

Ladies' Bonnets.

Shape of bonnets not so materially changed as was anticipated; still small, with a tendency to enlarge, and to flare more, and not so long at the corners; large size crowns, not sloped as much as the summer's fashion, with larger and very square tips, that bell in the back and half way up the side crown. Ladies may congratulate themselves on having once more a comfortable, fashionable bonnet. The "Leghorn" is preferable to all others this fall, and next to it comes the chip and rice straws, trimmed with black and fancy col-

ors, blended. Ruches all round inside are more popular than during the summer season. White and mellow colors, in crape, are used for both street and opera bonnets, at present, trimmed with blonde and flowers—these are mostly made cap crowns, spreading out at the bottom and sides, and present the appearance of an inverted fan; the capes require to be narrower in the middle than at the sides, and gathered in. Much care is necessary to give this cape the required style.

Misses.

Tuscan Flats for misses of fourteen, trimmed with wreaths of pink roses inside and out, with wide pink strings left to flow, the hat being confined by narrow elastic under the chin.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The *Santa Cruz News* made its first appearance August 24th, edited and published by William N. Slocum.

The first of several brilliant and beautiful Aurora Borealis, the colored ground of which was of carmine and silvery blue, with light and bright rays shooting up at right angles of the horizon nearly to the zenith, and extending north of east and west of north over eleven points of the compass, was visible throughout the State from 9 o'clock P. M. of Aug. 28, to 2 o'clock A. M. of the 29th. This is the first of any magnitude or splendor that has been seen since California has belonged to the U. S. Several others equally brilliant have been visible during the month.

The old pioneer, Samuel Neal, died at his residence near Chico, Butte county, August 26th.

At a meeting of the citizens of San Francisco, convened in accordance with an act of the Legislature on the 27th August, the following persons were appointed Delegates from this county to the great Pacific Railroad Convention held in San Francisco on the 19th ult.: John Middleton, J. B. Crockett, J. A. McDougal, H. S. Fitch, Wm. B. Lewis, W. B. Farwell, E. A. Crowell, N. Holland, and H. M. Pate.

Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveler, and wife, arrived in the Golden Age on the 28th of August last.

On Saturday, Aug. 28th, two men named Charles Karsen and Girsell Peterson, were

at work in a tunnel, one mile from Monte Christo. They discovered the blacksmith shop and a pile of charcoal and wood, at the mouth of the tunnel, to be on fire. They attempted to escape, but were forced to return. Karsen went back about six hundred feet, fell insensible, and lay from two to seven P. M., when he was carried out. Though severely affected, he recovered. Peterson was found about five hundred feet in, and was taken out dead.

The *Knight's Landing News* is the title of a new Yolo county paper, edited and published by Snyder & Howard.

The annual Fair of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanics' Society of the Northern District of California was held in Marysville, Aug. 30th, 31st, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d, and was a triumphant exhibition of the progress made in Home produce in the arts, mechanics, agriculture, &c.

The Public Schools of San Francisco completed their examination on the 1st ult, prior to their vacation of two weeks.

An overland mail between Stockton and this city has been established, and the line went into operation on Monday, August 22d, when the first mail from Stockton *via* the new route was received at the post office in this city. The mail will be transported daily. The distance run is seventy-nine miles.

New gold diggings, says the *Beacon*, were discovered on the bars of the upper Sacramento river, about twelve miles above Red Bluffs, paying from \$6 to \$10 per day to the hand.

At the seventh annual examination of the students of the Benicia Seminary, Miss Mary Atkins, Principal, held Aug. 30th, 31st, and Sept. 1st, at the close of the academical year 1858-9, the following young ladies received graduating honors and a diploma: Miss Maria Barber, and Amanda Hook, of Martinez; Sallie G. Knox, and Josephine F. Sather, of San Francisco; Alida Wadhams, and Medora Wadhams, of Los Angeles.

The California Horticultural Society held its third annual Fair at Musical Hall, San Francisco, on the 6th ult., continuing four days, when a very large and choice variety of fruits and flowers were exhibited. The introductory address was delivered by W. Wadsworth, editor of the California *Culturist*.

Bayard Taylor, the traveler, gave a course of four lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, for which they paid him \$1,500.

The *Territorial Enterprise* mentions a Pi Ute Indian who recently visited Genoa, who weighs 245 pounds, and measures 6 feet 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in height. He is only 25 years of age, and is well featured.

The following were the rates of passage by the steamers which sailed on the 5th ult. for the East: Mail steamer Golden Gate, 1st cabin, upper saloon, \$107; 1st cabin, lower saloon, \$82; 2d cabin, \$50; steerage, \$45. Opposition steamer Uncle Sam, 1st cabin, deck state rooms, \$100; main saloon, \$80; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$40.

At the annual celebration of the Society of California Pioneers, on the 9th ult.—the day of this State's admission into the Union, 1850,—W. B. Farwell, one of the editors of the *Alta*, delivered the Oration, and John R. Ridge, the talented editor of the Marysville *Democrat*, wrote, and was to deliver the Poem of the day, but which was read by Mr. J. C. Duncan.

The San Andreas *Independent* describes the largest strike yet. Mr. Isbel, of Vallejo, struck a wonderful streak of good fortune in his quartz ledge. He took out in two days \$15,000.

The Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator for California, was mortally wounded on the 13th ult, in a duel with D. S. Terry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and died of his wound on the morning of the 16th, at San Francisco. Immediately after the news of his death was made known, all the flags of the city were lowered to half-mast, and public and private buildings were draped in mourning.

On the 17th his body was laid in state. On the 18th Col. E. D. Baker delivered a glowing eulogy to his memory, before a large concourse of people assembled on the Plaza, the corpse lying before him on a catafalque erected for the purpose. After the oration, a vast procession, numbering several thousand, followed his remains to their last resting-place in Lone Mountain Cemetery. It was a solemn day of earnest and melancholy feeling.

At the last election, held Sept. 7th, the following persons were chosen: for Governor, M. S. Latham; Lieut. Governor, J. G. Downey; Congress, J. C. Burch and C. L. Scott; Supreme Judge, W. W. Cope; Attorney General, T. H. Williams; Clerk of Supreme Court, C. S. Fairfax; Comptroller, S. H. Brooks; Surveyor General, H. A. Higley; Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. J. Moulder; State Printer, C. T. Botts. Those candidates who were nominated by the People's Committee, for the city and county of San Francisco, were elected, with one exception, the Superintendent of Public Schools.

The nuptials of Richard Williams and Mary Jones, both of San Juan, Nevada county, by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, were celebrated in the agricultural pavilion, on the 17th ult., in the presence of about 1,500 persons.

On the 20th ult. the John L. Stevens had 504 passengers for Panama, and the Orizaba 834. The steamer shipment was \$1,858,653.

A bar of gold that weighed 158 pounds, and valued at \$41,000, was exhibited at the State Fair.

Editor's Table.



WHATEVER subjects may for the time being usurp the attention of the California public, and however much we may risk the accusation of harping upon an exploded idea, and a worn-out theme, we nevertheless insist that no thought can command more practical importance to the people of the Pacific coast, than the Railroad—the PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. Inch by inch has the subject been fought in past times, and not without a certain amount of success, inasmuch as various routes have

been explored and surveyed at different points from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific Ocean. That is something. Semi-weekly stage lines, that carry the mails in as expeditious a manner as the mail steamer, [and even anticipating a large proportion of the news] have been established and are in successful running order from that point to this. That again is something. It is much. By the former we ascertain a vast amount of valuable information concerning the country over which a railroad must pass; and by the latter we

have the pioneer of the locomotive itself. Yet, these are NOT THE RAILROAD.

We candidly confess that as yet we have not seen a good, safe, economical and practical plan offered to the public, that has been sufficiently perfect and complete in its general construction and main details, to assume a tangible shape; and such as the government could feel at liberty to adopt, and at the same time maintain its conservative character. It is an easy matter to say, "Give us the railroad," but it is not an easy matter for so vast a work to be undertaken, or even assisted, by the general government, without its great plan being well digested and sufficiently well guarded to prevent speculation.

The Pacific and Atlantic Railroad Convention, now in session, it is to be expected as well as hoped, will originate and perfect such a plan as shall command the confidence and secure the assistance of the government—at least, so far as to enlist its aid to construct the road across United States territory; and the States at either end of the route to build it to their respective State lines, either by public subscription or legislative enactment. It is true, that before the latter could be carried out with us, the constitution would have to be amended; inasmuch, as it now stands, no debt that exceeds three hundred thousand dollars can be contracted by the State, and in case of the desirability of a change, it should be very guardedly done, as economy most certainly is our great hope of future prosperity. The moment that a good practical plan has been adopted by the Convention, we would suggest the desirability of a large petition to the government being well circulated throughout every settlement of the State, and signed by every friend of the measure. This will back up our belief in the immediate necessity of the work, and compel the attention that its importance demands.

THE recent exhibition at the great State Fair, held in Sacramento from Sept. 13th to the 23d, will speak more for the progress

made in the manufactures, and all the wondrous and varied productions of the soil, than could be realized at a single glance at any other similar display. Self-reliance, backed up with strong common sense, refined taste, skill, indomitable perseverance and untiring industry, has proved, even to the doubtful and the wavering, that success is within the reach of those who toil for it.

From the work of the intelligent artisan and sturdy laborer to the refined and elevating exercises of gentler minds and fingers, Progress has been made self-evident at this exhibition. No one, we should think, could walk around the magnificent, well furnished, and tastefully arranged pavilion, and look upon the beautiful works of art—from an humble and unpretentious pencil or water-color drawing, to the most elaborately worked fabric of silk—and not see how much of earnest faith, and patience, and hope, have been called into being through the fair hands that wrought them; or examine into the wonderful contrivances and triumphs of mechanical skill, apparent on every hand—from an eyeless miner's pick to the complicated workings of the steam engine—and not feel proud and hopeful that the day of a brighter destiny is dawning upon the dwellers on this far western coast.

The display of fruits, vegetables, and grains, in their infinite variety, beauty and size, would not only compare well with that of any other State in our glorious Union, but far eclipse them, one and all; for, in these, our soil and climate enables us to throw down the challenging gauntlet triumphantly, knowing that they cannot equal, much less excel us.

Besides, it was but a few years since that we imported nearly all our breadstuffs, wines, cheese, butter, honey, pickles, preserved fruits, refined sugar, hops, printing paper, furniture, friction matches, brooms, glue, starch, soap, candles, perfumery, camphene, leather, stone-ware, drugs, essential oils, paints, cigars, chairs, tubs, buckets, willow ware, salt, wagons, bug-

gies, carriages, saddlery and harness, mining tools, agricultural implements and mechanical tools, churns, brass work, piano fortes, billiard tables and cues, book-binding, jewelry, sculpture, quicksilver, steam engines, and numberless other articles, now manufactured to a greater or less extent in our own State; and such has been the success in the production of cereals, that the quantity grown already exceeds our demands for home consumption, and consequently are becoming an important article of export. The healthy and almost incredible productions of the vine, and the flavor and fineness of our wines, have given them a word-wide celebrity. Our gold has supplied the coffers of nearly all the treasures of the world with important additions to their stock of bullion. Quicksilver from the mines of New Almaden and Gaudalupe has for several years been a profitable article of export as well as of home consumption.

At one time, it was a matter of some anxiety whether or not the supply of beef cattle and sheep would not decrease to such an extent by over-consumption as to justify the expectation of a famine in fresh meats; but, although our population has been great, and the consumption heavy, such has been the ratio of increase, that our markets have been well supplied, and yet the number of animals of the finest breeds, has been nearly doubled. Many of our horses will already compare favorably with the celebrated stock of Kentucky and Tennessee: if any person doubts this, let him go and examine for himself. Recently a fine assortment of French and Spanish Merino sheep were imported, and such was the fineness and weight of the fleeces taken from them, that they were sold at almost fabulous prices—some even as high as one thousand five hundred dollars *each*. Quietly, but surely, has been the progress made in live stock of all kinds; the raising and improving of which has been attended with very profitable results. Therefore let us all take courage to renew our efforts and assist in that progress that shall be lasting.

These, and many more that might be enumerated not only illustrate the progress we are making as a State and people, but tell of the gradual retention among us of a portion of that wealth which formerly passed out semi-monthly for the benefit of the exporter. Therefore, every one of both sexes who devotes his or her talents to the development or production of any article of consumption or of export, be it ever so simple, becomes a public benefactor, and as such, is entitled to the gratitude of a commonwealth.

With this view, we consider that an unsuccessful competitor for a premium at these annual exhibitions, contributes as much to advance the interests of a State, and often to his own fortunes, as the successful one. Actual success is not to be measured, in our estimation, by the gain or loss of a prize. Besides the hope and aim that stimulate the attempt for success, secures the possession of the dignifying principle of self-reliance, as much to the one as to the other; and to the true man, defeat this time will be nothing more than the creator of a determined resolve by renewed efforts on his part to place his success next time beyond the possibility of defeat.

Co Contributors and Correspondents.

Miss T.—Well, we should think you would object to such a name as Tar——, (we will not write it in full.) Anybody would who has any pride for euphony in their nature; but ladies can generally have their names corrected much easier than gentlemen, providing they can prevail upon some one who will assume the responsibility. Try it; you're not too old yet.

Prof. Horn.—No. We could'n't find room for no such "lines of contents" in our columns. We could'nt. We have a kink on the inside of our neck from *reading* them, that may result in lock-jaw; and supposing such an effect to be upon all our readers, the result of *printing* them would be fearful to contemplate.



Near View of the YO-SEMITE FALLS,
2,500 FEET IN HEIGHT.

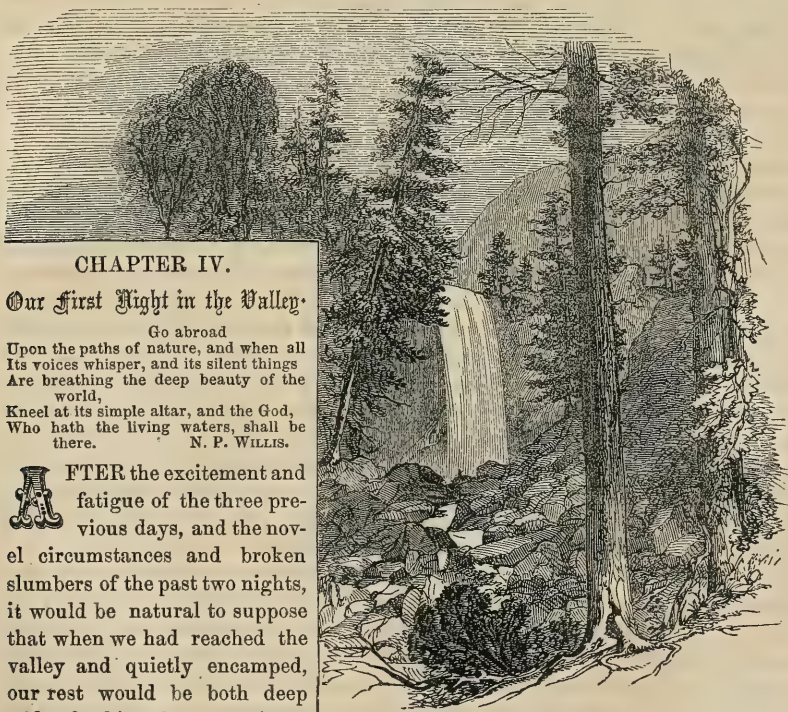
[From a Photograph by C. L. WEED.]

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1859. No. 5.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.



CHAPTER IV.

Our First Night in the Valley.

Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the
world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,
Who hath the living waters, shall be
there. N. P. WILLIS.

AFTER the excitement and fatigue of the three previous days, and the novel circumstances and broken slumbers of the past two nights, it would be natural to suppose that when we had reached the valley and quietly encamped, our rest would be both deep and refreshing, but experience proved that this supposition was altogether too favorable.

The hotel being newly built, although roomy, was not very commodious, and owing to a lack of single apartments, furniture, and other conveniences, was but little in advance of our star-lighted chamber of the previous night; yet, in

THE "PI-WY-AC," OR VERNAL FALL, ON THE MAIN BRANCH OF THE MERCED RIVER.

order to meet this difficulty, at least half way, the really obliging proprietor had constructed some brush shanties, or arbors, sufficiently large to accommodate two or three persons, and carpeted it with fern leaves, and these formed the bed; but owing to the mosquitoes having recently given a series of very successful concerts in the valley, as reported by other travelers, they were now in high spirits, and had a playful habit of alighting on and piercing our noses and foreheads, to keep us awake, that we might not lose a single note of their nocturnal serenade.

Then, weary as we were, it seemed such a luxury to lie and listen to the splashing, washing, roaring, surging, hissing, seething sound of the great Yo-Semite Falls; just opposite, or to pass quietly out of our brush shelter and look up between the lofty pines and spreading oaks, to the granite cliffs that towered up with such majesty of form and boldness of outline, against the vast ætherial vault of heaven; or watch in the moonlight the ever changing shapes and shadows of the water, as it leaped the cloud-draped summit of the mountain and fell in gusty torrents on the unyielding granite, to be dashed to an infinity of atoms. Then to return to our fern-leaf couch, and dream of some tutelary genius, of immense proportions, extending over us his protecting arms, and admonishing the waterfall to modulate the music of its voice into some gently soothing lullaby, that we might sleep and be refreshed.

Some time before the sun could get a good, honest look at us, deep down as we were in this awful chasm, we saw him painting his rosy smiles upon the ridges, and washing lights and shadows in the furrows of the mountain's brow, as though it took a pride in showing up, to the best advantage, the wrinkles time had made upon it; but all of us felt too fatigued fully to enjoy the thrilling

grandeur and beauty that surrounded us.

Here, reader, permit us to remark that ladies or gentlemen, especially the former, who visit this valley to look upon and appreciate its wonders, and make it a trip of pleasurable enjoyment, should not attempt its accomplishment in less than three days, either from Mariposa, Coulterville, or Big Oak Flat. If this is remembered, the enjoyment will be doubled.

After a substantial breakfast, made palatable by that most excellent of sauces, a good appetite, our guide announced that the horses were ready, and the saddle-bags well stored with such good things as would commend themselves acceptably to our attention about noon, we were soon in our saddles and off.

CHAPTER V.

Hike to the Yo-Semite Falls.

They spake not a word:
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.
SHAKS: *Richard III.*

After crossing a rude bridge over the main stream, which is here about sixty feet in width, and eight in depth, at this season of the year, we kept down the northern bank for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of the valley in front of the hotel, that was then overflowed with water. On either side of our trail, in several places, such was the luxuriant growth of the ferns, that they were above our shoulders as we rode through them.

Presently we reached one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It was the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, formed an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pebbly stream, and in the back-ground, the lower fall of the Yo-Semite was dropping its sheet of snowy sheen behind a dark middle distance of pines and hemlocks.

As the snow was rapidly melting, be-

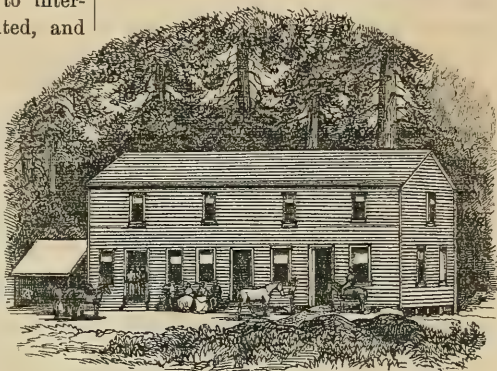
neath the fiery strength of a hot June sun, a large body of water was rushing past, forming several small streams, which, being comparatively shallow, were easily forded. When within about a hundred and fifty yards of the fall, as numerous large boulders began to intercept our progress, we dismounted, and after fastening our animals to some young trees, made our way up to it on foot.

Now a change of temperature became perceptible, as we advanced; and the almost oppressive heat of the center of the valley was gradually changing to that of chilliness. But up, up, we climbed, over this rock, and past that tree, until we reached the foot, or as near as we could advance to it, of the great Yo-Semite fall, when a cold draught of air rushed down upon us from above, about equal in strength to an eight knot breeze; bringing with it a heavy shower of finely comminuted spray that fell with sufficient force to saturate our clothing in a few moments. From this a beautiful phenomenon was observable, inasmuch as after striking our hats, the diamond-like mist shot off at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, and as the sun shone it formed a number of miniature rainbows all round about us.

The reader who has never visited this spot, must not suppose that the cloud-like spray that descends upon us is the main fall itself, broken into infinitesimal particles, and become nothing but sheets of cloud; by no means; for, although this stream shoots over the margin of the mountain, nearly seven hundred feet above, it falls almost in a solid body, not in a continuous stream, exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in

their descent, and mingle the one into the other, and the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and beauty.

Huge boulders, and large masses of sharp, angular rocks, are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of



THE YO-SEMITE HOTEL.

an immense and apparently ever-boiling cauldron; around, and in the interstices of which, numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grasses, and flowers, are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream.

It is beyond the power of language to describe the awe-inspiring majesty of the darkly frowning and overhanging mountain walls of solid granite that here hem you in on every side, as though they would threaten you with instantaneous destruction, if not total annihilation, did you attempt for a moment to deny their power. If man ever feels his utter insignificance at any time, it is when looking upon such a scene of appalling grandeur as that presented here.

The point from whence the photograph was taken and from which our engraving was made, being almost underneath the fall, might lead to the supposition that the lower section, which embraces more than two-thirds of the picture, was the highest of the two seen; when, in fact, the lower one, according to the measure-

ments of Mr. James Denman, of Mr. Peterson, the engineer of the Mariposa and Yo-Semite Water Company, and of Mr. Long, county surveyor, is only about 700 feet above the level of the valley, while the upper one is about 1,448 feet, and between the two—which is more a series of rapids than a fall—about 400 feet, giving the total height of the whole at 2,548 feet.

After lingering here for several hours, with inexpressible feelings of suppressed astonishment and delight, qualified and intensified by veneration, we took a long and reluctant last upward gaze, convinced that we should “never look upon its like again,” until we paid it another visit at some future time; and, making the best of our way to where our horses were tied, we proceeded to endorse the truthfulness of the prognostications of our guide in the morning, before starting, concerning appetites and lunch. But, were we to tell the reader the number, kind, or quality of the viands provided, or the appetising influence of the mountaintop air, if at all afflicted with dyspepsia, he would be sure to wish that he had been one of the party—and find, too, that he might indulge in a thousand worse wishes.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Lake Ah-wi-yah.

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”—KEATS.

Leaving the Yosemite falls, we recrossed the fords, and threaded our way through the far-stretching vistas of luxuriant green that opened before us; the bright sunlight and sombre shadows ever winking and twinkling upon the sparkling and gurgling stream, and dimly-defined trail; until we emerged on a grassy and flower-covered plateau on the north side of the valley, near the base of the great North Dome, called by the Indians *To-coy-æ*. This mountain of naked granite, with scarcely a tree or shrub grow-

ing from a single crevice, towers above you to the height of 3,725 feet. Its sides are nearly perpendicular for more than two thousand feet, at which point its immense spherical crown commences. The snow, melting on its summit and sides, formed several small ribbon-like streams of silvery water.

Having crossed the plateau, we rode over some rocky hillocks, and among a park-like array of oak trees, until we arrived at Lake *Ah-wi-yah*, so named and known by the Indians, but which has been newly christened by American visitors “Lake Hiawatha,” “Mirror Lake,” and several others, which, though pretty enough, are equally common-place and unsuitable. But of this we shall have something to say in another chapter.

This lake, although a charming little sheet of crystal water of almost a couple of acres in extent, in which numerous schools of speckled trout may be seen gaily disporting themselves, would be unworthy of a notice, but for the picturesque grandeur of its surroundings. On the north and west lie immense rocks that have become detached from the tops of the mountain above; among these grow a large variety of trees and shrubs, many of which stand on and overhang the margin of the lake, and are reflected on its mirror-like bosom. To the north-east opens a vast gorge or canon, down which impetuously rushes the waters of the north fork of the Merced, which debouches into and supplies the lake.

On the south-east stands the “Semi,” or “South Dome,” 4,593 feet in altitude above the valley. Almost one-half of this immense mass, either from some convulsion of nature, or

“Time’s effacing fingers,”

has fallen over, and by which, most probably, the dam for this lake was first formed. Yet proudly, aye, defiantly erect, it still holds its noble head, and is not only the highest of all those around, but

is the greatest attraction of the valley. Moreover, in this is centered many agreeable associations to the Indian mind; as here was once the traditional home of the guardian spirit of the valley, the

angel-like and beautiful *Tis-sa-ack*, and after whom her devoted Indian worshippers named this gloriously majestic mountain. While we sit in the shade of these fine old trees and look upon all the



RIVER SCENE BELOW THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

[From a Photograph, by C. L. Weed.]

objects around us, and mirrored on the unruffled bosom of the lake, let us relate the following interesting legend of Tutoch-ah-nu-lah, after whom the vast perpendicular and massive projecting rock at the lower end of the valley, was named, and with which is interwoven the history of *Tis-sa-ack*.

This legend was told in an eastern journal, by a gentleman residing here,

who signs himself "Iota," and who received it from the lips of an old Indian, in the relation of which, although several points of interest are omitted, it will, nevertheless, prove very entertaining:

"It was in the unremembered past that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yosemite. Then all was happiness; for Tutochahnulah sat on high in his rocky home, and cared for the people whom he

loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—echoed from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun.

"But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the West were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sate upon the southern granite dome that raises its gray head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot shone like the snow-tufts on the wintry pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings wavered upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet sad tone of the night-bird of the woods.

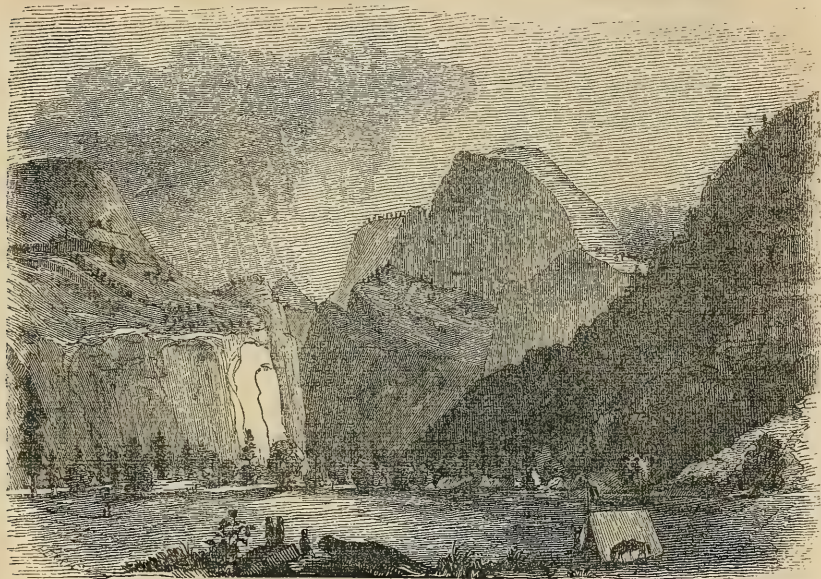
"*'Tutochahnulah,'* she softly whispered—then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded top. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the

foot of the noble youth as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes and he saw her no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored *Tutochahnulah* leap the stony barriers and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely *Tes-sa-ach*. Each day he laid sweet acorns and wild flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf: his eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak before her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maid, and so strong was his thought of her that he forgot the crops of *Yo-Semite*, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild corn, the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. *Tutochahnulah* saw none of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden. But *Tes-sa-ach* looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when early in the morning she stood upon the gray dome of the mountain; so, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers and delicate grasses, green trees, and nodding acorns.

"Then, with an awful sound, the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was riven asunder, while the melting snows from the Nevada gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountain, and sent a sweet murmuring river thro' the valley. All then was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again sang for delight; the

moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head; and the sap, with velvet footfall, ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maid, for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had been again



VIEW OF NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES, "TO-COY-EE" AND "TIS-SA-ACK," FROM THE VALLEY.

clothed with beauty, had disappeared as strangely as she came. Yet, that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river, and *yonder half-dome*, which still bears her name, '*Tes-sa-ack*.' It is said to be 4,500 feet high, and every evening it catches the last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peaks above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell, on the margin of the lake, you will now see thousands of little white violets.

"When Tutochahnulah knew that she was gone, he left his rocky castle and wandered away in search of his lost love. But that the Yo-Semites might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his bold hand, he carved the outlines of his noble head upon the face of the rock. And there they still remain, 3,000 feet

in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley which had received his loving care.

IOTA."

The rapidly declining sun and an admonishing voice from our organs of digestion, were both persuasive influences to recommend an early departure for the hotel and dinner, and which, we need not add, were promptly responded to.

As we sat in the stillness and twilight of evening, thinking over and conversing about the wondrous scenes our eyes had looked upon that day; or listened, in silence, to the deep music of the distant waterfalls, our hearts seemed full to overflowing with a sense of the grandeur, wildness, beauty, and profoundness to be felt and enjoyed when communing with the glorious works of nature; and

which called to mind those expressive lines of Moore,

The earth shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

CHAPTER VII.

A Climbing Excursion.

Expect great things, attempt great things.

DR. CAREY.

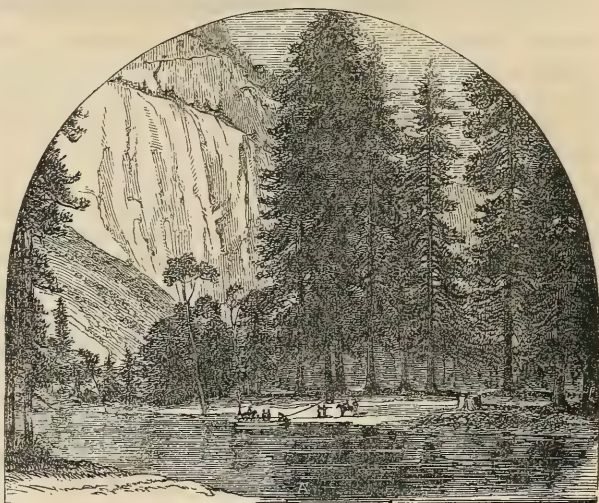
An undefinable longing to look down from the top of the mountain walls that encompass this valley; to examine the surrounding country above, and measure the width and depth of the Yo-Semite river, before it leaps down into the abyss below, stimulated the writer and Mr. J. Lamson, an artist, to make the attempt. Accordingly we repaired to the foot of an almost inaccessible mountain gorge, named Indian Canon, situated about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Yo-Semite falls, and nearly opposite to the hotel, for the purpose of making the ascent. It was a fatiguing and difficult task that few had ever undertaken. In order the better to insure our success, we started early in the morning. The day proved to be one of the warmest of the season, as the thermomoter in the valley stood at 104°.

Yet, after fairly entering the canon, the trees and shrubs that grew between the rocks, afforded us a very grateful shelter for a quarter of the distance up; when the almost vertical mountain side on our right, threw its refreshing shadow across the ascent for the greater portion of the remaining distance.

Thus protected, we climbed over, crept beneath, or walked around, the huge boulders that formed the bed of the gorge; and which, owing to their immense size, frequently compelled us to make a detour in the sun to avoid them, or seek as easy an ascent as possible in the accomplishment of this our excessively fatiguing task.

A cascade of considerable volume was leaping over this, dashing past that, rushing between those, and gurgling among these rocks, affording us gratuitous music and drink as we climbed.

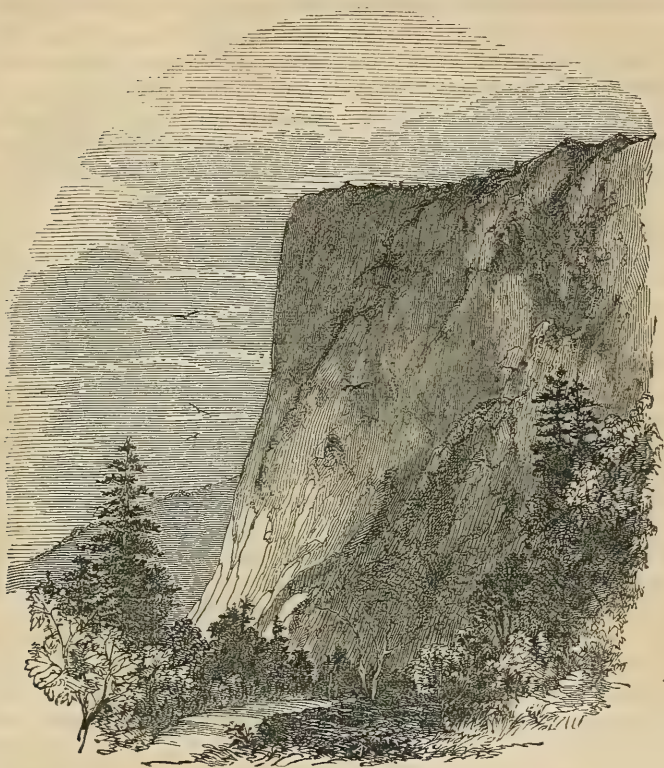
Large pine trees that had fallen across the canon during the rapid melting of the snow, had been lifted up and tossed, like a skiff by an angry sea, to the top of some huge rocks, and there left. Onward and upward we toiled, the perspiration rolling from our brows; but we were cheered and rewarded by the increasing novelty and beauty of the scenes that were momentarily opening to our view as we ascended.



THE FERRY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

When about half way up, progressing as well as we could on hands and knees, without a thought of danger, a large snake sprung his rattle before us, just in



TU-TOCH-AH-NU-LAH, THREE THOUSAND AND EIGHTY-NINE FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

time to give information that a forked tongue and a pair of fangs were within a few inches of our face. To leap back, was the prompt, spontaneous act of a moment, and, when duly armed, we valourously charged upon the enemy, and relieved him of his life and rattles.

At noon we reached the summit of the mountain. From its lofty top, the magnificent panorama that was spread out before us, it is impossible to describe. Deep, deep below, in peaceful repose, slept the valley; its carpet of green cut up by sheets of standing water and small brooks that ran down from every ravine and gorge, while the serpentine course of the river resembled a huge sil-

ver ribbon, as its sheen flashed in the sun. On its banks, and at the foot of the mountains around, groves of pines two hundred feet in high, looked like mere weeds.

All the hollows of the main chain of the Sierras, stretching to the eastward, and southward, apparently but a few miles distant, were yet filled with snow; above and out of which sharp and bare saw-like peaks of rock, rose well defined, against the clear blue sky. The south dome from this elevation, as from the valley, is the grandest of all the objects in sight; a conical mountain beyond, and a little to the south of the south dome, is apparently as high, but few

points even of the summits of the Sierras seem to be but little higher than it.

The bare, smooth granite top of this mountain upon which we stood; and the stunted and storm-beaten pines that struggled for existence and sustenance in the seams of the rock, with other scenes equally unprepossessing, presented a view of savage sterility and dreariness that was in striking contrast with the productive fertility of the lands below, or the heavily timbered forests through which we had passed on our way to the valley.

From this ridge, which most probably is not less than 3,500 feet above the valley, we descended nearly 1,000 feet, at an easy grade, to the Yo-Semite river, where we took lunch. The current of this stream for half a mile above the edge of the falls runs at the rate of about eight knots an hour. Upon careful measurement with a line, we found it to be thirty-four and a half feet in width, with an average depth of twelve inches. The grey granite rock over which it runs is very hard, and as smooth as a sheet of ice, to tread which in safety great care is needed; or before one is aware of it he would find his head where his feet should be, when the force of the current would sweep him over the falls.

After placing a flag upon the tree standing nearest the edge of the fall, the accomplishment of which was attended with considerable danger, owing to a very strong wind that blew through the gap, we prepared to return.

But when we had reached the top of the ridge before mentioned, and again saw the wonders and glories that were beyond us, all that we seemed to wish or hope for was the possession of a single pound of bread, that, after building us a fire, by which to sleep for the night without blankets, we might pursue our interesting explorations to a more satisfactory close on the morrow.

As the sun had nearly set before we

were content to leave this charmed spot, and our descent occupied us busily for over four hours, we did not arrive at the hotel until very late at night, so that we had to find our way over the jagged rocks and among the smooth boulders, of the gorge, in the dark, with the risk of breaking our limbs or neck.

CHAPTER VIII.

Comparison between the Yo-Semite and some parts of Switzerland.

While recruiting a little, after our fatiguing jaunt to the top of the falls, we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. P. V. Veeder, who, having visited Switzerland and Savoy, has sent us the following:

According to promise, I send you a few notes of comparison between the scenery of Yo-Semite valley and that of some parts of Switzerland.

The Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, may be compared to a vast shield, or buckler, lying on the bosom of the earth, and extending one hundred and fifty miles, from the borders of France to the Alps of the Tyrol, and one hundred miles from the plains of Piedmont to the broad valley between the Alps and the Jura Mountains. From this rough-seamed surface, there rise three immense bosses, or projecting points—three radiating centres, sending off lofty chains of mountains towards each other, and into the plains of France, Italy, and Switzerland, at their feet. The loftiest of these bosses, or centres, is Mt. Blanc in Savoy, the height of which is 15,744 feet; the next in height is Monte Rosa, 15,200 feet high; and the third is the Bernese Alps, the culminating point of which is the Finster-aarhorn, 14,100 feet high. These three grand centres are about sixty miles apart, and each has a scenery peculiar to itself. They are alike, vast rugged mountain masses, towering 6,000 feet into the region of perpetual snow; but



INDIAN CANON.

Mt. Blanc has its "aiguilles," or needles; Monte Rosa, its wonderful neighbor, Mt. Corvin; and the Bernese Alps have their beautiful valley of misty waterfalls, leaping over perpendicular cliffs. The traveler who visits Yo-Semite valley after seeing the Alps, will be reminded of each of these three grand centres. He will see the Aiguilles of Mt. Blanc, in the "Sentinel," or "Castle Rock," rising as straight as a needle, to the height of 3,200 feet above the valley, and in several other pointed rocks of the same kind. He will be reminded of the sublimest object in the vicinity of Monte Rosa, the Materhorn, or Mt. Cervin, the summit of which is a dark obelisk of porphyry, rising from a sea of snow, to the height of 4,500 feet. The "South Dome," at

Yo-Semite falls is a similar obelisk, 4,593 feet in height.

But above all, the general shape, the size, and the waterfalls of Yo-Semite valley give it the closest resemblance to the famous valley of Lauterbrunnen, at the base of the Jungfrau, in the Bernese Alps. No part of Switzerland is more admired and visited. To me, its chief charm is not so much its sublime precipices, and its lofty waterfalls, which give the valley its name, "Lauterbrunnen," meaning "sounding brooks," as the magnificent mountain summits, towering up beyond the precipices, and the unearthly beauty and purity of the glistening snows on the bosom of the Jungfrau, and the mountains at the head of the valley. But these summits are not the peculiar

characteristic features of Lauterbrunnen valley. These are the waterfalls, the perpendicular precipices, and the beautiful grassy and vine-clad vale between. And these are the grand features of Yo-Semite valley. Here you stand in a level valley of about the same dimensions as the Lauterbrunnen valley—from eight to ten miles long, and a little more than a mile wide—covered here with a magnificent pine forest, the trees averaging two hundred feet in height—there, with a growth of noble oaks, and elsewhere, opening into broad grassy fields. These natural features almost equal in beauty the vineyards, gardens, and cultivated fields of Lauterbrunnen.

But look now at the waterfalls: only one of them in the Swiss valley has a European celebrity—the Staubbach, or “Dust Brook,”—known as the highest cascade in Europe. It falls at one leap, 925 feet. Long before it reaches the ground, it becomes a veil of vapor, beclouding acres of fertile soil at its foot. It is worthy of all the admiration and enthusiasm it excites in the beholder. But the “Bridal Veil” Falls in Yo-Semite valley is higher, being 940 feet in altitude, leaps out of a smoother channel, in a clear, symmetrical arch of indescribable beauty—has a larger body of water, and is surrounded by far loftier, and grander precipices.

When we come to the “Yo-Semite Falls” proper, we behold an object which has no parallel anywhere in the Alps. The upper part is the highest waterfall in the world, as yet discovered, being 1,500 feet in height. It reminds me of nothing in the Alps, but the avalanches seen falling at intervals down the precipices of the Jungfrau. It is indeed a perpetual avalanche of water comminuted as finely as snow, and spreading as it descends into a transparent veil, like the train of the great comet of 1858. As you look at it from the valley beneath, a

thousand feet below, it is not unlike a snowy comet, perpetually climbing, (not the heavens,) but the glorious cliffs which tower up 3,000 feet into the zenith above, not unlike a firmament of rock.

The lower section of the Yo-Semite Falls has its parallel in Switzerland, the Handeck, but is much higher. The scenery around the “Vernal Falls,” which resemble a section of the American Falls at Niagara, is like that of the Devil’s Bridge, in the Great St. Gothard road, which is perhaps the wildest and most savage spot in Switzerland, unless we except that wonderful gorge of the Rhine—the Videllala. But when you climb through blinding spray, and up the “ladders,” to the top of the Vernal Falls, and follow the foaming river to the foot of the Nevada Falls, all comparison fails to convey an idea of the sublimity and wildness of the scene. The Swiss traveler must climb the rugged sides of Mt. Blanc, cross the Mere de Glace, and stationing himself on the broken rocks of the Gardin, imagine a river falling in a snowy avalanche over the shoulder of one of the sharp Aiguilles, or needle-shaped peaks, around him. There are no glaciers at the foot of the Nevada Falls, but every other feature of the scene, has an unearthly wildness, to be equalled only near Alpine summits.

To return again to the comparison of the sister valleys—the Yo-Semite and the Lauterbrunnen. The third peculiar feature of the Swiss valley is the parallel precipices on each side, rising perpendicularly from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. They are indeed sublime, and where the cliff projects, in a rounded form, like the bastions of some huge castle, you might imagine that you beheld one of the strongholds of the fabled Titans of old. But, what are they, compared with such a giant as Tutochahnulah, lifting up his square, granite forehead, 3,090 feet above the grassy plain at his feet, a rounded, curving cliff, as smooth, as symmetrical, to

the eye, and absolutely as vertical for the upper 1,500 feet, as any Corinthian pillar on earth! What shall we say when standing in the middle of a valley, more than a mile wide, you know that if those granite walls should fall towards each other, they would smite their foreheads together hundreds of feet above the valley! What magnificent domes are those, scarcely a mile apart, the one 3,800 feet, and the other 4,593 feet in height. When you stand in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and look at the snowy summit of Jungfrau, or "Virgin," you behold an object 11,000 feet above you; but your map will tell you that it is five miles distant, and by a little calculation, you will find that you raise your eye at an angle of only twenty-three degrees. So at Chamonix, you look up at the snowy dome of Mt. Blanc, rising 12,330 feet above you, but you must remember that it is six and one-half miles distant from you, and the angle at which you view it is only twenty degrees, while the very sharpest angle at which you can view it is twenty-five degrees. But at Yo-Semite, you need but climb a few rods up the rocks at the base of that granite wall, and leaning up against it, you may look up, if your nerves are steady enough to withstand the impression that the cliffs are falling over upon you, and see the summits above you, at an angle of nearly ninety degrees; in other words, you will behold a mountain top 3,000 feet above you *in the zenith*. I have seen the stupendous declivity of the Italian side of Monte Rosa—a steep, continuous precipice, of 9,000 feet—but it is nothing like "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah," being nowhere absolutely perpendicular.

As most of our readers are aware that Horace Greeley, the eccentric and talented editor of the *New York Tribune*, paid this valley a visit about two months ago, they will be pleased to read

MR. GREELEY'S ACCOUNT.

I left Bear Valley, two hours later than was fit, at 6 A. M. on Thursday, resolved to push through to my immediate destination that night. My friend had preceded me betimes to Mariposas, 12 miles on our way, to complete preparations for our trip; but were unluckily delayed here again by misapprehensions and the pre-engagement of animals for attendance on a camp-meeting, so that it was high noon when we reached the end of the wagon-road, 12 miles below Mariposas, where the saddle is the only resource, while it is still nearly 40 miles (many of them steep ones) to the Yosemite fall. Every one assured us that to get through that day was impossible, yet I had no more time to give to the journey and must try. My friend is a good rider, while I can barely ride at all, not having spent five hours on horseback, save in my visit to the Kansas Gold Mines, within the last thirty years.

But the two gentleman from Mariposas who accompanied and guided us knew all about the journey that we didn't—which is saying a great deal—so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Hussey's Steam Saw-Mill, where we mounted (or rather I did, for the rest had done so before), marks pretty fairly the division between the Oaks of the lower and the Firs of the higher elevations, though the two of course melt into each other. As we rose gradually but steadily the White soon faded out, then the Black, and last the Live Oak, though the genuineness of this last is disputed, while the Yellow, Pitch, and Sugar Pines, Cedars, and Balsam Firs, became more numerous and stately, till they at length had the ground almost wholly to themselves, save that the Manzanito and other shrubs (mostly evergreens also) clustered on nearly every opening among the trees. There is little or no precipice or bare rock for miles, and we rose along the southern face of the ridge overlooking the Chowchilla Valley, until we seemed to have half California spread out before us like a map. Our range of vision extended south to the tule lake, or immense morass, in which the San Joaquin has its source, and west to the Coast Range, which alone barred the Pacific Ocean from our view. Still rising, we wound gradually around the peak of our first mountain through a slight depression or pass, and soon looked off upon the valley

of the South Fork of the Merced, which opened for miles north and east of us. On this side, the descent is far steeper, and we traversed for miles a mere trace along the side of the mountain, where a misstep must have landed us at least a thousand feet below. In time, this too was left behind, and we descended fitfully and tortuously the east end of the mountain to the South Fork, whereon, sixteen miles from Hussey's and but five from the Big Trees of Mariposas, we halted for rest and food. Before six, we were again in the saddle, crossing the fork and winding up over another mountain northward, with a precipitous descent of at least two thousand feet beside us for a mile or so. A steep ascent of half a mile carried us over the divide, whence we descended very rapidly to Alder Creek, at the northern base. Following up this creek over a succession of steep pitches, interleaved with more level patches, we bade adieu to daylight at "Grizzly Cat," a spot noted for encounters with the monarch of our American forests, and thence crossed a ridge to "Summit Meadows," a succession of mainly narrow grassy levels, which wind in and out among the promontories of more or less shattered granite which make down from the mountain peaks on either side, but pursue a generally eastward direction to pour their tiny tribute into the Great Chasm. Our route led us six or eight times across these Meadows which were often so boggy as to require a very nice choice of footing, across the generally wooded promontories which deflected the probably continuous meadow into what seemed to us many, until we stood at length, about ten o'clock P. M., on the brink of the awful abyss and halted a moment to tighten girths and take breath for the descent.

And here let me renew my tribute to the marvelous bounty and beauty of the forests of this whole mountain region. The Sierra Nevadas lack the glorious glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure, the abundant cataracts of the Alps; but they far surpass them—they surpass any other mountains I ever saw—in the wealth and grace of their trees. Look down from almost any of their peaks, and your range of vision is filled, bounded, satisfied, by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hill-

side, crowning every peak but the highest, with their unfading luxuriance. That I saw during this day's travel many hundreds of pines eight feet in diameter, with cedars at least six feet, I am confident; and there were miles of such, and smaller trees of like genus standing as thick as they could grow. Steep mountain-sides, allowing these giants to grow, rank above rank, without obstructing each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly favorable to the production of these serviceable giants. But the Summit Meadows are peculiar in their heavy fringe of balsam fir, of all sizes from those barely one foot high to those hardly less than two hundred, their branches surrounding them in collars, their extremities gracefully bent down by the weight of winter snows, making them here, I am confident, the most beautiful trees on earth. The dry promontories which separate these meadows are also covered with a species of spruce, which is only less graceful than the firs aforesaid. I never before enjoyed such a tree-feast as on this wearing, difficult ride.

Descent into the Yosemite is only practicable at three points—one near the head of the valley, where a small stream makes in from the direction of the main ridge of the Sierra, down which there is a trail from the vicinity of Walker's River, Utah—a trail, practicable, I believe, for men on foot only. The other two lead in near the outlet from Mariposas and Coulterville respectively, on opposite banks of the Merced, and are practicable for sure-footed mules or horses. We, of course, made our descent by the Mariposas trail, on the south side of the little river which here escapes from the famous Valley by a canon which water alone can safely, if at all, traverse, being shut in by lofty precipices and broken by successive falls.

My friends insisted that I should look over the brink into the profound abyss before clambering down its side, but I, apprehending giddiness and feeling the need of steady nerves, firmly declined. So we formed line again, and moved on.

The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights are in this region; the atmosphere cool but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly

like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon, the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted, but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on these had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting, and then floundering slowly to the bottom. By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high—probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And, looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses (mainly dry at this season), of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclosing the river, to the furthest limit of vision.

We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our

tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day, I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley. We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in America. Yet we pressed on, and on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of meadow, and over hillocks of mountain *debris*, mainly granite boulders of every size, often nearly as round as cannon balls, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither—those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin—visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled elfish German stories of the Wild Huntsman, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or recollect them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle, and lain where I fell till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on,

"Time and the hour wear out the longest day."

At length the *real* cabin—one made of posts and beams and whipsawed boards instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour. (It was after one A. M.) He made us welcome, however, to his best accommodations, which would have found us lenient critics even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed as soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man. There was never a

dainty that could have tempted me to eat at that hour. I am told that none ever before traveled from Bear Valley to Yosemite in one day—I am confident no green-horns ever did. The distance can hardly exceed thirty miles by an air line; but only a bird could traverse that line, while, by way of Mariposas and the South Fork, it must be fully sixty miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

The *Fall* of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of 600 and 250 feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions. I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley (or Gorge) is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels, but the Yosemite Fall is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

We traversed the Valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serve to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation. Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without braving the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

I shall not multiply details, nor waste paper in noting all the foolish names

which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet about the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!" Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical? "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the Valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still further. I certainly miss here the Glaciers of Chamounix; but I know no single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or canon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound—and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

We dined at two o'clock, and then rode leisurely down the Valley, gazing by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacle was immense, but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive.

Our faithful beasts climbed the steep acclivity at a little more than the rate of a mile per hour, so that we had still an hour or two of sunshine before us as we stood at last on the summit. I took a last long look into and up the Valley, with the sun still lighting up the greater portion of the opposite cliffs, and then turned my horse's head westward. We reached, at half past ten o'clock P. M., the rancho on the South Fork, kept by a solitary man, who has no neighbor nearer than sixteen miles, and there halted for the night.

HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED HER.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

He did not say he loved her;
 But oft, with tender air,
 He brought her passion-breathing flowers
 That seemed love's tale to bear;
 What right had she to trust in them,
 Or cherish them with care?

He did not say he loved her;
 Yet, whatever was his theme,
 Love seemed around his words to play,
 Like the music o'er the stream;
 And the lovely young interpreter—
 She could not choose but dream.

He did not say he loved her;
 Yet subtly, day by day,
 He round her wove his silken toils,
 That none might rend away;
 And her young heart—ah! that forgot
 For aught but him to pray!

He did not say he loved her:
 And when, for pomp and power,
 He chose from lordly halls a bride,
 And left that cottage flower
 To perish in its first sweet bloom,
 None guess'd the spoiler's power.

He did not say he loved her;
 And no broken vow confess'd,
 When the green earth took the weary child
 To her own tranquil breast.
 O, nature! kinder still than man,
 Our last friend, and our best!
Sacramento, Sept. 16th.

COUSIN NELL.

BY D. N. D.

The day was drawing to a close, as after a long and tiresome ride through cities and villages, open fields, and dark, tangled woods, my destination was finally reached. It was the place of my birth and early years, the place where my mother still lived—a mother I had not seen for five years—years that had chan-

ged a country youth into a man of the world, had covered smooth cheeks with dark, heavy hair, had given a more determined set to the eye, and maybe a little more hardened crust to the heart. California is a severe school; she graduates her followers rapidly, proficient in some lessons perhaps better unlearned.

The time of wandering had been long and eventful, but it seemed annihilated, as through the glimmering and misty window of the car, I looked once more on those well-remembered scenes. First and most conspicuous, rose above the trees, the spire of the old meeting house, crowned by the tin weather-cock. Then came the store and post-office, and close by, the school house—still the same low, one story structure. Then through the meadow glided the brook, and the mill could not be a great way off. These things swept on my vision, and then came the whistle, the rough jarring of the brakes, and home was finally reached. The rain had been falling all day, and still continued as I descended to the platform in front of the “station.” The usual crowd of stragglers was housed, and the station-master, a stranger, was the sole one to receive me. I was not the sole one to be received, however, as I learned on a second look. From the platform of the next car came a thin veil, brown traveling dress, and commendably small ankles and gaiters. The figure was neat, and interested me. Will she stop in this village? does she live here? who can she be? were enquiries my thoughts put. But they took a more worthy channel soon and centered on them. The station-keeper informed me there was no conveyance of any kind to be had. This brought an exclamation of “Oh, dear! what shall I do?” from within the provokingly thick veil.

“I don't know, ma'am,” said the official, “perhaps this gentleman may be going your way and will help you along.”

I offered my services instantaneously, and was rewarded by a low murmured "thank you." So leaving luggage to be sent for, we set off under an umbrella along the pathway that led to the village, the lady picking her way daintily along on those charming gaiters. Our conversation was very common-place; my companion seemed disinclined to talk, and my own thoughts could not but be engaged by surrounding scenes and the near approach of home. We soon turned off on a road that led away from the village, my road as well as hers, and it was not long ere the tall poplars that shaded that roof hove in sight. What a welcome beacon!

"Oh dear!" again exclaimed my companion, "what a road!" True enough. One of those dear gaiters was drawn from a treacherous mud-hole in a pitiable condition. I remedied matters a little with a stick, and took greater care in piloting.

One obstacle, apparently insurmountable, was finally reached—a mud-hole the full width of the road; it yawned threateningly and mysteriously.

"Oh dear!" came the third time; "now we can right about and march back."

"Not if you will allow me—" I uttered, proceeding to reef my pants in bowery style.

"Allow you to what, raise your pants?"

"And yourself," I finished, then without waiting for positive permission, I lifted my fair companion in my arms, and plunged gallantly forward. My captive submitted quietly, and the passage was effected safely, excepting to my boots, which were slightly muddied, and my heart a little discomposed.

Not a word was said till the poplars were reached, and the little gate that opened into the small front yard. How thick the flowers used to be there in summer—the stately hollyhocks and sunflowers, the modest violets and rosy mari-

golds—but now it was early spring, and everything was quite barren and drear.

I was lamenting the necessity of passing on with my companion, when she stopped, opened the gate, and commenced thanking me for my kindness, etc.

The thought struck me that my mother must have moved, and the old homestead was occupied by strangers, as I ventured the enquiry,

"Does Mrs. Day live here?"

"Yes; will you walk in?"

"Thank you. You are acquainted with her?" I asked, curious to know who the fair stranger might be.

"She is my aunt, sir."

"Your aunt!" I burst out; "and you are my cousin!"

"Your cousin!" came as wondrously.

"Who are you?" and that confounded veil was dashed aside, and a pair of large, blue eyes stared at me a moment. And then,

"Cousin Dan!" "Cousin Nell!" A warm embrace, and a pouting kiss completed our introduction.

From twelve to seventeen is a growing time, and transforms a girl into a woman. I had noted the changes time had produced in me. It was not strange, that intimate as we had been in childhood, we met as strangers. But we were old friends now, and the little circle that gathered round a cosy tea-table that evening, was a happy one. Mother, Nell, and I. Mother had grown old some; wrinkles were deeper; gray hairs more numerous, but those deep, clear eyes shone with as much love as ever; they were fixed on the long-absent one most constantly. How often had they been raised to heaven in supplication for the wanderer—how often blended with tears, when letters were too long delayed, God knows, dear reader. I loved to gaze on them, and (occasionally) on those others, hidden under long ashes, at intervals coyly raised, and as suddenly drooped.

Nell had been quite silent since entering the house, and said but little through the evening, except when spoken to. Mother finally rallied her on her silence.

"Nell, what is the matter? I never knew you to be so stupid. Left some 'lover' behind? Perhaps Dan may answer as a substitute."

"Yes, cousin, allow me to offer my humble services," I said.

"I think you have proved yourself quite useful so far," said Nellie, smiling, and thereupon she related our romantic journey from the cars.

The evening, full of quiet happiness, came to a close. Fond good-night kisses were those of mother's. Nellie simply offered her hand. "Come," I said gently drawing her towards me, "this first night, let us be children as of yore," and I pressed a kiss on the soft cheek that blushed, unnecessarily, I thought.

How the days and weeks flew—angel hours, with angel-wings! Spring came on apace, and the green sod, bright flowers, and songs of birds, made almost an Eden. Glorious looked the little old homestead; the front yard was charming as ever, and the tall poplars seemed to stretch themselves with youthful vigor.

Many a pleasant visit had I made around the neighborhood, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome from the honest, unsophisticated farmers. The haunts of my boyhood had been explored—the school-house, and the meeting-house, with its square pews, and sounding-board. But all were as nothing to home, mother, and Nellie. For Nellie was still with us—we would not let her leave. But it was not the Nellie of olden times—no romping, and kissing, now—no, we were man and woman grown. On the contrary, there was, at least on Nellie's part, a reserve towards me I could not explain. Scarcely one of her acquaintances that did not receive more smiles

and chit-chat than myself. At first, I thought her disposition had undergone a complete revolution, and the gay girl become a semi-nun; but at times, her old nature flashed out as bright as ever, liberated by excitement. Then I became convinced she disliked me; seldom was it we were alone together, and very brief were such tete-a-tetes. In presence of others, her conversation was never directed to me, and my questions received short replies. Yet, time and again, did I find those deep blue eyes fixed on me with a hesitating, longing gaze, quickly removed on catching mine, and perhaps soon fluttering back. What glorious eyes she had! I finally spent my happiest moments watching them through the down-cast lashes.

Earthly bliss never lasts long. The time drew near when I must plunge again into the maelstrom of life, and at the thought, Home, Mother, and Nellie, became more than ever precious. Must I leave them?—could we not always live thus?—let the world go—here was my world. But one morning, Nellie told us she must leave, her visit had been much longer than she designed—she could not stay any more. I awoke to a consciousness that, though she might be persuaded to linger a few days, I could not have her always with me, and without that I should be miserable!

My feelings were in a sort of chaos, and I gazed, I dare say, very stupidly at the fair speaker on the opposite side of the table—we were at breakfast—for mother spoke:

"Dan, what is the matter? Don't eat Nellie up!"

"I wish I could, mother," I burst forth, "if it would keep her with us."

"I don't think it would, my son," she replied calmly, and with a half-smile; "but there is another way"—

"What—how?" I exclaimed, eagerly. The smile deepened slowly on the be-

nign countenance. Nellie's head hung low down, but, brow and cheeks were crimson. Slowly the state of affairs dawned on me.

In a moment I was bending over the head that dropped still lower, asking softly, while my heart kept silence,

"Will you stay, Nellie?"

Nellie staid, dear reader; staid, till in the little, old, square-pewed church, we stood up and promised to stay together all our lives. God grant we may! and when the time comes—go together!

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

BY A. P. MOLITOR.

THE following valuable essay on California gold, originally appeared in the *Alta California*, but owing to its intrinsic worth, for consultation and reference, we deem it desirable to depart from our usual custom and republish it in this work.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It is a curious fact that very few people, even in this, our Golden State, have any clear and distinct knowledge about the true nature of the metal by the magic power of which all of us have been attracted to this distant shore; which everybody handles, or at least wishes and expects to handle, and which, no doubt, is the principal element, the soul—we would almost say, the God—of this famous country of California. The hardy miner, though perhaps digging for years after the glittering grains, generally knows little more about the natural properties of the same than that he finds so many cents' worth in the bottom of his pan; or, that he clears so many dollars a day; or, that he sells his "dust" for so many dollars and cents per ounce. The enterprising trader, in most cases, knows hardly more about his gold than that it came from this or that locality; that he paid so much for it; that, in consequence, he expects to gain at least two "bits" per ounce, and that something must be wrong somewhere if the returns should fall

somewhat short of his calculation. Nay, even among that class of our population which is, or ought to be, imbued with a larger amount of general instruction, you will seldom meet a person that has an accurate, substantial knowledge of the natural history of gold. Hence, it arrives that so many absurd statements and descriptions, relating to gold or its exploration, make their appearance in the papers; this gives rise to so many wild theories about the "origin of gold," about "fountain heads" and "lakes" of gold; to so many amusing stories about "big lumps of pure gold," boulders and rocks quite "lousy with gold," &c., &c.

For the purpose of throwing a little more light on this interesting and well deserving subject, this unassuming treatise has been written by one who, during a series of years, had plenty of opportunity, and every facility to study the nature of the precious metal, theoretically as well as practically. It is, however, to be well understood that this work being intended merely for popular use, all lengthy details and scientific disquisitions about the geological formations of the gold fields of California, or about the mineralogical features of the same, or about the various ways and means of their exploration, must entirely fall without the range of our task. We intend to confine our observation principally to the shining metal after its extraction from its mother earth, and to accompany the same through all its phases of purification and valuation, until we see it arrive at its highest point of perfection, when assuming the shape of that most powerful agent in our present state of civilization—money.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GOLD.

Gold, by the ancient alchemists styled the king of metals—and till our epoch, the most precious of all of them—distinguishes itself from the rest, when pure and unalloyed:

1. By its deep yellow, or rather rich orange color, as long as it remains cold and solid, but which color gradually changes into a bright green, when liquid or near the point of fusion.

2. By its aptness to receive a most beautiful and resplendent polish.

3. By its great density or heaviness, which is 19 3-10 times greater than the weight of water.

4. By its unsurpassed ductility and malleability.

5. By its fusibility at the 32d degree of Wedgwood's pyrometer, and its quick hardening at a lower temperature.

6. By its resistance to any acid-menstruum, except a mixture of muriatic and nitric acids, called *aqua regia*.

7. By its want of affinity for oxygen, whence, if left alone, it never will get oxydized, and only by artificial combination with other substances can pass into the state of an oxyde.

Owing to the last mentioned peculiarity, gold is found in nature only in the metallic state. By reason of its infinite divisibility, it may sometimes occur in such minute particles as to be invisible to the naked eye; but, in every instance, it is mechanically—never chemically—mixed with its matrix: may this be quartz, pyrites, or whatever else.

Another peculiarity of gold is, that it is never found in nature perfectly pure, but always contains a certain proportion of silver, and sometimes a slight admixture of other metals, such as iron, tin, lead, &c. The proportion of silver in the native gold varies very much; in fact, it may be asserted that almost every degree of mixture has been found between the two metals, from nearly fine gold, containing some traces of silver, to silver containing some traces of gold.

Out of this fact, which is generally ignored by the multitude, there arises the great variation in the value of the noble alloy. The less the proportion of silver in the same, the finer, of course, in gold it will be; and consequently the more valuable. On the contrary, the more silver it contains, the more it must decrease in gold, and consequently in fineness and value.

HOW FOUND IN CALIFORNIA.

In our state the precious metal is found in the same mineral formations as in every other country where it exists. It has scarcely been observed in any *secondary formation*, but occurs in many instances, in its primitive state in *leads* or *veins of quartz*; more seldom of some other gang; which leads we find again imbedded in *crystalline primary rocks* or in *compact transition rocks* (serpentine trachitic trap, etc.) of *igneous origin*. In most cases, however, the gold of this country occurs in *aluvial grounds* or *drift-beds*, principally composed of the *debris* of the forma-

tions just mentioned. As a natural sequel, we always find our Gold more immediately accompanied by the same ores and mineral substances as met with in the gold mines of other countries. In its solid *veins of quartz* the precious metal sometimes occurs without any distinct satellite, but in most cases it is surrounded either singly or promiscuously by *Iron-Copper* or *Arsenical pyrites*, by *Galena* (Sulph. of Lead) *Blende*, etc. In the *aluvial soil* it almost invariably is accompanied by *Protoxyde of Iron*, commonly called *Black Sand*, which probably is nothing else than preëxistent Iron pyrites in a decomposed state. Besides this, various sulphurets and oxydes of other metals and metalloides, will be frequently found in our auriferous formations. Grains of *native copper* are of occasional occurrence; but in certain districts the shining grains and scales of a metallic substance composed of a group of the hardest and heaviest metals: *Iridium*, *Platinum*, *Rhodium*, *Osmium*, etc., occur in considerable proportion, imparting to these gold fields the same feature as exhibited in the mining districts of Siberia.

This principally takes place in our *northern mines*, above *Shasta*, but most strikingly in the auriferous deposits on the northern coast, between *Humboldt Bay* and the *Columbia river*, where not less than one third of the precious metal washed out of the beach-sand consists, on an average, of the above mentioned metallic combination, of which again about one third consists of *Platinum*, the only valuable substance of the whole lot.

The beach just mentioned, being continually exposed to the action of the tide of the Pacific Ocean, abounds in vast deposits and layers of *black sand*, in which the roundish, flat spangles of Gold and Iridio-platinum are imbedded. Nothing can be more gorgeous than some of this sand viewed through a microscope. The curious eye will wander among huge blocks of *quartz*, splendid cubes and crystals of all shapes and colors: *Garnets*, *Amethysts*, *Corindons*, *Beryls*, *Chrysolites*, etc., etc.—and here and there it will be startled by some big chunk of glittering gold, or some heavy slab of shining Platina.

NATURAL SHAPES OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The most appropriate general classification of Gold in this country, is the pop-

ular one, into *Quartz-Gold* and *Placer-Gold*.

In its *Quartz veins* Gold always occurs irregularly distributed, mostly in *loose particles*, hidden in holes and clefts of the chrystalline mass, which in most cases, were originally filled with pyrites and oxydes, after the decomposition of which, the unalterable precious metal was left behind in spangles or flakes of various shapes or sizes. Sometimes it is found *firmly imbedded* in the compact rock, in which form it is eagerly sought after by lapidaries of our city, and worked up by them into all sorts of elegant jewelry articles. Both kinds of auriferous quartz are sometimes met with in one and the same lead.

More seldom quartz-gold is found in the shape of *thin leaves*, cleaving to the sides of occasional crevices in the rock; still more seldom in continuous *veins* or *threads*, branching out in every direction; and most seldom in its *crystalline form*, exhibiting a series of octahedral crystals of more or less perfection.

For those places in the leads where gold is found accumulated in considerable quantities, the California miner has invented the graphic name of *pockets*; quartz containing no gold at all, he calls just as pointedly *dead rock*.

It is the capricious dissemination of gold through its gang, which makes the working of quartz mines so very precarious. Veins of most other metals may be worked for many years with a sure prospect of a constant yield; but the owner of the richest quartz-ledge can never be sure whether his source of treasure will last for many days, or come to a sudden end only a few feet deeper. Such a calamity is more to be dreaded in veins containing rich pockets, with intervals of dead quartz between, than in rock through which the precious metal is more equally distributed, even if in very minute and almost microscopic particles.

Auriferous quartz has to be crushed to powder in *stamping mills*, of various construction, or by *arastras* and other works more or less fit for the purpose, before the gold can be extracted, which generally is done by *amalgamation* with quicksilver. After the evaporation of the mercury, the amalgam-gold mostly appears in the bullion market in lumps of various sizes, moulded according to the shape of the *retort*, or vessel in which

the process of evaporation had been performed; but frequently, also, in loose, irregular fragments of such lumps. Sometimes, however, it is formed into the shape of *flat cakes* or *balls*, which is mostly done by the Mexican miner.

In the alluvial grounds, commonly called *Placers*, by far the greater part of California gold is found. It is extracted from the surrounding *dirt*, partly by action of water, partly by quicksilver, and goes by the common term of *Gold-dust*, though not often occurring in such a fine state of disintegration as to warrant this generally adopted name.

Placer gold having invariably and through a great length of time been subjected to the mechanic action of water, appears in most cases in *lumps* and *grains* of various sizes, with their edges and sides rounded or ground off, to a certain extent. These grains, although generally of the most diversified shapes, show in certain localities a kind of family likeness, so that an experienced eye often is able to designate the place where a parcel of gold hails from, by the particular appearance of the "dust."

In many locations, especially on river banks or *bars*, these grains are almost of a uniform size, small, thin, and roundish, very much of the shape of small fish scales (scale gold). In other cases they are more thick and plump, sometimes approaching the form of melon seeds, beans, etc. (shot gold). But most commonly they are irregularly rough, with all sorts of holes, wrinkles and creases on their surface, which not seldom are filled with earthy particles, clay, small bits of quartz, and the like. Sometimes the grains are partly or entirely covered with oxydes, imparting to them, in many cases, a false and deceptive coloring.

In certain places the gold grains exhibit an eminently *crystalline* formation. Single perfect octahedrons, with more or less worn off corners, are very scarce; but specimens with some crystalline sides and edges, or groupings of imperfect crystals, are of more frequent occurrence. The rarest and most beautiful of all gold specimens, however, are those of *dendritic* (tree-like) construction, being composed of minute crystalline spangles, and fashioned in such a way as to imitate almost a vegetable-like growth.

In other places, namely, in the southern district of our mines, on the rivers

Fresno and Chowchilla, the precious metal frequently occurs in elongated *fibre*, or *needle-shaped* grains, owing probably to some previous admixture of lead. By the beautiful appearance and seemingly very rich color of this sort of dust, many an unlucky gold dealer has come to harm, this being one of the coarsest kind of gold in the State, on account of the great proportion of silver it contains.

VARIATION OF QUALITY, OR FINENESS.

About five years ago, a gold specimen of the size of a man's hand, found somewhere in the neighborhood of *Downieville* (according to the statement of the depositor), was assayed in the laboratory of the late firm of *Wass, Molitor & Co.*, and found to be 992 thous. fine. This was quite an unique case; but gold of above 970 thous. fineness has been frequently assayed in this city. On the other side the gold from the *Kern river* mines contains such a large proportion of silver, as to be almost identical with the *Electrum* of the ancients, or the *Zoroche* of the Mexicans, which means, a metal consisting of about half and half, silver and gold. Between these two extremes all degrees of mixture of the two metals have been found in this country. The experience of several years shows, however, that 885 thous. would be about the medium fineness of California gold, to which it must be added, that by far the greater part of the whole gold produce seems to group itself, in regard to fineness, close around the above average figure. On the virtue of this statement we may say, therefore, that the greatest part of the gold of this country ranges, as a rule, between 840 and 930 thous. fineness, and that all cases exceeding these limits may be regarded as exceptions to the general rule.

It is impossible, even to the most practised eye, to determine the quality of any known sort of gold dust by merely looking at the same, and even in judging a well known description of dust, the purchaser may deceive himself very easily, to his own damage. The gold may, for instance, by some natural accident, possess a richer color than entitled to by its quality; or it may be taken for a superior kind of gold, on account of the shape of its grains, which may be similar to some known dust of good quality; or, it may be mixed with some inferior gold, either with or without an intention to

defraud the buyer; or adulterated in some way or another; and so on.

Even the knowledge of the region, or gold field, from where a certain description of gold originated is not always a sure evidence of its quality. Nobody can depend on it, that the gold taken out of one and the same flat, hill, bar, or even the same claim, or quartz lead, will always be the same. Very often the most astonishing differences in this regard are found within comparatively short distances. Thus, there are quartz leads with very low gold, surrounded by placers famous for the fineness of their metal; and on the contrary, veins with very rich metal in the vicinity of diggings not much renowned for the superior quality of their gold crops.

There is, in fact, only one sure method to determine the fineness, and consequently the exact value of the precious metal, and that is the regular metallurgic process of *assaying*, after the previous *melting* of the dust into a *bar*, or *ingot*.

FINENESS OF GOLD IN DIFFERENT DIGGINGS.

As a conclusion to this work, we are going to make some remarks on the fineness of gold found in various localities of the great Pacific gold district, taking all the data from our own experience.

1. Gold coming from *British Columbia* or the *Frazer River mines*, generally ranges between 840 and 860 thous. fineness. In some cases it was found as low as 820; in others, some thous. above 860; but these may be considered as exceptions to the rule. It mostly appears in our market as coarse lumps of amalgam gold, and suffers an average loss of 10 per cent. by melting.

2. The average fineness of dust from the *Gold Beach*, above and below *Port Orford*, (Oregon), is 880 thous. The gold dust appears throughout in fine scales, and is extracted from the sand and accompanying minerals, including Iridio-Platinum, chiefly by amalgamation.

3. The gold which finds its way to this place principally by *Crescent City*, and therefore has been worked chiefly on the *Klamath River* and its tributaries, seldom exceeds 880 fine, and seldom descends below 850. The average fineness of the same would be, therefore, 865. In this district we include the counties *Del Norte*, *Klamath* and *Siskiyou*, and the

adjoining southern border-tract of *Oregon*. This gold mostly appears in coarse and heavy grains, and sometimes contains a considerable admixture of Iridium.

4. The placers on *Trinity River* and on the western tributaries of the upper *Sacramento*, belonging to *Trinity* and *Shasta* counties, seem in general to yield a better quantity, and we may safely put the average 10 thous. higher than under the previous number. Some dust from the neighborhood of *Weaverville* shows the fineness of above 900 thous.

5. *Feather River* gold shows an average fineness of 890, and most frequently occurs in very regularly shaped and almost uniform grains or scales.

6. Gold on the *north forks* of the *Yuba* is generally much finer than the above, in many cases going up as high as 950, and seldom below 900. We don't think to be far off the mark if we put the average of the same at 920. This dust is also mostly of a scaly description, and a great deal of it appears in market as amalgam gold. We have before mentioned, that the very finest specimen of gold that we know of was found in the neighborhood of *Downieville*.

7. On the *south fork* of the *Yuba* the general fineness seems again to decrease. Around *Nevada* placer gold seldom shows more than 880 thous. The quartz gold from the various veins of *Grass Valley* ranges between 800 and 850, and may be put down at 820 thous. average fineness.

8. On the *north and middle forks* of the *American River*, gold is again rising in fineness, especially in the diggings around *Auburn*, approaching here the figure of 900 thous.

9. On the *south fork* of the *same river*, in the vicinity of the towns of *Coloma* and *Placerville*, the fineness of the dust varies very much. *Coloma* gold seldom ranges above 890, and generally comes nearer to 870. But in the neighborhood to *Placerville*, the gold rises in most cases up to 900, and in some places thereabout, still much higher. At *Coon Hollow* a peculiar kind of dust, of a dark, rusty appearance, is found, which is over 940 thous. fine.

10. In *Amador* county, around *Drytown*, *Jackson* and *Volcano*, the fineness of gold is rather below the general average of 885.

11. In *Calaveras* county, great varieties occur in this respect. *Mokelumne*

Hill gold is seldom above 890; *San Andres* averages 890; *Campo Seco*, 905; *Vallecito* rises up to 910-920.

12. *Tuolumne* is the county most renowned for the fineness of its gold. *Sonora* and *Columbia* dust seldom falls below 900, and often rises above 950. The average may be marked down at 930 thous. This gold is generally rough and coarse grained, and of a very rich color.

13. In the adjoining county, *Mariposa*, the fineness of the precious metal decreases very sensibly; the average can scarcely be put higher than 850 thous. The fineness of the *Merced Mining Company's* quartz gold is about 820 thous.

14. Still farther south, on the upper *San Joaquin* and its first tributaries, the rivers *Chowchilla* and *Fresno*, the fineness of the gold falls below 800, and sometimes even as low as 700 thous. This dust consists generally of diminutive spangles of a treacherously rich appearance, intermixed with curiously elongated, almost needle-shaped grains.

15. The lowest degree in the fineness of gold in this State, is found in the most southern parts on the diggings of *Kern River* and its numerous branches. This dust gold seldom reaches above 700, and often falls down to near 600 thous. The average fineness of the same may be fixed at 660 thous.

16. *Carson Valley* dust, on the eastern slope of the *Sierra Nevada*, although beautiful to the eye, is also exceedingly low—generally below 800 thous.

17. *Gila* and *Colorado River* gold, which finds its way to this city in small quantities, is of a very fine description, with grains similar to *Australia* gold. Some parcels of it have shown the fineness of above 970; others fell below 920 thous.

The foregoing statements about the fineness of different sorts of gold dust which make their appearance in our market, have to be considered merely as approximative, and based on the experience of only one private assay office in this city. It would be rather a difficult task to collect more precise statistical data in this matter, as the gold is bought up in the mining towns and camps mostly in small quantities, from miners digging and working in all directions around the trading post, and afterwards deposited for assay in larger lots of a generally mixed description. Besides this circum-

stance, the depositor himself sometimes is little inclined to name the particular place where his dust is coming from, being, perhaps, jealous of opposition, especially if the gold be of a superior quality.

MY HOME.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Mine is not a hall of marble,
 Built by some proud lord of old,
 Glittering in the gorgeous sunlight
 With barbaric gems and gold;
 Where the crimson rays are flashing
 On the tessellated floors,
 And the festal song is pealing
 Through the lofty corridors.

'Tis a cottage in a valley,
 With broad meadows girt around;
 Nestling in the elm trees' shadow,
 And with trailing roses crowned.
 There, in spring, the blue-eyed violets
 Early rising burst the sod;
 There look up the summer lilies,
 Smiling in the face of God.

There, all day, three white-winged angels
 Through that dwelling gently rove,
 Ever whispering, ever singing
 Words of comfort—words of love.
 Oh! with these, my home is lovelier
 Than the palaces of Kings;
 All my cup o'erflows with blessings,
 And my heart leaps up and sings.

Beautiful the morning shineth
 On me with these angels there,
 And the gentle evening closeth
 With its anthem and its prayer.
 And a holy calm comes o'er me,
 And a blessing falls on me;
 'Tis reflected all around me,
 On each flower, and bird, and tree.

Love, and Joy, and Peace—these angels
 Ever there upon me wait,
 Dwelling with me and my loved ones,
 In our lowly cottage gate.
 Oh! with these, I am rich past telling;
 All I ask is freely given—
 Heaven is with me here already—
 All beyond me, too, is heaven.

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

A Naval Reminiscence.

BY ROLLING STONE.

Few who have read Capt. Marryat's "Peter Simple," but will recollect Capt. Kearney, the *lying* commander of one of the ships which Peter served in,—the audacious falsehoods which he had been in the habit of telling, until by a sort of idiosyncrasy, he in a manner believed them himself—his wonderfully inconsistent habit of constantly inculcating the necessity of truth upon the minds of his juniors, and his final death with the same moral advice given to those around him, and then with his last breath uttering possibly his very greatest lie.

The characters in Marryat's nautical novels are almost all taken from life, and the leading ones are many of them recognizable by officers in the naval service of Great Britain; that of Captain Kearney is understood by the naval service generally, or at least by a number of officers of old standing, to be a somewhat exaggerated expose of a well known and gallant officer, whose conduct in all other respects was most exemplary, and who was one of the highest ornaments of his profession.

It is singular that although the career of the late Sir John R— of Arctic notoriety, afforded ample material for the narration of extraordinary adventures, and that with the strictest adherence to fact, yet that world known man, had imbibed a habit of exaggeration and even of inventing fictions which militated much against his interests; and which indeed was probably the cause of his being *laid on the shelf* by his government, instead of being employed on those further voyages of discovery which were afterwards projected.

A statement of some of these really wonderful vicissitudes that he experienced in his earlier life may be interesting.

John R——, acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession at a very early age, and amongst other places became well acquainted with the navigation of the Firth of Forth and a portion of the North Sea.

Subsequently he entered the service of the East India Company, and rose to the rank of third officer in one of their trading ships.

In those days the many perquisites allowed, and the many opportunities to trade which were afforded to their officers by the company, (who then possessed the entire monopoly of the East India traffic), rendered the position of third officer in their employ worth some 2 to 3000 dollars per year.

At that time and for many years after John R—— was a single man; not so his brother James, who with a wife and young family, an inaptitude for business, and improvident habits, seemed to be continually struggling out of one difficulty just to fall into another.

The father of the writer of this article, was once his partner, for some seven or eight weeks only, in the wholesale wine trade, and during that short time sunk some \$10,000, winding up with a docket of bankruptcy.

John R—— arrived home from the East Indies and China, shortly after a failure of his brother's which had left him and his family in actual want.

The act of the sailor on that occasion was an example of fraternal love and inconsiderate generosity, which is seldom to be found save in those possessed likewise of indomitable energy and extraordinarily great mental as well as animal courage. From James' representations, he believed that his brother could again be placed in a position to maintain his family, and recover his losses, if a certain not very large sum of money was forthcoming. The whole of this sum John R—— had not at command, but

with him to think was to decide, to decide was to act. Within twenty-four hours he had sold his large stock of clothes, his uniforms, instruments, books, rings, watch and chain, and even his collection of Indian curiosities, which he greatly valued, had drawn his pay, disposed also of the merchandise he had brought home on his recent voyage, and placed the proceeds in his brother's hands.

"Take it, James," said he, "it will help you and yours. I have a profession and can work up again. I can not be floored as long as I have health."

John R—— retained £10, (about \$50), and walked down to Woolwich, ten miles from London; he there purchased a foremast seaman's limited outfit of strong, servicable clothing, and shipped as an able seaman, on board the ten gun brig-of-war, the Wasp, bound for a cruise in the North Sea.

After cruising for some time, and when well to the northward a fearful gale came on. The ten gun brig (coffins, they used to be called,) was thrown on her beam-ends, and only righted, half full of water, after the mainmast had been cut away. In the performance of this service, the sailing master met with an accident which completely disabled him, and he was carried below. The Captain and Lieutenants were but very little acquainted with North Sea navigation, so that the accident to the master was a very serious matter—a crippled ship, a northeasterly hurricane, a lee shore, and ignorance of the localities on the part of the officers, placed the ship, indeed, in an extremely precarious situation.

At this time, the Captain had all hands called aft, by the boatswain, and asked if any man was thoroughly acquainted with the Firth of Forth, and could pilot the ship to a safe anchorage.

John R—— stepped forward, and said, that having served years on the ground, he knew it well, and could do so.

Captain — having noticed the boldness, activity and intelligence of R — when the brig was on her beam-ends, after a few more questions told him to consider himself in charge of the vessel as pilot.

John R — gave the course, ordered a light jury-mast to be got up with all speed, and in a few moments, as the captain afterwards described it, showed that he was one of those men formed by nature to command.

It was a fearful night; the position of the brig was not certainly known by several miles: but by an approximate latitude, gained by a momentary glimpse of the polar star, a quick eye and a steady nerve, the Firth was entered. Nine vessels were lost the same night, at or near the entrance of the Firth of Forth.

The next day found H. M. Brig Wasp safely at anchor in Leith Roads, where the admiral of the station was.

Captain — sent for John R —, and with great delicacy drew from him a sketch of his life, and the reason of his being in his present humble sphere. Thence the captain proceeded to the admiral, and on his return again summoned him to his cabin. Captain — at once offered to place him on the quarter-deck as midshipman; but at the same time, told him he would, after a necessary examination, have an acting order as lieutenant, as the second lieutenant wished to invalid. Of course the examination was nothing to John R —, who had passed a much severer one when in the service of the East India Company.

For the following six years he was only a *passed midshipman*, and ineligible for promotion, but during that time he *never performed midshipman's duty*, nor joined the young gentlemen's mess—he had *made his mark*, and was moved from ship to ship, with acting Lieutenant's orders, until the period required by the rules of the service had elapsed, when

he was immediately promoted. In no other case was such a thing ever known.

Two or three years after that, the Admiralty had, in one month, six applications from Captains, appointed to ships, each one requesting that John R — might be appointed as his first Lieutenant, so highly was his ability appreciated. Indeed, throughout his early naval career, John R — was continually on active service; in action, in boarding, in cutting out, or in the performance of other dangerous duties, he was always the first and most daring. He was many times wounded, and that was the only claim he had, together with his conduct, to promotion; and his claim was allowed even in those days of favoriteism, though he had neither Parliamentary or family interest at the Admiralty.

From step to step he progressed, and, in all probability, *but for the failing before adverted to*, would have held the very first position amongst Arctic Discoverers.

Many have been examples to their fellow men, and have achieved greatness, but the reader must rest assured that there can be no greater stumbling-block in the way of fame and honor, than the foolish—nay, culpable practice of DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

BY MARIA BARBER.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel-vision."

As I stood wondering why man was placed upon this world, a sleeping vision of beauty appeared, floating upon a wave of Time, attended by an angel, bearing upon her left an unpolished gem, or life-stone, known to mortals as the Soul.

Those heavenly eyes were melting into dewy softness as she left with the sleeper her priceless gift. Pearly tear-drops shone amid the wavy ringlets, christening the babe a "Sculptor," whose mission was to carve this life-block and beautify with our Father's gifts the Soul. An unseen radiance left dimpling smiles chasing each other over the face of Innocence, and tiny hands nervously grasped after the angel-vision that vanished!

The immortal artist is attended both by seraphs of Light and angels of Darkness, through a sphere filled with the spirits and demons of two worlds; and when Death gives to dust its stray atoms, the victor will bring before the angelic throng an unpolished, shapeless mass of deformity, that reflects no saving light, or a carved, transparent gem, made limpid by the light of Heaven.

The infantile Sculptor totters forward at the first faint rays proceeding from the internal light, Knowledge, when the star of Reason rises, revealing to him a life-model, perfect and symmetrical in every feature, carved from an earthly nature for the diadem of Heaven, or an opaque gem fitted for the crown of Misery and Death, and worn by the Prince of Darkness. As these two models rise before the Sculptor, Faith sees in the one a reflection of the great original prototype, of which man is a faint shadow, and in the other a fearful spectre of the evil one that beguiled the heirs of Heaven.

While beholding these two types of life, the Sculptor's eye brightens with pleasure, as he sees his ideal model portrayed in the first; and joyfully does he beautify, with his glorious gifts, Knowledge and Genius, the life-block—not with the bold, triumphant strokes of a master workman, but tremblingly, and with fear, as an humble apprentice, who feels that even a life-service may fail to transcribe the beauties of this heavenly model.

Infant years endow the babe with bold-

ness and strength; dimpling smiles, baby cooings, and innocent, artless prattlings, chisel their semblance of beauty and sweetness upon childish features. Hope, fancy, and memory steal from the divinely sculptured model its boldest angles, and most graceful curves, blending them in wild confusion, till the artist knows not his master-stroke, whether 'tis seen in the dimpled track of the smile, the quivering of the delicately chiseled lip, or in the flash of the eye, dispensing the wildest joy, or the deepest sorrow.

From the pleasing yet laborious trials of infancy the happy youth steps forth into the arena, with a magical Sculptor, Thought, as his assistant—an Artist that inhales the essence of etherial life, drinks of the mysteries of creation, bathes in the ocean's liquid depths, rests upon its foaming billows, and roams through a shoreless space upon lightning flashes stolen from the thunder-bolt, to behold the world a *Statuary Receptacle*, filled with deformed, virtueless statues of Ignorance, and with noble master-pieces of Wisdom.

By this magician, baby innocence, delicate beauty, and childish sympathy, are transformed into emotions of untold earnestness; careless glee and delight into enthusiastic wants and desires, which, like sand grains, wear away the jutting points left upon this life-jewel!

His bold, rapid strokes, retain the gay fancies of early childhood and the wild longings of strengthened boyhood, clothing their bright, fantastic shapes, in the sober garb of truth, till the manly face is beautiful with the light of love, and more heavenly in its expression as it is tinged with the softer glow of virtue.

The Sculptor gazes, entranced, upon this higher beauty. He beholds the eye, radiating the steady light of knowledge, in its softened, though none the less brilliant flashings; the curling lip, firmly compressed, trembling anon with honor

and pride, or with loathing and contempt; the infant brow, where once sported only joy and sorrow, now placidly serene from the delicate pencilings of Thought, who has engraved upon it the seal of manhood.

The beautiful *vision* that left a gift with the passive babe, became invisible in the dream-light of its sleeping world, but ever hovered near the prattling boy, and thoughtful child, and was caught up by manhood.

The *angel-dream*, that left flitting shadows chasing each other o'er the smiling babe, is carved into the perfect man, and reflected as the image of the Supreme Invisible, whose only form is wisdom, goodness, holiness, love, mercy and truth.

Heaven's lost treasure has been borne by the tides of life down the stream of time, now concealed from the loving gaze and watchful care of that Guardian Spirit that launched it forth upon a surf-beaten strand; and again, led onward midst the fury and angry strifes of a more stormy life-sea, till manhood is wrecked, and the dust-casket broken.

Bending o'er the sinking mariner, Old Age, is an angel form, watching the rending of the silken chain that binds the immortal soul to earth, and, as soon as the last link is broken, that winged seraph speeds heavenward, bearing the *freed soul* to angel keeping, where, in conscious beauty, it rests till the *Divine Sculptor* declares it "PERFECT!"

MY PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Deal gently with the world, my friend,
If thus thou'dst have it deal with thee;
Speak nobly of its honest worth,
But of its faults—in charity.
Look on its brighter side to-day,
There's time enough to grieve to-morrow;
Pasp discontent and murmuring by,
And smile at grief and laugh at sorrow.

II.

When gloomy cynics growl and fret,
And say the world is full of woe,
Why, don't believe them, they are false,
And not the world—so let them go.
The earth is full of love and truth—
Bright Friendship sparkles everywhere,
There's not a day but brings some good
To hearts deserving of a share!

III.

The man's a fool who mocks at life
And calls it but a fleeting breath,
Yet looks to find a happiness
Beyond the gloomy shades of death;
The soul that finds no pleasure here—
No joy in aught that God has given
To bless the life He gave to man—
Would grumble in the courts of Heaven!

IV.

I doubt the wisdom of the man
Who, proving all things in the past,
Held fast to nothing, good or bad,
And said "all's vanity" at last.
A thousand better thoughts than that,
Are whispered every day and hour
By Nature's Universal Voice, [flower!
That speaks through forest, field and

V.

The passing and the changing ills
That flit across our sunlight skies,
And nerve our hearts to noble deeds,
Are naught but blessings in disguise.
Were earth all fair—mankind all true—
And all hearts free from care and woe—
Were all souls sinless here, my friend,
'Twere not a virtue to be so!

VI.

So then, hurrah! for Life and Love!
Hurrah for earth! just as it is—
Its joys and griefs, its hopes and fears,
Its yearly, daily, hourly bliss!
Let every friendly heart rejoice,
Let no one list a murmur'ing breath;
Hurrah for Life!—while yet we live—
And then?—why, then hurrah for Death!

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

Philadelphia in 1778.

"Oh! once was felt the storm of war,
It had an earthquake's roar;
It flashed upon the mountain height
And smoked along the shore;
It thundered in the dreaming ear,
And up the farmer sprang;
It muttered in a bold, true heart,
And a warrior's harness rang."—BRAINARD.

IT WAS on a fine afternoon in the month of May, 1778, that two officers might have been seen pacing to and fro, in earnest conversation, opposite the house occupied as their regimental mess-room, in Philadelphia.

The senior of the two held the rank of Captain, as was seen by the uniform he wore. His age might be thirty, but he looked older, for although his figure was erect and his movements elastic and youthful, there were those signs to be discerned in his face which showed, but too plainly, the effects of early dissipation; while the easy good nature of its expression was of that kind so peculiarly attractive, to those just entering upon the world's stage, and whose inexperience leads them to prefer the society of the off-handed, easy tempered, and social pleasurer, to that of the more staid and higher principled man.

The subaltern, who accompanied him, was a youth of some twenty years; in person, he was pre-eminently handsome; in appearance, aristocratic and *distingue*, and in manners, frank, elegant and prepossessing.

He had but a few days before arrived in a transport, from England, to join his regiment in Philadelphia, which had been occupied by the British since the preceding fall.

"And so, Harrison," said the elder, "you don't seem to relish this war with the rebels; goes against the grain, eh? Well, so it does with me, for if we are to be moped up here much longer, without the pleasure of excitement, one will die of *ennui* and poor living. Then the rebel women, with their pretty faces, they hate the very sight of a good looking fellow, if he is encased in a Tory uniform; and last, not least, d—n me, sir, if there is a glass of decently flavored wine to be got for the mess, though we pay enough for it, God knows. Brandywine got us here, and faith, brandy-wine seems to be the only wine we are likely to get while here. Inactivity, without solace from either women or wine, is at least enough to disgust you with the campaign."

"It is not exactly the lack of them," answered Harrison, laughing, "which causes my distaste for the present war, nor the inactivity of which you complain. The latter will not last long; we shall soon evacuate Philadelphia, at least, such was the opinion of the staff officers with whom I came out, and Washington is certainly on the point of leaving his winter quarters at Valley Forge. There will be warm work soon, depend upon it."

"Washington," said Hartley, musingly, "Washington, yes, he is a *gentleman*, though he is a rebel; that is some consolation in meeting him. The wonder is, how he can bear with the blacksmiths, butchers, tinkers, and clod-hoppers that Congress associates with him, and give their pretended commissions to, for I have heard him described by those who know him, as a somewhat proud and even haughty man."

"To be a *patriot*, Hartly, there must be a total abnegation of self; feelings, prejudices, nay, even friends, must be forgotten, in devotion to the cause. Such a man I believe Washington to be."

"Upon my soul," somewhat sharply

retorted Hartley, "I think you speak marvelously like a traitor yourself. Abstractly, your remark is true enough, but taken in connection with existing circumstances, such remarks almost indicate sympathy with the insurgent forces, and might irretrievably injure you; be careful, therefore, how you make them."

"I can hardly say," replied Harrison, "that I have sympathy with the American forces; but I own frankly, to you, I have sympathy for the American people, and in the injustice and oppression they have suffered, I find much extenuation for their ultimate resort to arms, and I might quote the words of Colonel Barre, twelve years ago, in the House of Commons, in support of this opinion. Irrespective of this, there is, to me, something repulsive in fighting against those whom we have hitherto regarded as countrymen, even in a case of necessity, which *now* it may possibly be; but which I can not help thinking might have been avoided, by a commission, in the first instance, to enquire into American grievances, with a view to their removal. I regret this the more, Hartley, because should we have eventually to acknowledge their independence, as France has already done, I do not foresee a happy result. Colonies and young nations produce politicians and demagogues in abundance; but few statesmen, and able must be the statesman who can raise a country from debt, poverty, and ruin, to a high standard in the scale of nations."

"*Mirabile visu*," exclaimed Hartley, somewhat sneeringly, "a boy of twenty, and soldier of two years' growth, talking like a second Socrates; truly, George, you have mistaken your profession, and might almost aspire to wearing Colonel Barre's vacant mantle on the parliamentary benches, but that you lack the years of discretion necessary for admission to that august body. But, seriously, remember Barre could express opinions on

the strength of a *known reputation*, which, *in your case*, might be attributed to a laudable desire to avoid too close an acquaintance with lead or steel."

Harrison stopped suddenly in his walk, for an instant his face flushed and then turned pale, while the color forsook his lips, and the veins of his forehead seemed to gather into knots; involuntarily his hand sought his sword hilt, but he restrained himself, and commanding his voice he replied: "Had any other man but *you*, my boyhood's friend, taunted me with such a thing, either he or I should never have left this ground again, except it were to seek a more convenient place to settle our differences. Hartley, I demand a retraction of your insinuation, and that instantly."

Hartley gazed in amused admiration for an instant at the indignant youth, and then said—"Pshaw! boy, retract what? I made no insinuation, and meant none;—but I did mean," he added, more gravely, "to show you what might be said by others, and most assuredly will, if you guard not your unruly member, and should chance to talk, (as you did to me a while ago,) of leaving the army at such a time. Ah! there's the dinner bugle; so let us go and discuss Yankee beef in preference to Yankee politics." And, linking his arm affectionately within that of his young friend, the gay and dashing Hartley—the favorite of the whole division—sauntered with him into the mess-room.

George Harrison was the third and youngest son of an old naval officer, who had, somewhat late in life, married a lady of fortune and no little pride, she being the daughter of an ancient and distinguished family, possessed of immense wealth, but which, with the exception of moderate portions for the other members, was of course strictly entailed on her brother, who was several years her junior.

With this brother, however, Mrs. Harrison had not been on the most affectionate terms; indeed, it may be said they had cordially hated each other. This estrangement had arisen from constant disagreements between her brother's wife (an ambitious parvenu,) and herself. Mrs. Harrison had, indeed, mortally offended her brother by refusing to present his wife at the Royal Drawing-room after his marriage; desiring him to find some other to perform the humiliating office of presenting so vulgar a person at court. For many years, therefore, little or no intercourse had been maintained between the families, and Admiral Harrison's three sons had no personal knowledge of their wealthier relations.

George's mother had, however, been dead many years at the period of which we are now writing, and his father, who had been a *bon vivant* of the olden time, was now far advanced in years, and from his generous, not to say extravagant manner of living, had greatly reduced the fortune which he had obtained by his marriage.

A hundred pounds a year, to each, was consequently all the allowance that the Admiral could now afford to make to his sons. The eldest of these, however, had attained the rank of Major in the British army, and was on staff employment in England, whilst the second was a Captain in an infantry regiment, stationed in the West Indies.

George Harrison had been educated at Eton, and, after leaving that seminary, had been for twelve months in London, awaiting his commission, which his father had obtained the promise of. Being at length appointed to the——Regiment, he was stationed within a few miles of the metropolis; and even after the embarkation of his corps for America, he was retained some months at the *Dépôt* in England, until he was finally shipped off in charge of a number of recruits to join the Regimental Head Quarters.

* During his stay in and near London, the violent discussions at this time arising in the House of Commons, on the subject of the American rebellion, had greatly interested him. His father being a member, he had constant admission to the House, and he had, from the debates he there heard, and other sources, gradually formed opinions decidedly favorable to the Americans, but which he dare not hint to his father, a stern and somewhat fanatical Royalist.

Having premised this much, we will return to our tale.

CHAPTER II.

The Battle.—Female Beauty.

"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."

BYRON.

..... "Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole."—PRIOR.

A few days subsequent to the conversation between Captain Hartley and Harrison, above related, preparations were commenced by the British Commander-in-chief for evacuating Philadelphia, and marching to New York. On the 18th of June he finally quitted the former place, and as the last of the Royalist troops defiled from the town, the Americans came flocking into it.

Washington, on hearing of the British movements, had quitted Valley Forge, and, having been joined by the New Jersey militia, overtook the rear of Sir Henry Clinton's army and brought them to battle near Monmouth.

To risk a general action, with his limited and badly equipped force, was contrary to the general able policy of the American Commander-in-chief, and which was to harass the enemy only, so as to inflict, at small cost of blood to themselves, the greater injury upon the Royalists. The attack was, however, ably conceived, but owing to the ill-judged conduct of General Lee, (who had op-

posed the idea of a pitched battle), the usual success of General Washington did not, in this case, attend him.

Both sides have always, hitherto, claimed the advantage; and certain it is, that the loss on the side of the British was the heavier of the two, being, by official returns of Sir H. Clinton, 513; whilst, on the other hand, the forces under his command continued their march to New York, without a renewal of the combat.

Such being the facts, and without referring further to the different opinions of historians, we can leave the readers to form their own conclusions on the point, from the facts stated, merely remarking that the British officers present always allowed that but for General Lee's behavior, at the commencement of the battle, the Americans would have had occasion to congratulate themselves on a much greater success.

It was when the ground lost by Lee, was being partially recovered by General Washington, that George Harrison received a musket ball in the shoulder, which seriously shattered the collar bone. In this state he was removed in the baggage train to New York. The jolting, and other inconveniences to which he was subjected on the transit, increased the inflammation, and a high fever having supervened, his situation became extremely precarious.

For some days after the arrival of the British in New York, Harrison remained in a state of delirium; but, at length a favorable turn took place, and weak, powerless, and considerably emaciated, George awoke from a sweet and refreshing sleep to consciousness.

The room in which he found himself was old-fashioned, built in the Dutch style, and heavily wainscotted with dark walnut; grotesque figures were carved on the entablatures of the heavy beams overhead, and on the many salient points produced by that style of architecture.

Facing his bed were two windows, and sleeping in the embrasure of one of them he could perceive the well known figure of his friend, Captain Hartley, whilst in the other embrasure sat a young lady occupied with embroidery.

For a few moments, the events of the last fortnight seemed to crowd upon his memory, to the exclusion even of the objects which now met his eye, but his recollection was confused, and the last thing that he could distinctly remember was being removed from a wagon and carefully placed by Hartly on a litter, carried by four men of his company; from that time all appeared to be a blank. Dismissing, therefore, from his mind the attempt to recall recent events, Harrison endeavored in the meanwhile to realize his present situation. That he was well cared for and kindly nursed, was clear from the position that he found himself in, and his curiosity was excited to know what part or interest, if any, in his well-doing, was taken by the fair embroideress, on whom his eyes were now fixed.

A lovelier vision, indeed, could hardly be imagined, than that on which our invalid now gazed; long tresses, of the richest auburn, floated over a neck and *figure* which were moulded in the perfection of lithe and graceful beauty, and as she stooped over her work, the light fell on one of the most perfectly formed faces it is possible to conceive; whilst the constant smile that seemed to hang around her mouth, and the merry sparkle of her brilliant eyes, seemed, as if for the time, charged by graver and sadder thoughts than were mete for so joyous a looking creature.

Sadder and sadder seemed these thoughts to become, for, after a while, she paused in her embroidery, and presently a hot tear dropped upon her white hand, where it had listlessly fallen on her lap. Hastily wiping her eyes, she now looked to George's bed, and seen

that he was awake, gently approached him with some cooling mixture from a neighboring table. Placing one hand gently beneath his head, she administered two or three spoonfuls of a febrifuge in which the taste of lemon was principally perceptible.

"Thank you, thank you," faintly said George, but she placed her finger to her lips to enjoin silence, saying, "You must not talk till you have seen the Doctor; you are not strong enough."

"But tell me where I am," persisted Harrison, "and if angel nurses always float around the beds of sufferers here, investing even pain and sickness with a charm."

"Hush, hush, or I shall leave you; the surgeons have desired the most perfect silence to be kept."

"At least you know, fair lady, how to enforce silence, and I obey," said George, and in truth his prostration was so great, that even these few words seemed to have exhausted him.

Captain Hartley shortly awoke, and after a few words with the lady, advanced to the bed, she at the same time softly quitting the apartment.

"Harrison, you must not talk, for you are frightfully weak," said Hartley kindly, "but I will tell you what you asked Miss Agnes, in a few words, so as to set your mind at rest, as you are doubtless anxious to know your whereabouts. On your arrival in New York, we were met at the landing by Wm. Emerson, who was with you at Eton, and whose fag you were. He is, as you know, independent, but has been for three years with a lawyer in this city, and purposes following that profession. He has purchased this house, to which he insisted on your being at once brought, and for which we got permission from head quarters. Miss Agnes, his sister, is staying with him, whilst his father is at present in Virginia (and a loyalist, by the way) and would

have returned ere this, but for the unsettled state of the country. Both she, her brother, and Aunt Martha, their favorite negress, have been unremitting in their attentions to you, since you have been here. Andre has had a letter from your brother in the West Indies, and all are well at home by latest intelligence, so now try and rest till the doctors come, with your mind at ease, for positively I will talk no more to you at present."

Hartley once more returned to the window, and drawing the blinds closer, betook himself to a book, leaving the wounded man to his own *now* pleasant reflections, and to repose.

Not one word had the wild, but kind-hearted Captain, hinted of his own watchful and sleepless nights, passed at the bedside of his comrade, where, indeed, every hour he could be absent from his own duty, had been spent.

The love of one man for another has often been exemplified, and, unquestionably, the more than fraternal affection of Hartley for our hero, was, up to this time, as pure as it was disinterested. Indeed, the frank, affectionate, and generous disposition of Harrison, had insensibly won upon the gay but somewhat dissipated Captain, in a manner that was unaccountable even to himself.

So it is through life; the careless, dashing man of the world, will, while the heart is yet in the right place, turn with pleasure to the freshness and kindness of those young minds, as yet untainted by rough contact with the grosser vices of manhood, and which were, alas, but too general in the circles in which our *dramatis personæ* at that time moved.

[To be continued.]

A courteous answer is as cheaply given as a ruffianly one; for the former you receive thanks and a smile, and for the latter you obtain neither; there lies the difference.

THE UNKNOWN LOVER.

BY J. R. R.

She knows not, bright unconscious thing,
That in my soul she is enshrined,
With such sweet pain as love may bring—
A living portion of the mind.

She cannot know my life is nought,
Except a daily dream of her,
The regnant, bright, eternal THOUGHT,
Which makes me still a worshiper.

Accursed I am to feel how blest
I might but cannot hope to be;
To know that love is in that breast,
But love that ne'er will smile on me!

For who could ask a boon so rare
As dwells in her delicious kiss?
Or dare aspire to arms which are
The wreathed boundary of bliss?

The rose may touch her lips of red,
The wave receive each glowing charm,
And night its downy curtains spread
Around her sweetly slumbering form;

But I must still at distance gaze,
And mourn my dark, unhappy fate,
And sing to one these dreamy lays
Who neither bears me love nor hate.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

MEMORIAL.

*To the President of the United States, the
Heads of Departments, and to the Senate
and House of Representatives of the U. S.*

The undersigned, the President and Members comprising the Pacific Railroad Convention, held in San Francisco, California, September, A. D. 1859, have the honor to address you on behalf of the said Convention, and the People of the States of California, Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, whom we represent, on the subject of a Continental Railroad, from the Pacific to the Valley of the Mississippi.

The Convention was called in pursuance of the following

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Of the Legislature of the State of California.

Resolved, By the Assembly, the Senate concurring, that to promote the interest and insure the protection and security of the People of the State of California and Oregon, and the Territories of Washington and Arizona; and especially to consider the refusal of Congress to take efficient measures for the construction of a Railroad from the Atlantic States to the Pacific, and to adopt measures whereby the building of said Railroad can be accomplished, it is expedient that a Convention be held on the twentieth day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, at the City of San Francisco, in the State of California, composed of Delegates from the said States and Territories.

Resolved, That the people of the several counties of the said States and Territories, are hereby especially requested to send to said Convention, Delegates equal to the number of the members of the Legislature of the said States and Territories, to which they are entitled, to represent them in said Convention.

Resolved, That His Excellency, the Governor of this State, be requested to send copies of the foregoing Resolutions to the Governor of the State of Oregon and Territories of Washington and Arizona, respectively.

Passed, April 5th, 1859.

*Office of the Secretary of State, }
Sacramento, Cal., August 4, 1859. }*

I, FERRIS FORMAN, Secretary of State of the State of California, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 25, passed April 5th, 1859, now on file at my office.

Witness my hand and the Great Seal of State, at office in Sacramento, California, the 4th day of August, 1859.

FERRIS FORMAN,
Secretary of State.

The Convention was numerously attended; representing two of the sovereign States, and one of the great Territories of the General Government; embracing the entire extent of United States territory on the Pacific Coast.

The Convention continued its session through five days, carefully canvassing, in all its relations and bearings, the subject of the Continental Railway, and reached its conclusions and adopted its measures

with remarkable and most gratifying unanimity.

As the result of the deliberations of that body, touching the subjects relating to Congressional action in behalf of the States and Territory bordering upon the Pacific, we are authorized respectfully to present to you the following statements and suggestions :

California has been a sovereign State of the Union more than nine years. She has a population exceeding five hundred thousand—active, intelligent and loyal.

For ten years, and without intermission, has her people contributed unprecedented sums to the gain and prosperity of the nation. She possesses unrivalled mineral, agricultural and manufacturing resources, excellence of climate, and commercial position

These, with her harbors, navigable bays and rivers, geographical position, commercial relations, and intermediate station on the direct line of Asiatic and European trade, justly entitle the State and her people to a consideration from the General Government far greater than has been granted.

Notwithstanding the abundance of her local resources, and the great advantage of her commercial position, the State has failed to make that progress in improvements, population, and general development legitimately anticipated. The causes operating so unhappily to embarrass the due development of California, and tending so decisively to prevent the enterprise of the citizens of this coast from resulting in forms of progress equal to the superior local advantages enumerated, exist mainly in the relation California sustains to the Atlantic States.

The States of California and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, are the most distant and difficult of access of any over which the Government is pledged to exercise its protection and fostering care. They are without the ordinary means of a healthy and natural growth. While the avenues of emigration are comparatively

open, easy and safe to every other part of the Union, the route to its Pacific possessions, whether by land or sea, is constantly beset with every species of difficulty and danger. Our remote position and the difficulties encountered in travel, transit and general commerce with the eastern and more populous States of the Union, are sufficient to explain the slow degrees which have marked the progress and development of the Pacific Coast.

There are other great difficulties with which these States have to contend, operating to prevent State aid of railroad enterprise within their limits.

In the State of California the revenue is unjustly and most unequally divided. Her taxable area of land does not exceed one-ninth of the area of the State; the remainder contributes nothing to the revenues of the State, because it is a part of the public domain, and therefore not subject to taxation.

Three-fourths of the population of the State occupy what is denominated as the "mining lands." These lands are, and have been to this time, acknowledged to be the property of the General Government. The State is called upon to exercise all its governmental functions over the people occupying said territory, without deriving revenue from the land so occupied. Although this question of federal exercise of power against the true interests of a sovereign State is important, and claims early and serious consideration, we do not now propose to discuss it further.

Oregon and the Territory of Washington stand in a similar relation upon this important question.

It is referred to here for the purpose of explaining to the General Government a hardship which has seriously affected the progress and development of this State.

It cannot be charged as the fault of the Pacific States, that their revenue is so unequally derived; nor will the General Government be at a loss to account for the present inability of these States to aid in the construction of expensive railroad en-

terprises, when they learn, what is the fact, that but an inconsiderable part of the people of the State contribute to the support of the Government.

The State of Oregon—although a young State, inexperienced in the demands upon, and in the exercise of sovereign power—already wisely foresees her inability to construct, or to aid in the construction of railroads within her limits, without the help usually granted by the General Government.

It will be observed, that the State of California has an unprotected Coast line, exceeding seven hundred miles. Oregon, five hundred miles, and the Territory of Washington, including the waters of Puget Sound, of one thousand miles. The people on this Coast entertain very firm convictions that their interests, as well as the general security of the territory of the United States on this Coast, have been constantly overlooked.

The States of California and Oregon, and Washington Territory, represent the intelligence and patriotism of every section of the Union. They are national in sentiment, and in action; and have no connection with the local difficulties which excite and tend to divide the Eastern States of our Union. While they claim to understand their duties, as consistent parts of the confederacy, they also claim to be informed of their Sovereign rights, and believe them to be at least equal to those of other States, and entitled to respect and consideration. These States hold that they understand the objects and purposes of a federal compact; they believe that the principal purposes to be answered by *union*, are the common defense of its members;—the preservation of the public peace (internally and externally) and the proper adjustment of differences arising between the several sovereignties.

That for such purposes the States are united in conferring and centralizing power in the Federal Government; and that if it be put to use, it is fit and proper, to be directed to any and every National exigency which may arise.

The circumstances tending to endanger the safety and tranquility of this portion of the Union, are too numerous to be herein specified; and, if the power or influence of the Federal Government were not created only to be exercised upon the Eastern seaboard, it can be called upon to provide for the defense and protection of the States and Territories on this coast.

While yielding to no other portion of the Union, in the devotion of its people to the General Government, the reflection may not be amiss, that there is growing up on this portion of the continent a new generation, bound by no ties of birth to the older States, and that, should their interests be neglected after the manner of the nine years past, there will naturally spring up a coldness and indifference, which it is the part of wisdom to avoid.

It is both unwise and impolitic, on the part of the General Government, longer to delay a practical recognition of the claims of the States and Territories on this coast. In a national, or any other point of view, works which increase our means of defense, or which afford to us an independent, speedy, and reliable communication with the Eastern portion of the Union and the seat of the Central Government, *are* of paramount importance.

The known policy of the Government, respecting foreign intervention in American affairs, although most cordially approved by the people of this coast, but adds to the liability to be involved in all the disasters of war, and that, too, while it is utterly beyond the power of the Government to strike one effective blow in their defense; at the same time, also, the people on the whole frontier line of these States and Territory are exposed to forays and rapine, from numerous and powerful Indian tribes.

It is a true principle, never to be forgotten by statesmen, that while it is the duty of the citizen to obey the Government, it is no less the duty of the Government to protect the citizen; and it is an admitted truism, that a free people will not long endure a Government which re-

fuses to afford them that protection for which Governments were instituted.

Addressing those who are presumed to survey the great interests of the Republic—who regard the common dictates of good faith, and who recognize the binding force and equal obligation which characterize our federal compact, we believe it will not be in vain to represent the condition of these sovereignties, and demand that measure of relief which has been too long delayed.

The great project of constructing a trans-continental Railway, answering the purpose of protection of this coast—of stimulating immigration—of securing a speedy settlement of the country lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains—of developing our great resources—of putting our people in a line of success—of building up our commercial interests—of turning the commerce of Asia through the United States, and of realizing generally the benefits of uninterrupted, cheap, and speedy communication with our sister States—we commend to your earnest consideration.

This Convention and the people of this coast are united in a demand for a Railroad, which shall be constructed from some point upon the western border of the Atlantic States, along what is known as the "Central Route," to some point on the frontier of California; whence divergent lines can be run—one to the waters of Columbia River, or Puget Sound, of the north, and one to San Francisco, in the south.

They are also united in demanding of the General Government a liberal donation of the public land, by which they shall be enabled to aid the construction of the said branch lines of Railroad.

It cannot be believed that Congress will refuse so simple an act of justice to these States, or will be so blind and unmindful of the interest and duty of the Government, as not to meet their expectation in this behalf, or that it will fail to extend to this coast the benefit and security of Railroad communication with the East.

It is a fact universally conceded, that an expenditure of one hundred million dollars in the construction of fortifications upon this coast, will not render it as secure against invasion as the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

The celerity, too, (having a Continental Railway), with which an army and its accompanying supplies would be transferred across the continent, in any national exigency requiring expeditious movement to this frontier, is worthy of great consideration at your hands.

The completion of the Continental Railroad will be the nation's announcement of readiness to take part in the stirring events of the coming time. Its construction is practicable, necessary, and promising the greatest results. Once completed, the States of the Union will realize the advantages resulting from the trade of nations passing over this great highway. It will heal the political asperities which afflict the nation, hush the elements of discord and fanaticism which spread dismay over the country, and afford ready employment to a multitude who labor for their bread. It will lead to the establishment of steamship communication between San Francisco and the ports of Japan and the Chinese Empire—inaugurate a new era in the commercial exchanges between these countries and our own—greatly benefit every interest of the North, South, East and West. It will rescue a hundred thousand leagues of land from desolation, and will people the same with millions of stout hearts and strong arms.

Are not these objects which should incite our representatives in Congress to the greatest effort? Are they not advantages worthy of immediate and zealous consideration? Are these not interests, so common to the Republic, that the *South* and the *North*, the *East* and the *West* may unite in fraternal faith and patriotic purpose, to attain?

If, like Cæsar, men would be read, to their great praise, let them favor a scheme which has for its object the benefit of this State,

this coast, our territories intermediate, the whole Union, and the development of a great and glorious destiny. Let them give their adhesion to an enterprise which *shall knit our several sovereignties* in amity so strong that suble, intriguing artifices *within*, or foes and envious force *without*, may never unravel the federal covenants we inherit.

These grand results to the nation, and simple justice to these distant sovereignties, bound to you by strong ties, may, in the estimation of the undersigned, be attained in the greatest degree by the favorable consideration of the Government, granted to the following propositions:

First.—That the Government aid the construction of the Continental Railroad across the territory of the United States, by the guaranty by the Government, of the payment of interest not exceeding five per centum per annum during twenty years, on the bonds which may be issued by the company constructing the said Road, representing a sum not exceeding the actual cost of the Road.

Second.—That the Government grant liberally from the public lands of the territory over which the said Road shall pass, to such company or companies as shall construct the same from the Western Frontier of the Atlantic States, to the Eastern Frontier of the State of California.

Third.—That in such grant of lands, the Government offer a *bonus*, conditional, to wit: if the company construct the said Road, and put the same in complete operation within five years from the date of the contract, grant to the company alternate sections *thirty* miles deep, on each side of the road; but if the company occupy a longer period of time in its construction, grant them sections only *ten* miles deep.

These grants and these conditions, with the right of way, and such subsidies and transportation contracts, as the Government can well give, will insure the speedy undertaking and completion of the work.

Fourth.—That the Government donate to the State of California all the public lands

within her limits, (excepting the mining lands), also to repay to said State the sum of two million seven hundred and six thousand five hundred and twelve dollars, claimed to be legally due said State, having been collected as customs, at the port of San Francisco, between the dates of August 6th, A. D. 1848, and September 9th, A. D. 1850; these lands and this sum to be placed to the credit of "State Railroad Fund," and used as the Legislature of the State may direct, in aid of the construction of that portion of the Pacific Railroad, which shall run from San Francisco to connect with the Grand Trunk Road, authorized by Government to be constructed to the Eastern Frontier of the State.

Fifth.—That the Government grant like and similar aid to the State of Oregon, and to Washington Territory; whereby they may be enabled to construct a line of Railway to intercept the Grand Trunk Road of the Government, at such a point as shall be practicable at or near the Eastern Frontier of California.

JOHN BIDWELL, PRESIDENT.

Thomas J. Dryer,	M. H. Farley,
Thos. A. Xavier,	F. A. Bee,
A. B. Hallock,	J. A. McDougall,
J. Ramsdell,	L. Archer,
Nath'l Holland,	Wm. J. Lewis,
Louis R. Lull,	T. B. Wade,
W. S. Watson,	J. F. Farley,
Wm. H. Dalrymple,	R. W. Russell,
Joseph Levinson,	T. Robertson,
Thomas Baker,	Thos. H. Pearne,
Rich'd P. Hammond,	Marcus Kimball,
Geo. W. Crane,	E. Lander,
Z. Montgomery,	Seth Luelling,
Jno. Gillig,	B. S. Lippencott,
H. Mills,	E. McCarthy,
J. A. Taylor,	A. Meek,
F. S. Balch,	James Michael,
J. A. Amerman,	G. M. Hansom,
Grove K. Godfrey,	A. C. Hinkson,
Henry S. Fitch,	L. Hite,
T. Dame,	M. Hirsh,
Jas. C. Cobb,	S. J. Axtell,
Horace Austin,	John H. Atchison,
R. J. Latz,	G. Baechtell,
J. S. Ormsby,	W. T. Barbour,
J. H. Carothers,	A. T. Bailey,
J. G. McCallum,	J. M. Blossom,
Benj. R. Nickerson,	R. Hale,
Dan'l S. Howard,	Theo. D. Judah,
S. D. Mastick,	J. B. Crockett,

S. M. Mezes,
 Jos. G. McKibben,
 J. W. Osborn,
 Wm. H. Rhodes,
 Ed. M. Hall,
 E. K. Vandecar,
 Alex. P. Ankeny,
 W. B. Farwell,
 G. M. Hanson,
 E. S. Holden,
 J. S. Titus,
 R. C. Gere,
 Henry Gerke,
 T. W. Lander,
 E. Burke,
 R. S. Miller,
 Phil. Wasserman,
 W. S. Sherwood,
 Lafayette Balch,
 R. Matheson,

Wm. Blackburn,
 Eugene Crowell,
 Ira P. Rankin,
 Henry M. Hale,
 D. O. Mills,
 H. G. Worthington,
 Levi Parsons,
 Lewis M. Starr,
 Francis B. Camp,
 F. A. Bishop,
 Thomas J. Arnold,
 E. A. Rockwell,
 Daniel Gibb,
 R. H. Mitchell,
 W. W. Porter,
 Geo. W. Prescott,
 W. H. Rector,
 Chester N. Terry,
 F. Hooker,
 W. A. Housel,

C. P. Jackson,
 Ed. Janssen,
 E. Joynt,
 J. Kamp,
 J. B. Knapp,
 John Conness,
 J. H. Cutter,
 V. B. Daub,

A. D. Ellis,
 George Flavel,
 F. Ford,
 E. S. Gillespie,
 A. B. Gove,
 L. C. Gray,
 J. E. Hale,
 L. A. Booth.

City of San Francisco, }
October 10, 1859. }

I, WILLIAM RABE, Secretary of the Pacific Railroad Convention, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and exact copy of the Memorial No. 2, ordered on file among the documents of the Convention.

WILLIAM RABE,
Secretary Pacific R. R. Convention.

Our Social Chair.

TO that nature which is truly noble, it is ever a source of pleasurable satisfaction to realize that the humanizing and heart-enlarging influences of social converse, which, while making every member of our common family happier, raises them to a higher life and destiny. To such, existence is simply one long day in which to make people happy; the crowning hope and end of an earnest brotherhood of sympathy; the joy of the inner life, and the carrying out of the great plans of the Infinite One. Selfishness, the great bane and stumbling-block of the narrow-minded, has stood in the way of the realization of this God-like principle; yet, as a consequence, while its policy has defeated its own purposes, by abridging rather than enlarging its enjoyments, its very defeat has asserted the perfection of the Divine plan that secures the greatest amount of happiness and joy to him who deals out these heart-gladdening gifts, without stint or measure to others. No man ever did a good action but he met with an instantaneous reward. No word of encouragement in the ear of the disheart-

ened; no kindly spoken word of sympathy to the bereaved or poor; no well-meant and unostentatious assistance to the needy, whether its recipient be clothed in rags or broadcloth; in short, no proof whatever that a man possessed the heart of a true brother, even though it were never breathed to human ear, ever went without immediate payment, "in full of all demands" by the happy warmth and contentment enjoyed within, from the conviction of the pleasure given when the duty was performed. The acquisition of riches is generally understood to be synonymous with the acquisition of happiness: and, to a certain extent, this is true; but it is none the less equally true, that often all those finer feelings that make life itself a luxury, are sacrificed, or crushed out by the iron heel of Avarice, so that when the goal of their heaven is reached, those ministers of grace, Charity and Love, are no longer abiding guests in their hearts.

There is truth as well as poetry in the wise aphorism,—"Contentment is great gain,"—so that, whether the reader or the writer be rich, or "no better off than he

might be," let each reflect that there is a probability that we could easily be in a worse position than we are; and, as there are annoyances and perplexities, and almost insurmountable difficulties in every calling, business, or profession, the best that we can all do is to meet them like men, and make the best of them.

In this connection we remark that we take pleasure in witnessing that not only are our socially-inclined friends gradually hitching their chairs closer together, lest some precious thought or happy circumstance, or good joke, should elude their grasp, by escaping their attention, but that, one by one, other chairs are seeking to join our magic circle; and we know it need not be said—'most cordially are they welcome.' And, although we confess to feeling a decided preference for those chairs that are polished by contentment and cheerfulness, we would not wish to exclude those, whose frequent 'movings' and sundry bumpings from place to place, have rubbed off some of the varnish, or broken away some portions of the veneering, if their condition does not necessarily imply a habit of perpetual screeching—in which case they are inadmissible to the circle; for, from screeching beds and chairs we devoutly say, good workmanship, glue, and timber ever deliver us.

Now, permit us, gentle reader, to introduce a new acquaintance, who modestly seeks admission to our jovial circle, and about whom many hard, and even agonizing stories have been told; and the very name of which, at first, may to some revive an unpleasant chain of reminiscences, or of thankful deliverances:

Sympathizing Social Chair:—

'Tis said, "The Gods are just." If this be true, then "Fate" should not be blamed for moulding one to noble, and another to base purposes. But exaggerating one's misery seems to be an impiety, because it is a reflection upon our maker, and the clay should not say to the potter "why made ye me thus?" So I will set down naught in malice, nor grumble at my des-

tiny. Still, I keep up a terrible thinking if I were thus and so, I should be the happiest chair alive. Out upon the theory that there is less suffering in the world than formerly. I ought to know, for I have had a vast deal of experience. Day by day gives me fresh proof that this is not so, and that pain and anguish were bequeathed to every mother's son of us, when that fatal apple was munched. I never could blame Eve as much as some people do. I think I should have done just the same, provided it was a good fall pippin, and I could reach it by standing on tip-toe, and without disarranging my costume. To that one little circumstance I owe my being. From that fatal hour, the molar organs began to assert their privileges, and Eve's apple tooth was the first to "grumble." (For a full account of the method of extracting in those days, I would refer you to the fourth volume of Dow Jr's *Profane History*, and for the size, shape, color, and peculiar flavor of the said apple, to Caxton's late edition of "Eve in Eden.") Both deservedly popular works. But for the disobedience of that rollicking little piece of femininity, I might at this day be towering in primitive grandeur on the banks of the south fork of the stream she used for her looking glass, or what is better, been transformed into an envied "Social chair," "Teacher's Chair," "Chair of State," or a "Political Platform," "Board of Delegates," an "Orator's Stump," a "Limb of the Law," or anything you please, rather than live to curse my being! Of all the miserable wretches on the face of this terrestrial footstool of Providence, you may count on my being the most to be pitied. The atmosphere which surrounds me is rife with shrieks, and pain, and fear. The strong man trembles as he approaches me; his blood runs back, "his knees against each other knock"; women—even the "strong minded"—weep and go into hysterics at the sight of me, and children are instructed from their infant years to shun me as they would some frightful ogre in the dark. I have seen the brow of beauty pale at my

approach, and you wonder how I can "behold such sights of blood and torture, and keep the natural ruby of my cheeks, when theirs are blanched with fear." I call up visions of the grave-yard; and the high road to that "undiscovered country" is opening to the mental vision of all whom I embrace. The wretched are my companions. I am seldom free from pain during the day, and am never sure of a sound sleep at night. It is true, I pay no taxes, am exempt from sitting on juries, or serving in the militia, but these are small evils, compared with those entailed upon a

DENTIST'S CHAIR.

But here is another, from a Miss in her teens, written in one of the prettiest and most lady-like hands that can be imagined; and, moreover, folded, enclosed, and addressed in as methodical a manner as though it had been invented (we mean the style) on purpose to embody the idea of *neatness*—and nothing more:

Kind Social Chair :—

I hope you will not think me forward in addressing you [of course we do not, nor will the reader, when he has read your letter to the end] but I have so much longed to say a few words to you, more perhaps to ask your advice than to say anything unpleasant of any one; but, my teacher gives me such hard lessons to learn in mathematics that my head aches very hard before I have a quarter solved a single problem, and when I have conquered—which I generally do—I am so weak and dispirited that I have not strength or courage to attempt any other study. Now, do you not think that it would be better for me to devote the same amount of time to other subjects that would be more useful and much more agreeable to me (as I dislike *that* very much), and in which I might have some hope of excelling—or at least, be able to keep up with my class? I am also growing very thin and pale, and my dear mother looks so anxiously at me, as much as to say, "what is the matter with you, Jenny, my dear?" (and I sometimes can see that she goes out of the room on purpose

to cry, where I cannot see her), and knowing how much she longs to see me become an excellent scholar, I do not like to hurt her feelings by telling her the cause. Hoping that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and not tell any one my name, I remain, very respectfully,

Yours, SCHOOL STOOL.

Now, Miss Jenny, it is a difficult matter for this Chair to stand between you and your teacher in giving advice, because we think that were we in his position, we should not like for any one to interfere between us; and were we in yours, we should go straight to him and candidly explain the whole matter, when, he will doubtless, find the remedy; for we cannot think that any one who occupies so responsible a post would, for a moment, wish to sacrifice your health and prospects, or the carrying out of the darling wish of your mother's heart, did he know it, by neglecting the other, and to our thoughts, the more important portions of a good education, by offering you upon the Mathematical altar. We thank you for your confidence, which we shall endeavor to deserve, by attending to your wishes; and when this is in print we shall enclose it to your teacher; sincerely hoping that others will take this gentle hint.

Different to the above, in almost every essential particular, is the annexed epistle, and as it will tell its own story, we introduce it at once:

Happy Social Chair :—

It may be matter of surprise to those who do not reflect that I should presume to have any existence whatever; or, at all events, other than at the back of other chairs, there to be perpetually on the watch for any beckoning look or nod from my more aristocratic neighbors. Yet, I think that as I have to live, and, after all am a very useful piece of furniture, in my place; and moreover give standing evidence of my existence and utility, from very early in the morning until very late at night, at which time I am stowed away, until wanted, on a cot, in some very small, yet, exalted

position, in the cock-loft; or, low "down among the dead" — rats, as well as live ones, with the provisions in the earthy basement, (and where, on one occasion, one of the largest of my long-tailed fellow lodgers—or rather runners, who 'run all night,' took a fancy to a piece of my ankle), I think that I am entitled to a little consideration, and a small portion of your comfortable seat—if only as large as my sky-tending bed-room.

Now, dear sympathizing Social Chair, let me pour into your ear a few of my sorrows—I will not call them sufferings, but simply repinings—in the hope that the opening of the heart to another, may relieve it of its superabundant oppressiveness; and possibly make my occupation a little more endurable. First, then, a gentlemanly chair—or at least, one that might pass as such, judging from its ornamental carving and gilding—says, "Waiter, did I order you to bring me gravy to my meat?" "No, sir." "Then why did you bring me that which I did not order?" In vain do I explain that gentlemen in general prefer gravy to their meat—that it is as customary to carry gravy with the meat as it is to carry a plate to contain the meat, unless it is otherwise ordered. "Gentlemen in general," did you say? I am not of the 'gentlemen in general,' but one in particular, and particularly request that you do not give me anything that I do not order in the future, sir, d'ye hear?" "Yes, sir." When he requested me to pass him the potatoes, or preserves, had I enquired if he would like the dish passed that contained them, he would have denounced me an impertinent puppy, no doubt; and yet, in obeying his instructions to the letter, I ought simply to have passed the potatoes—without the dish. Then, again, when he asked me for "pudding," I took him pudding; but as he had not instructed me concerning the sauce, I dare not presume to add sauce to it without his particular order; and when he enquired why I brought him "such dry stuff as that to eat?" and "if the house could not afford

sauce to its pudding?" I very humbly suggested that he had not ordered sauce; and as I did not wish to offend him, I of course, as per his order, did not bring it without that order, he immediately flew into a passion, and threatened that "if I gave him any of *my* sauce, (with or without the pudding) he would throw it at my head," but as he did not mention whether it was the pudding or the sauce that he intended to present me with in such a playful manner; and, as the boisterous confusion this created had not only attracted the attention of every one at the table, but had even brought my employer from a far-off corner in the cellar, where he had been engaged in roasting old mouldy crusts of bread to make *coffee* of, I was ordered out of the room without the satisfaction of ascertaining anything further about it.

Then, again, one tells me that I "ought not to bring him such ancient and muscular flesh, under the deceptive cognomen of 'roast beef,' as though I had either grown, or provided, or cooked the meat. Another asks me how many years I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance of that chicken? A third suggests that if the meat before him was brought for 'lamb,' that I exchange it for a nice, rare slice of that 'lamb's mother,' instantler. One frowns at me because this 'was too cool'; another, swears at me for not 'informing him that that was so infernally hot,' 'this is too fat,' and 'that too lean'; so you see I get all the blame, and none of the credit, and yet am only

A WAITER'S CHAIR.

A DAGUERREOTYPE Musing,

OR, AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

My room-mate, a pedagogue tall,—

He was raised in the Green Mountain
Has rolled himself up in a ball [State,
And forgotten his flea-bitten fate.

He has left in plain sight on the table

A daguerreotype set in a locket;

I really wish I were able

To have such an one in *my* pocket.

He says it's his sister—no doubt—

My perceptions are not very keen,
But I really can't make the point out
That the slightest resemblance is seen.

For he is long, lean, lank and tall ;

The lady a delicate *Hebe*—
No family likeness at all,
No sister then, to him, can she be !

Some "notes" folded neater than wax,
Are lying close by on the stand,
And now I observe on the backs
Is a delicate, lady-like hand.

I can *guess* how this all comes to pass :
This pedagogue tall, left behind [lass,
Some "school ma'am," or sweet Yankee
Round whom his affections are twined.

The original must be very fair,
It is strange he ever forsook it,
And as for the ideal there,
I declare, I am tempted to hook it !
But lo ! by some magical freak
Of that pretty daguerreotype face,
Those rosy lips suddenly speak,
Applying these lines to my case :

"Pedagogue! I advise you to wed,
No longer about the thing tarry,
Like that sensible fellow in bed,
Who has promised *me* that he'll marry !
You certainly look, my dear teacher,
As if you had *half* of a soul,
The other—am I not a true preacher,
Would produce one harmonious whole !

Your romantic days are all past,
And permit a young lady to say
It is certainly time you should cast
About you without a delay.
Don't tell me you 'really don't know,'
Or will think in the future about it ;
You never will get along so,
You can't exist longer without it.

Your hair and your coat have turned gray,
A wrinkle is set in your face,
A wife now, would smoothe it away,
And put all your wardrobe in place.
Your life is so trying in school,
I'll tell you just what you must do,
Before you can pleasantly rule,
Somebody must rule over you !

But mind—if you write a love letter,
Don't run into doggerel rhyme,
You are old enough, now, to know better,
You will only waste paper and time.
It is really strange you don't know it,
Were you ever in love in your life ?
If you try to pass off for a poet,
You never will get you a wife.

Don't pen a poetical ditty,
Or sit like a furnace and sigh,
You might as well quote to her 'Chitty,'
But say like a man, '*I will try !*'
If you want to get married, just say
That you want to, and that is enough ;
You never will get on your way,
By penning poetical stuff."

Shall I take photographic advice,
And as pictures are taken of man,
Do the thing neatly up in a trice
By placing myself under ban ?
I really think if some Miss
Would give me a sweet little face,
I could glide into honeymoon bliss
With a very commendable grace.

FINIS.

To those whose sympathies for the bereaved may lead them in imagination to the sad scene, the annexed touching incident, from the Tuolumne Courier, will be read with melancholy tenderness : —

When the conflagration which destroyed Murphy's Camp broke out, the mournful services of a funeral were being performed. A mother had lost her little child of some two years old. The little procession had reached the village church, and were there paying the last sad tribute of affection, when the fearful cry of fire smote upon the ear of that little group. So great was the panic, as the flames burst upon their sight through the church windows, that, involuntarily, all rushed out to render aid in staying the progress of the flames. In a moment, the poor mother found herself alone with her dead child; and, taking up the little coffin, returned to her home alone and unnoticed !

Poor lonely mother, at that moment thou must have needed the angel-ministerings of thy departed little one, to soothe and comfort thee on thy sorrowing journey of return. God help thee.

Far o'er yon distant mountains, in Sierra's lovely vale,
 Where the summer's softest breezes woo the stormy winter gale,
 And the Storm-spirit sings her requiem, in its low weeping wail ;
 Where the tall pines are robed in white, like giants ghostly pale,
 Where grow the opening flowers, and glows the glittering snow,
 And white-hooded peaks, like hoary monks, frown on the plain below,
 And laughing little brooklets adown the mountain flow,
 Singing their summer song, as merrily they go ;
 There huge rocks and giant trees, upon the mountain side,
 Keep sentry, like grim Warders, o'er that valley, fair and wide,
 Where a bright and fairy landscape unfolds to every view,
 And nature weaves her carpet of ever-varied hue ;
 There snowy clouds above float in the ether blue—
 Fit canopy for hearts, as ever, fond and true.
 I love the grassy margin of thy deep and crystal streams,
 And in the ever shady groves indulge in sunny dreams,
 Waked by the dashing, flashing water, as fitfully it gleams
 From out the darkened shadow, and in the silver beams ;
 And with nature's book before me, in these enchanted bowers,
 Read the volume of the skies, *and mark its leaves with flowers ;*
 When, at the zephyrs' kiss, the blossoms fall in showers,
 Unmindful of the march of Time, or of his passing hours.

In that bright distant valley I know a fair retreat ;
 The way is plainly marked, by many a pilgrim's feet—
 From many a far-off home, and many a distant shore—
 That leads you to a dwelling, with its ever open door,
 Which makes a sunny dial upon the polished floor.
 I remember well the place, and the welcome smile it wore—
 A broad and spacious mansion, and yet a peaceful cot,
 Where the ever welcome sojourner will always bless his lot—
 For here the rites of hospitality are never once forgot.
 Who the ministering genius of this loved and lovely spot,
 Where the stranger finds a welcome, the friend a holy shrine,
 I'll answer, then, 'tis "Alice," and "A HEALTH TO THEE AND THINE."

Sacramento City, Sept. 23d, 1859.

E. R. C.

The Fashions.

Cloaks.

The size of this garment is very large—reaching nearly, or quite to the bottom of the dress, and falling in ample folds ; the patterns vary much, but *size is indispensable*. The favorite appears to be the Pardessus, made of either cloth or velvet, and cut the same, (size excepted) as the summer silks have been. The cloth is mostly trimmed with quilling of the same, around the bottom, and sleeves, and top of the hood.

The hood is correspondingly large, and has two large tassels, which terminate nearly half the length of the skirt below the waist. Some of the most costly are cut "double circular," the upper one reaching a little less than half way, and elaborately covered, with *pasanterie*, finished with deep fringe, same shade as the material of the cloak ; the largest proportion of the embroidery is put upon the upper circular. The fringe on the bottom one should be at least two inches the deepest,—they are not joined together, but left for convenience,

so that they may be worn single, whenever the state of the weather demands it.

Another is the "Solferino," a large mantle of striped cloth, with a deep hood, cut pointed, and bound with galoon. Our opinion is, that it will not find favor in California; it is too gaudy, by far.

The greatest novelty of this Fall, in New York City, has been a "circular," with a hood reaching nearly to the bottom, made of a material called *Velours de Paris*; it is of wool, with small chintz pattern of silk woven in, and is worn only with a dress of the same stuff, both trimmed with black velvet. The mildness of this climate, notwithstanding the advanced season, renders this dress acceptable still.

We have not space for more on the subject of fashions, this time, and conclude by mentioning that "Valenciennes lace" is most fashionable for Sets. Ribbons are wider, and dark bright plaids, and brocades with black grounds, and bright bunches of flowers. No. 30 in width.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The convicts of the State prison made numerous attempts to escape, during the month, when many were fired upon, some killed, and others mortally wounded.

Monte Cristo was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 20th Aug.

The citizens of Downieville gave a magnificent ball of celebration on the 22d September, on the opening of the Sierra Turnpike road, which unites their mountain city with the valleys below, by stage.

Diamond Springs, El Dorado county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire September 23d.

James M. Crane, delegate to Congress from the new Territory of Nevada, died suddenly at Gold Hill, near Sonora, September 26th.

The ladies of Columbia gave a festival, the proceeds of which, amounting to \$846 75, were devoted towards the purchase of a fire engine for that town.

The Sonora arrived with 682 passengers Sept. 28th.

The Cortez arrived Sept. 29th with 486 passengers.

The commencement of the Jewish New Year, 5620, was celebrated Sept. 28th.

The El Dorado county Treasurer's office was robbed of \$8,500 on the night of the 28th Sept., \$6,000 of which belonged to the State.

A. C. Lawrence, Assemblyman elect from Trinity county, caught a grizzly in a trap. While waiting for assistance the bear got loose, gave chase, and ran him up a tree, after taking a bite off—the seat of his pantaloons.

The Rabbit Creek Flume Company, and a large number of the citizens of La Porte purchased of John Conley, the two East Branch ditches, and the Rabbit Creek and the Yankee Hill ditch, for \$20,000.

The heavy jolt of an earthquake was experienced in San Francisco at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, M., on the 5th ult.

The first annual Fair of the Alameda Agricultural Society was held at Oakland, from the 4th to the 14th ult., and proved a great success.

The Cortes sailed on the 5th ult. with 550 passengers, and the United States Mail, for the first time. The Golden Gate had 665 passengers and \$1,863,280 in treasure.

Gold dust was deposited in the San Francisco Branch Mint to the amount of \$589,988 80 during the month of September.

There are at present 506 hands working on the San Francisco and Marysville Railroad, says the *National Democrat*; 150 of these are Chinese, employed by a Chinese sub-contractor.

A man named Geo. Kohler was suffocated, on the 30th Sept., by fumes from a charcoal furnace, while attempting to solder a lead pipe in a well, at Benicia.

Fresno City was entirely destroyed by fire on the 2nd ult., with the exception of the Overland Mail Company's stables, and A. J. Downer's store.

A new semi-weekly line of stages to run across the Sierra Nevadas, between Placerville and Genoa, (Carson Valley), has been started by the undaunted mountain expressman, J. A. Thompson—fare \$15. Mr. Thompson used to carry the mail over the Sierras alone and in the depth of winter, using the Norwegian snow shoes.

One fourth of the town of Auburn, Placer county, was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult.

The stock owners of Yuba county, in the vicinity of the Oregon House, have organized themselves into a Vigilance Committee, for the purpose of suppressing cattle stealing.

On the afternoon of 11th ult. the first Quaker nuptials ever celebrated in this

city, took place before Justice Culver, when Mr. O. W. Still and Miss A. M. Pearson were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Four steamboats are now plying between this city and the "Haystack," (near Petaluma.)

The steamship Uncle Sam arrived from Panama at 1 o'clock, A. M., on the 14th ult., with 626 passengers.

The Golden Age brought 687 passengers on the 16th.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the U. S. army, and suite, arrived from the East on the Golden Age, on

the 16th ult., to whom an imposing public reception was given. All the various avenues of the city, through which the soldier-hero was to pass, was densely packed with people, and every window, and front of every house-top covered with spectators. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 17th, Gen. Scott embarked on board the Northerner for San Juan Island, to examine into the difficulty between Gen. Harney and the English authorities there.

The Sonora sailed on the 20th ult. with 450 passengers, and \$1,559,648.50 in treasure. The Uncle Sam had 633 passengers, and the United States Mails.

Editor's Table.

OF ALL other gifts, that of Charity is said to be, and doubtless is, the greatest; and yet, we very much doubt if any, aye, all others put together, could chronicle as much abuse as that one. You see a human face, for the first time, and there is something about that first impression which makes you feel suspicious of it; and yet, as time rolls on and a superficial acquaintance is formed with its owner, your charitable nature makes you fear that your first impression has made you unjust; and, in order to repair the injury done, you trust him, and—suffer for it. A man, whose life and history would write him down a scoundrel, shows signs of repentance, by attending and perhaps joining himself to a christian church, or some temperance organization; every one rejoices in it, and willingly extends a helping hand in every way that may encourage and prosper him in his good intentions and work—and this is very commendable—yet in how many cases has all this assisting confidence been thrown away? "The motive," say you, "was a good and laudable one, but it was abused." Aye, verily. Of course, such illustrations could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but it is far from our intention to say a word that should lessen the number, or the power of such exalted and God-like actions and attributes among

the children of men, for, "We are brethren all." And, "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone."

But we wish to call the reader's attention to the charitable and conciliatory spirit with which the U. S. Government has met the treasonable, and even murderous, actions of the Mormons in Utah, and shew its utter and hopeless failure to effect a change in their unholy practices. With their religious views, as such, we have nothing to do; but the moment those views are embodied in actions, and those actions encroach upon the privileges and rights of others, then we have something to say. That they should believe that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and that they are "His people," is all very well: but, when one of those "people" comes and steals our property, and says the Lord sent him, then we say, that he is not only a blasphemer, but a thief, and having violated criminal law, should be made amenable to that law.

Again, when a system of religious belief, like that of the Mormons, instructs its disciples that to *cut off* all the enemies of their church is "doing God a service," however much we may deplore and deprecate such satanic doctrines, while they are simply doctrines, we have nothing to say or to do concerning them; but the mo-

ment that its believers attempt to put their tenets into actions, and organize themselves into a band of murderous zealots, and commence by stealthy wayside shooting, poison, tomahawk, or knife, to take away life, then are they amenable to criminal law—or should be—and their just deserts be dealt out to them upon the scaffold.

Our readers are well aware that for the last ten years there has existed, among the Mormons, such an organization as that to which we have alluded, who bear the name of "Danites," or "Angels of Death." These men are elected to their dark office, and supported in the execution of its duties, *by the church*. And never, since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, have as many fallen under ban.

By their bloody hands several hundred have been quietly and ignominiously murdered and disposed of—but how many the last day alone will disclose. Scarcely a mail, or messenger, has reached California that had not some deed of violence to relate, under different aspects, from members of this band. And yet, the United States Government has permitted this to go on, unpunished and uncorrected, from year to year; and that, too, when every officer sent by it has met with nothing but defeat and abuse. We would, therefore, earnestly ask: "How long is Murder to go unpunished? How long is Treason to stalk defiantly abroad in Utah, and the Government do nothing to suppress it?"

The testimony of P. K. Dotson, U. S. Marshal for Utah Territory, will add another to the many warning voices that have been received, but as yet, have remained unheeded, and as it will clearly explain our position there, we present it to the reader for his consideration:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T., }
August 1st, 1859. }

To His Excellency, James Buchanan, President of the United States:

SIR—I hereby tender to your Excellency my resignation as United States Marshal for the Territory of Utah, to take effect from the 20th instant.

In tendering this resignation, I deem it my duty to warn you, so far as my humble voice will avail, that the present policy of the Government towards this Territory will be fatal to Federal supremacy in Utah, and can only tend to build up, consolidate and perpetuate the political and ecclesiastical power of Brigham Young and his successors. The unasked, and to this day, derided pardon extended to treason, has only tended to encourage treason; and the presence of Federal troops, crippled and humiliated by the instructions and restraints imposed upon them, serves only the purposes of enriching the coffers of the Mormon church, and of subserving the ends of Mormon policy.

The Courts of the United States in the Territory, powerless to do good, in dreadful mockery of justice, are compelled to lend the power and majesty of the law to subserve the evil designs of the very criminals whom they seek to punish. Impotent to protect innocence, they encourage crime. The Federal officers of the Territory, opposed and annoyed continually by those whose cardinal support and co-operation could alone enable them, effectively, to sustain the dignity of the positions which they occupy, are as forms without substance, shadows without reality. Tho' willing to serve the Administration from which I received my appointment, I cannot remain an officer of the Government without the power to maintain its dignity.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

J. H. W.—There is considerable merit in your article, but the subject has been so frequently before the public, and treated in such a vast variety of styles, by very able hands, that it is worn thread-bare; we must therefore decline it. Try some other.

Prof. Horn.—Thank you, for your good will and friendly expressions—"almost thou persuadest us to be," &c. But that alphabet beats us. And your earnestness is equal to any 2:30 time on record. May you win; or, in other words, "may you never die at all, at all, but twither like a po-esy"—may you. Still, a little more system might not be amiss.

A. J. H.—We should be happy to oblige you, but think that you had better rewrite it first, and in various ways improve it.

Philo.—The word Arizona is said to be derived from the Aztec, and means *silver-bearing*.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY,

From Open-e-la-noo-ah,—Inspiration Point,—on the Mariposa Trail.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1859. No. 6.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

Excursion to the
Pohono, or Bridal
Veil Fall.

All are but parts of one
stupendous whole.
POPE.

ARIDE down this valley to the beautiful Pohono fall is deservedly considered one of, if not the most charming of them all. Leaving the hotel, our pathway lay among giant pines, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and beneath the refreshing shade of outspreading oaks and other trees. Not a sound broke the expressive stillness that reigned, save the occas-

ional chirping and singing of birds, or the tops of the forest. Crystal streams the low distant sighing of the breeze in occasionally gurgled and rippled across



THE FORD OF THE YO-SEMITE.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

the trail, whose sides are fringed with willows and wild flowers that are ever blossoming, and grass that is perpetually green. On either side of us stood almost perpendicular cliffs, to the height of thirty-five hundred feet; and on whose rugged faces, or in their uneven tops and sides, here and there a stunted pine struggled to live, and every crag seemed crowned with some shrub or tree. The bright sheen of the river occasionally glistened from among the dense foliage of several long vistas that continually opened before us. At every step, some new picture of great beauty would present itself, and some new shapes and shadows from trees and mountains form new combinations of light and shade in this great kaleidoscope of nature.

Surrounded by such scenes of loveliness and sublimity, we felt a reluctance to break the charm they had thrown upon us, by speech; when our guide informed us that it would now be necessary for us to dismount and tie our animals, as we had nearly reached the foot of the fall, and the remaining distance was over a rough ascent of rocks, and would have to be accomplished on foot. As this was short, we threaded our way among bushes and boulders, without much difficulty, until the heavy spray that saturated our clothing, and the velvety softness of the moist grasses growing upon the little ridge we had climbed, reminded us that we had reached the goal of our desire, and stood at the foot of the fall.

The feeling of awe, wonder, and admiration—almost amounting to adoration—that thrilled our very souls, it is impossible to portray, as we looked upon this enchanting scene. The gracefully undulating and wavy sheets of spray that fell in gauze-like and ethereal folds; now expanding, now contracting; now glittering in the sunlight, like a veil of diamonds; now changed into one vast many-colored cloud, that threw its misty drape-

ry over the falling torrent, as if in very modesty, to veil its unspeakable beauty from our too eagerly admiring sight.

In order to see this to the best advantage, the eye should take in only the foot of the fall at first, then a short section upwards, then higher, until, by degrees, the top is reached. In this way, the majesty of the waterfall is more fully realized and appreciated.

The stream itself—about forty feet in width—resembles an avalanche of watery rockets, that shoots out over the precipice above you, at the height of nearly nine hundred feet, and then leaps down in one unbroken train to the immense cauldron of boulders beneath, where it surges and boils in its angry fury, throwing up large volumes of spray, over which the sun forms two magnificent rainbows that arch the abyss.

Like most other tributaries of the main middle fork of the Merced, this stream falls very low towards the close of the summer, but is seldom, if ever, entirely dry. When we visited the valley in July, 1855, this branch did not contain more than one-tenth the water seen in June of the present year; and that amount was not more than the half of what it was three weeks before our visit.

This river has its origin in a lake at the foot of a bold, crescent-shaped, perpendicular rock, about thirteen miles above the edge of the Pohono fall. On this lake a strong wind is said to be continually blowing; and as several Indians have lost their life there, and in the stream, their exceedingly acute and superstitious imaginations have made it bewitched.

One Indian woman was out gathering seeds, a short distance above these falls, when, by some mishap, she lost her balance, and fell into the stream, and the force of the current carried her down with such velocity, that before any as-

sistance could be rendered, she was swept over the precipice, and was never seen afterwards.

"Pohono,"—from whom the stream and the waterfall received their musical Indian name—is an evil spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind, and consequently is to be dreaded and shunned. On this account, whenever, from necessity, the Indians have to pass it, a feeling of distress steals over them, and they fear it as much as the wandering Arab does the simooms of the African desert; they hurry past it at the height of their speed. To point at the waterfall, when traveling in the valley, to their minds, is certain death. No inducement could be offered sufficiently large to tempt them to sleep near it. In fact, they believe that they hear the voices of those that have been drowned there, perpetually warning them to shun "Pohono."

How much more desirable is it to perpetuate these expressive Indian names—many of which embody the superstitious and highly imaginative characteristics of the Indian mind—than to give them Anglicized ones, be they never so pretty? We think the name of "Bridal Veil" to this waterfall is not only by far the most musical and suitable of any or of all others yet given, but is the only one that is at all worthy of the object named; and yet we confess, that we should much prefer the beautiful and expressive Indian name of "Pohono"

to the "Bridal Veil." What say our readers?

The vertical, and at some points, overhanging mountains on either side of the Pohono possess quite as much interest as the fall itself, and add much to the grandeur and magnificence of the whole scene. A tower-shaped rock, about 2700



THE POHONO, OR BRIDAL VEIL FALL.

[From a Photograph, by C. L. Weed.]

feet in height, standing at the southwest side of the fall, and nearly opposite "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah," having on its top a number of projecting rocks that very much resemble cannon. In order to assist in perpetuating the beautiful legend given in our last number concerning that Indian semi-deity, we christened it Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah's Citadel.

Other wild and weird-like points of equal interest stand before you on the

summit and among the niches of every cliff; so that it is not this or that particular rock that attracts you so much as the infinite variety, all of which is so distinctly different.

At the foot of the rocky point where we had left our horses, we sat down to discuss the relative merits between good appetites and an excellent lunch; and, although there was a difference of opinion about the middle of the repast, at its close, the former was lost, and the latter had disappeared; so that, both being *non est inventus*, the argument, unlike many in our courts of law, was satisfactorily closed in favor of both sides. Therefore, as evening was slowly lengthening the shadows of the trees and mountains, we slowly and thoughtfully retraced our way to the hotel.

CHAPTER X.

Canon and Waterfall of the South Fork.

Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray.
BYRON'S ISLAND.

I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

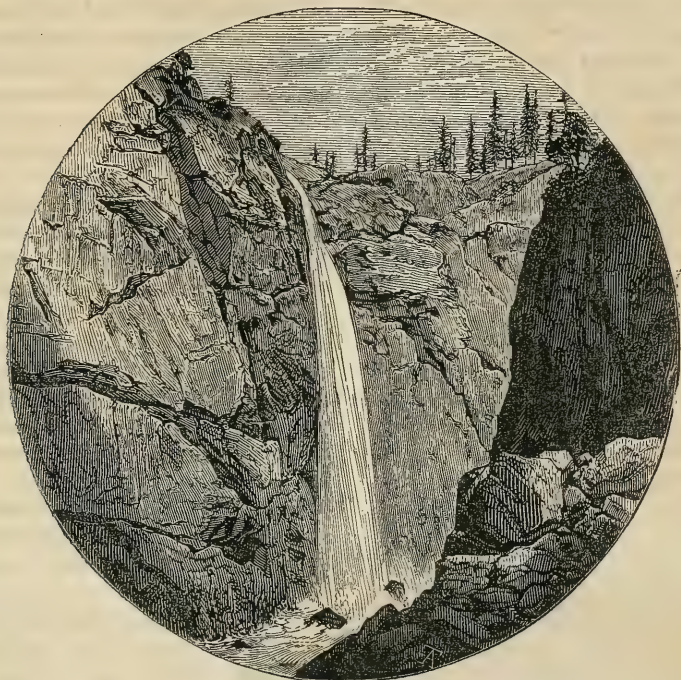
This morning, three out of five of our agreeable little party, left the valley for the Mammoth Trees; and their absence created a social vacuum that reminded us at every turn how much we were dependent upon each other for the luxuries of social converse. Besides, it was with us here, in some respects, as Mr. Dana has so well expressed it in his spirited nautical narrative, entitled "Three Years Before the Mast," when one of their number had fallen overboard and was drowned: "At sea, to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months see no forms and hear no

voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There is always an empty berth, and one man wanting when the night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss."

It is true new faces were seen almost daily at the hotel, and on the numerous trails in the Yo-Semite valley; but after you have traveled with intellectually jovial companions, whose tastes are in a great measure similar to your own; when you have eaten together, camped together, joked together, or admired the wonders and beauties of the landscapes together, there is a sympathetic bond of union formed that causes one to miss them from our side when they have departed. It was thus with us, and the pleasurable impressions received from this companionship, we trust will ever linger in our hearts.

As a visit to the South Fork waterfall has seldom been undertaken, and never by more than about half a dozen persons altogether, and as two of that half dozen were then in the valley, and, moreover, very kindly proffered us their services as guides, we gratefully accepted them. These were Mr. J. Wolberton, and Mr. B. Beardslee, the latter of whom generally responded to the hearty and familiar cognomen of "Buck," and by which he is generally known in the valley.

The reader would have laughed could he have seen us ready for the start. Mr. Beardslee, who had volunteered to carry the camera, had it inverted and strapped at his back, when it looked more like an Italian "Hurdy Gurdy," than a photographic instrument, and he like the "grinder." Another carried the stereos-



THE TOO-HU-HU-WACK, OR SOUTH FORK WATERFALL.

[From a Photograph by C. L. WEED.]

copic instrument and the lunch; another, the plate-holders and gun, etcetera; and as the bushes had previously somewhat damaged our broadcloth unmentionables, we presented a very queer and picturesque appearance truly.

In the best of humor and spirits, we set out upon our severe task just as the sun had begun to wink between the pine trees on the top of the mountain.

At first, we began to pass round the granite points that extend into the level meadow land, just above the hotel; then, as we advanced, the valley opened gradually wider, and with the oak trees growing at irregular intervals of distance, reminded us of the beautiful parks of Europe, especially those of England and France.

On our right, a high wall of granite

nearly perpendicular, to the height of 3,470 feet, and down which, three small silvery, ribbon-like streams were leaping. Here and there, from this vast mountain, a single tree or shrub was standing alone. This is one of the most impressive scenes in the whole valley. Surmounting one of the lower points of rock, several rugged peaks united, resembled an immense hospice, and which have been named Mount St. Bernard. Another has a distant kinship, in form, at least, with a bear. Another, a huge head. In fact, you can look at the various parts of the mountain, and trace a resemblance to a hundred different objects; and as the shadows change when the day advances, to as many more.

About two and a half miles from the hotel, we arrived at the usual place of

leaving animals, when visitors are on their way to the Pi-wy-ac (Vernal), Yo-wi-ye, (Nevada) and other falls on the main branch of the river; the trail, in its present condition, being too rocky and rough to admit of its being traveled by horses or mules above this point. Now, however, we had to turn out of it, and soon found that, poor as it undoubtedly was, we were prepared to accord it any amount of excellence in comparison with the steep, boulder-filled and trailless cañon of the south fork.

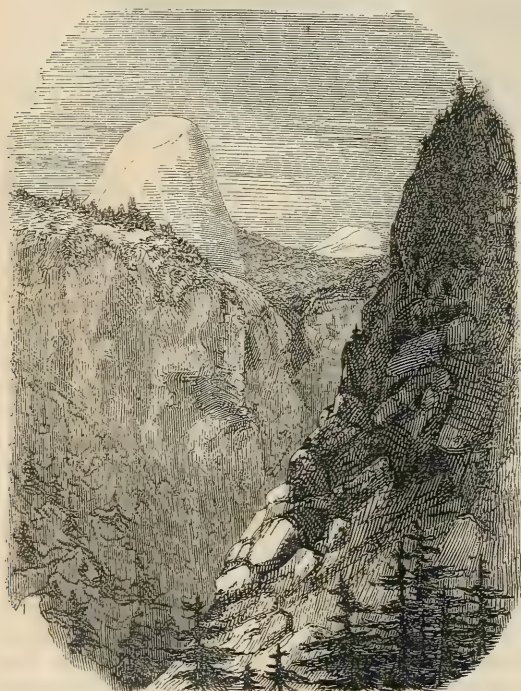
Here we had to stoop or creep beneath low arches; there we assisted each other to climb a rock; yonder a spur shot out from the mountain to the very margin of the stream, forcing us to cross it. At such places, fortunately, the few who had

preceded us, had bridged the river, by felling trees over it, thus enabling us to follow in their footsteps with great advantage to ourselves. Miniature mountains of loose rocks seemed to be piled on each other, still higher and higher, as we advanced.

It was as amusing as it was astonishing, to see "Buck" advancing with sure and shoeless feet, seeking to avoid the overhanging limbs of this tree, or that rock, lest the inverted hurdy gurdy-looking instrument, one end of which was nearly a foot above his head, should strike them, and not only throw him backwards, at the risk of his neck, but break the instrument into numberless and unnecessary parts.

About a mile and a half above the confluence of the south with the middle fork, we emerged from a heavy growth of timber, into an open and treeless chasm, the bed of which was covered with large angular rocks, bounded on either side with vertical walls of time-worn and rain-stained granite. On the uneven tops of these, a few of the Douglass spruce trees were struggling to weather the storms and live.

About three o'clock, P. M., we reached the head of the cañon, and the foot of the Too-lu-lu-wack fall. This cañon here is suddenly terminated by an irregular, horse-shoe shaped end, the sides and circle of which on the one side are perpendicular, and on the other so much so as to be inaccessible, without great danger of slipping, and, consequently of being dashed to pieces.



THE SOUTH DOME, AS SEEN FROM THE CANON OF THE SOUTH FORK.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

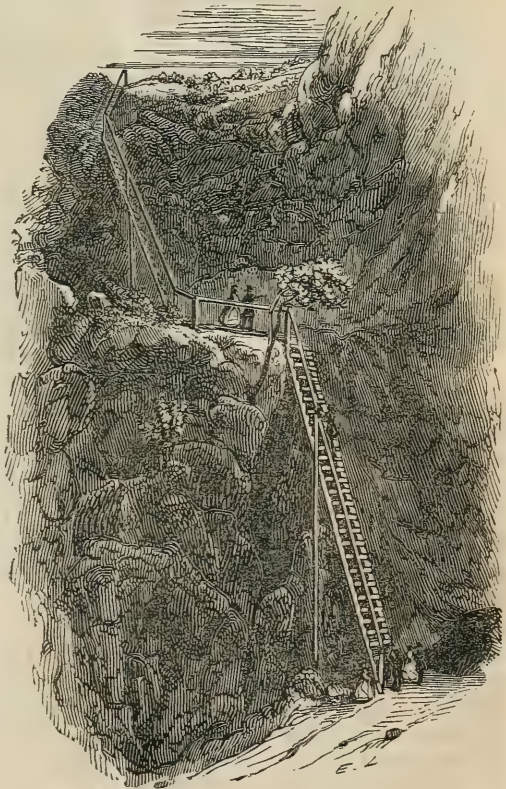
This waterfall is about seven hundred and fifty feet in height, which, after shooting over the precipice, meets with no obstacle to break its descent, until it nearly reaches the basin into which it falls. It is a fine sheet of water, of about the same volume as the Yo-Semite (named by the Indians Cho-lock), at the time we visited and measured it. As we had no instruments for ascertaining the altitude of the Too-lu-lu-wack fall, of course, the above is only given as its approximate height.

The engraving given of this on the preceding page being taken below, presents a side section only, as the distance across the canon, opposite the fall, not being over one hundred and fifty yards, was altogether too short to allow the instrument to take in the whole front view on one picture.

Our fatiguing ascent having occupied the greater portion of the day, and the sunshine having already departed from the west side of the canon, and as we were not prepared to pass the night here, our work and return had to be conducted with brevity and despatch; consequently, the moment the picture was taken we commenced the descent. On our way down, we secured a view of Tis-sa-ack (the South Dome) from the south canon, and which from this point, presents a singular conical shape of that mountain which is not to be seen from any other point.

We fortunately reached our quarters at the hotel in safety just after dark, well pleased with the result of our difficult undertaking. While dis-

cussing the viands of our much relished evening's repast, we ventured to predict that, before five years had elapsed, we should be able to ride to the very foot of each of those magnificent waterfalls. And we would respectfully suggest to residents in the valley, or others, that a good mule trail constructed, not only to the Tu-lu-lu-wack, but to the foot of the Yo-wi-ye fall; and up Indian canon, to the top of the great Yo-Semite, would not only prove a good investment, at a fair toll, but be a strong additional inducement to parties of pleasure in visiting the valley. And we know, too, that every visitor will heartily respond with a hearty—amen.



THE LADDERS.



RIVER RUSHING THROUGH THE GORGE ABOVE THE PI-WY-ACK FALL.

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to the Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal, and Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada Falls.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

MASSINGER.

We have borne
The ruffling wind scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

MILTON.

Reinforced by a party of old friends, of both sexes, when our cavalcade set out the following morning, for the Pi-wy-ack and Yo-wi-ye falls, it presented quite a respectable appearance again, —we allude to the number, and not to the dress of either ladies or gentlemen, for, although many, especially of the gentler sex, when visiting this valley, have too often sacrificed good taste to show, and substantial comfort to pretentious display, we are happy to be able to say that those

of this party did not indulge in any such indiscretion.

Journeying upon the same course as that described in our last chapter, to the point there alluded to, we fastened our animals and proceeded on foot, by a broken and rough trail, up the main and middle fork. On our left, at intervals, the uneven pathway lay beside the river; the thundering boom of whose waters rose at times above the sound of our voices, for as soon as we had fairly left the level valley and commenced our ascent, that large stream formed one magnificent cataract, up to the very foot of the fall.

Soon we came to the mouth of the South Fork, which we crossed on a rude and log-formed bridge. An excellent and nearly correct estimate of the quantity of water rolling over the fall of this stream, can be formed from examining the several branches into which this stream is here divided.



THE YO-WI-YE, OR NEVADA FALL.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

Upward and onward we toiled; and after passing a point, we obtained suddenly, the first sight of the Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal Fall. While gazing at its beauties, let us, now and forever, earnestly protest against the perpetuation of any other nomenclature to this wonder than *Pi-wy-ack*, the name which is given to it by the Indians, and means *a shower of sparkling crystals*, while "Vernal" could with much more appropriateness be bestowed upon the name-giver, as the fall

itself is one vast sheet of sparkling brightness and snowy whiteness, in which there is not the slightest approximation, even in the tint, to anything "vernal."

Still ascending and advancing, we were soon enveloped in a sheet of heavy spray, driven down upon us with such force as to resemble a heavy storm of comminuted rain. Now many might suppose that this would be annoying, but it is not, as the only really unpleasant part of

the trip is that which we have here to take, through a wet, alluvial soil, from which, at every footstep, the water splashes, or rather spirts out, much to the inconvenience and discomfort of ladies who wear long dresses. As the distance through this is but short, it is soon accomplished, and in a few minutes we stood at the foot of "the ladders." Beneath a large, overhanging rock, at our right, a man who takes toll for ascending the ladders, eats, and "turns in" to sleep upon the rock. The charge for ascending and descending was seventy-five cents; and as this included the trail as well as the ladders, the charge was reasonable.

This fall we estimated—it has not been measured we believe—at two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet; others have placed it as high as four hundred and fifty, but we think that such an estimate is altogether too high. It is certainly an awe-inspiring and wonderful object to look upon.

Ascending the ladders, we reached an elevated plateau of rock, on the edge of which, and about breast high, is a natural wall of granite that seems to have been constructed by nature for the especial benefit and convenience of people with weak nerves, enabling them to lean upon it and look down over the precipice into the deep chasm below.

Advancing gently and pleasantly, we arrived at a gorge, through which the river rushed with great speed and power, and on the angry bosom of which, dead trees, that we rolled in were as mere waifs. Near this we took lunch.

About half a mile above is the great Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada fall, the estimated height of which is seven hundred feet. After the base of this fall is reached, or as nearly so as the eddying clouds of spray will permit, it appears to be different in shape to either of the others; for, although it shoots over the precipice in

a curve, and descends almost perpendicularly for four-fifths of the distance, it then strikes the smooth surface of the mountain, and spreads, and forms a beautiful sheet of silvery whiteness, about one hundred and thirty feet in width.

A wandering Camp Stool, from the mountains, claims to introduce its load of indignation.

The Hon. Horace Greeley, having spent a *whole day* in the Yo-Semite Valley, has gone and published to his two hundred thousand readers, as the result of his observations, that the Great Fall is "*a humbug!*"

Now this Camp Stool holds up its three legs, and in the most solemn manner which a Camp Stool is capable of assuming, asseverates that the fall is *not* "*a humbug.*" Camp Stool protests against *any* of nature's works being termed "*a humbug.*" Least of all, one of the grandest ever created.

Ask the painters of California, who now make their annual pilgrimage to this Art Gallery of Nature, to receive inspiration among its sublime pictures, if it is a "*a humbug?*" Who, better than they, are capable of determining whether it is so or not? It is their hourly occupation, to watch the ever-changing beauty and grandeur of nature, and their delightful business, day by day, to transfer, as far as in their power lies, that beauty and that grandeur, to the canvass. Were the Fall "*a humbug,*" they would not sit, as they do, for days, vainly endeavoring to catch the fleeting forms of its gauzy mist, or watch so eagerly the glorious majesty of its waters, thundering down its rocky steepes. To them it is a Great Teacher; and, in love and humbleness do they receive its lessons.

Ask the hunters, who, in pursuit of game, have penetrated to the valley, while it was buried beneath the deep snows of winter, and when the sculptur-

ed whiteness of the giant mountains pierced with dazzling brightness the dark and threatening clouds which lowered round their summits. When the spray of falls, becoming congealed, forms at their base a multitude of icy pinnacles, each a hundred feet in height. And when the mist, driven by the bleak winds, along the face of the cliffs, encrusts them with an armor of ice, which sparkles and glistens in the morning sun, like burnished silver. And when, as the day advances, great sheets of this icy coating become detached, and go thundering down the abyss, dashing themselves upon the rocks below, with a crash, which seems to shake the very foundations of the mountains.

Ask the hundreds of travelers, who, later in the season, when the winter's accumulation of snow was melting fast, have seen the swollen torrent come over the cliffs in a compact mass, leaping entirely clear of the precipice, and striking the shelving ledge below, with a continuous roar, whose thunders echoed and re-echoed along the cliffs, until every turret, dome and spire, for miles around, added its voice to the universal din. When the whole valley becomes a lake, from the vast overflowing of the great waters.

Ask the reverend divines, who have stood at the base of the falling flood, and while gazing upon the inspiring spectacle, have exclaimed with deep emotion, "The Lord God reigneth"!

Ask any one of the thousands of travelers, who have visited the valley, who has a soul in his body capable of appreciating the grandeur of nature, in her wildest moods, if the Fall is "a humbug!"

Ask the everlasting rocks, themselves, if "a humbug" carved those frightful chasms, deep in their adamant sides.

No! Not one of all this "cloud of witnesses" will sustain the heartless, the cold-blooded assertion.

You, Mr. Editor, have clambered up

to the top of the dizzy height, and can tell the honorable calumniator the dimensions of his "*trout stream*." You can tell him that it was *thirty-four feet and six inches wide*, and with an *average depth of one foot*. And this in June! when the volume was not half so large as it was in May.

But the man who can see no beauty in the Fall, even when its waters are diminished to a mere "*tape line*," could not truly appreciate it, if "a Niagara" occupied its place.

There is no such phenomenon as "a Niagara" or "a Mississippi," falling from a great height. All lofty cascades are small in volume. It is their chief attribute, to ornament with *contrasting* beauty, the massive ruggedness of the rocks over which they fall. The very attenuation of the stream increases the grandeur of the cliffs.

Camp Stool may almost assert that *all substances* having great height, are small in circumference. As, for instance, the pine trees and the palms; and, in a comparative sense, the attenuated stalk of wheat, than which, nothing can be more graceful.

Man but imitates the proportions of nature, when he gives to a beautiful monumental column the greatest height which its circumference will sustain with safety. Did Mr. Greeley, while at the grove of Big Trees, happen to notice one of the thousand graceful firs, whose plume-like summit was not greatly overtopped even by its "big brothers" of the forest? If he was not too busily engaged in calculating how many boards the latter would make, to cast his practical eye on ordinary trees, Camp Stool would like to ask him which were the more beautiful, the Fir—perfect in proportion, towering to the utmost height which its slender trunk could sustain, or its neighbor, the bloated, apoplectic "Big Tree"?

Perhaps it is presumptuous for an insignificant Camp Stool to attack so distinguished a person as the honorable Horace Greeley; but a warm love for the grand scenery of the noble State which he calls his own, is one of the chief of a Californian's virtues. And by virtue of this feeling, if the Chair Presidential, the august chair of Buchanan, himself, should publish to the world such a downright insult to the great California family of worshippers of the sublime in nature, this particular Camp Stool would

raise its legs in feeble, though earnest protest against it. CAMP STOOL.

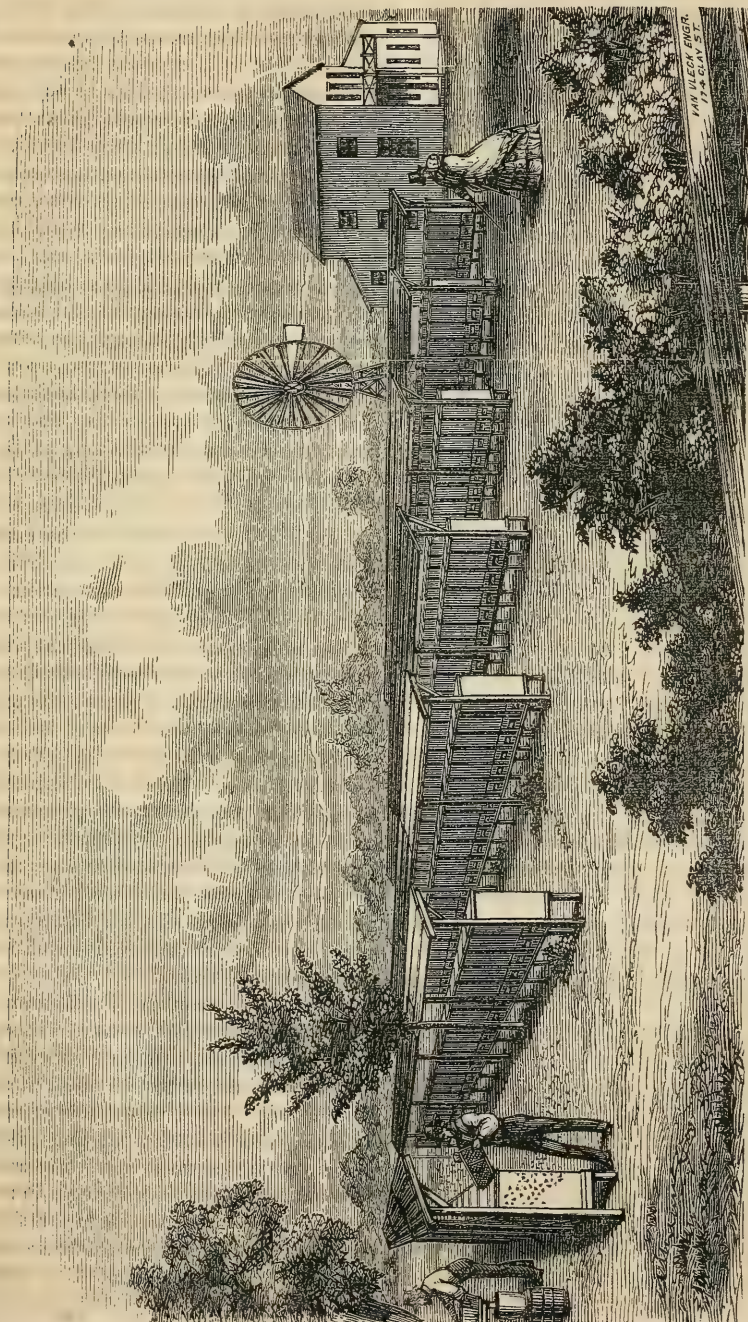
THE HONEY BEE OF CALIFORNIA.

In connection with the illustration which we present to our readers, of the Apiary of Harbison & Bros, we also give a statistical sketch of the rise and progress of this, now quite lucrative branch of husbandry.

During the month of February, 1853, Mr. C. A. Shelton, formerly of Galveston, Texas, started from New York with twelve swarms of bees (in which Commodore Stockton and G. W. Aspinwall were interested) and arrived in San Francisco during the month of March following, with but one live swarm: this he put on board a steamer bound for San Jose; en route the steamer burst her boiler and, though Mr. Shelton was numbered with the dead, his bees escaped uninjured, and were taken to San Jose. Of their increase we are not fully advised. In the fall of 1854, Messrs. Buck & Appleton, of San Jose, received the next swarm which was brought to California. During the fall of 1855, Mr. J. S. Harbison, of Sacramento, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits and treatment of the bee from an early period of his life, sent East for a swarm, which arrived in Sacramento February 1st, 1856; most of the bees had died during the passage. Enough, however, remained to prove that, with careful handling, they could be successfully imported and allowed to propagate in California. Having full confidence in this, he returned to the Atlantic States in the spring of 1857, and prepared for shipment, sixty-seven swarms, with which he arrived in Sacramento December 1st of the same year. By the March following, the effects of the voyage reduced them to fifty, at which time they were again reduced to thirty-four, by sale. During the ensuing sum-

mer (1858) he increased these to one hundred and twenty; and in the fall he sold all save six. Again, on the steamer of September 20th, 1858, he went East for the purpose of transporting another stock, which had been prepared for that purpose during the previous spring and summer. On the 6th of December, he sailed from New York with one hundred and fourteen colonies, and arrived in Sacramento January 1st, 1859, with one hundred and three, in a living condition. Of this importation, sixty-eight were from Centralia, Illinois—the longest distance which bees have been known to be transported—the remaining forty-six were from Lawrence county, Penn. The length of his last voyage, together with the backward and unfavorable spring of 1859, decreased the number of this importation to sixty-two: these, with the remaining six from the previous year, he increased to four hundred and twenty-two colonies; or, at an average increase to the hive of five and seven thirty-fourths. During the fall just past, he sold two hundred and eighty-four swarms. The plan for the now celebrated "Harbison Hive," was perfected by J. S. Harbison, between the 20th of December, 1857, and the 18th of January, 1858, at which time he mailed his application for the patent, which was issued January 4th, of the present year; farther improvements have since been made by him which, in due time, will be made public. From as close an estimation as can be made, by those well informed, the State now contains three thousand two hundred swarms, of which number twelve hundred are in the Harbison hive.

Of the modes of importing bees to California, the most novel was that of Mr. J. Gridley, who brought four swarms across the plains from Michigan, lashed to the back part of his wagon; he arrived at Sacramento on the 3d of August last, and seemed much surprised on learning



THE APIARY OF J. S. & W. C. HARRISON, SACRAMENTO CITY.

the extent of their cultivation in this State.

As an instance of the growing importance of this branch of industry, it may be of interest to state that Mr. L. Warner, at Sacramento, (who is the General Agent of Mr. Harbison) has sold, since the 1st of August of this year, upwards of sixteen thousand dollars worth of bees. Mr. W. has been engaged in the business since the year 1855, and sold the first swarm of bees in the Sacramento valley.

Many of those interested in bees, have of late expressed fears lest the country would soon be overstocked: if such persons will consider for a few moments the large population of this State, and which is daily increasing, but few of whom, as yet, have a *single swarm*, (for all the bees in the State are contained in *nine* counties) and let them also consider that the people of the United States are *but just finding out how* to make bee keeping profitable, and if this will not quiet their nerves, let them make a few figures on the demand and limited supply of honey. In Germany, where the best and most scientific attention has been devoted to bee keeping, for the last *two centuries*, and whose authors have thrown more light upon the natural history of the bee, than any others in the known world, the people find the business very lucrative. To one who has not made a close calculation, it may seem a bold assertion, but it is an undeniable fact, that California can export honey and wax with profit to the New York market! The climate of California is peculiarly adapted to bee culture; for, while a swarm in the Atlantic States does well when it produces two swarms and from twenty-five to thirty pounds of honey, in the vicinity of the Sacramento river, five strong swarms can be made from the one that will yield surplus honey during the season, which may be set down as from the

latter part of February to the first of November,—eight months! two-thirds of the year! And there is not a month in the year but what they may be seen out of the hive. It has been said that “the bee will cease to lay up stores for winter when it learns that forage is so easily obtained”; those who speak thus, certainly know nothing of its natural history, *for no bee* (save the queen) *ever lives over six months*, and during the height of the working season, they seldom attain the age of fifty days; hence, if no better reason could be produced (and there can be) they would never find out the fact in time to profit by it. In any and all countries, bees *will* work, as long as they have pasturage, and room in which to store the produce of their labors.

The honey bee, which from the early dawn of civilization, has been the wonder of philosophers and the admiration of poets, is now attracting a degree of attention in this land of flowers, that will, in the course of a few years, enable us to speak of our State as one literally “flowing with milk and honey.”

Much in regard to the habits of this interesting insect, which was formerly enveloped in profound mystery, has recently been explained, through the agency of the ingenious transparent hives that are now in common use; and many of the facts which curiosity has discovered, have been of great pecuniary benefit to the practical apiarian.

In the family of twenty-four thousand, which compose a good swarm of bees, there are about two thousand drones and one queen. The others are called workers. The queen is a large, long, graceful insect, with a small waist and small wings; she moves about in the hive with great rapidity, depositing her eggs in the cells prepared by the workers for that purpose, and acts as the leader in the exodus of the new swarm. She lives about three years.

The workers which, of course, compose the most of the hive, are small and compact in form, and vigorous in their movements. They are supposed to be imperfectly developed females, and are generally called neuters. They have the power of producing from the ordinary grub or egg, a queen, when, from any cause, one is required. The means by which this singular result is accomplished, is not known, but it is believed by some of those who have given the matter their careful attention, that a peculiar kind of food, which unerring instinct designates, has much to do in producing the queen!

The drones, which are the males, are considerably larger than the workers, and move about slowly, rarely leaving the interior of the hive, except in very pleasant weather. They collect no honey, and in autumn they are nearly all destroyed by the workers, to which they fall an easy prey, being destitute of stings.

Nursing the young, building the cells and collecting the honey together, with all the fighting with rival swarms, devolves upon the workers; which in industry, and in fidelity to their superiors, afford an example worthy of the imitation of rational creatures.

Volumes might be written upon the singular habits of the bee, but I propose to simply state a few practical facts in connection with bee raising in California, and to point out the great advantages it has over other localities. It has by some been sagely assumed that, on account of the mildness of our winters, bees will have no *motive* for working, and will, consequently, become "lazy"; but this belief is unfounded in philosophy or fact, for, bees work from *instinct*, and not from motive, as for the attainment of an object which reason shows to be necessary, and it is a fact that in the Red river swamps, where the climate is more mild than that of this State, bees abound in the greatest

profusion, and fill the trees with vast quantities of honey which they never consume.

All things considered, California, as a honey producing State, has no equal. The climate is not so warm as to melt the combs, and so mild are our winters that the bees can work during the entire year, in the vallies. During about two months in the rainy season, they do not collect quite so much honey as they consume; but, during the remaining ten months, they are constantly accumulating a surplus.

In the Atlantic States, they produce but little honey between the last of June and the middle of September, the time at which the buckwheat fields are in bloom, when they enjoy a short season of honey-gathering, that is suddenly terminated by the frosts, which make them consumers until the blooming of orchards in the ensuing spring. In this State, at all seasons, they have access to rich honey-producing sources, among which I may mention the tule swamps, the bottom willows, the mustard fields, the numerous flower gardens, and the vast profusion of wild flowers which, during a considerable portion of the year, beautify our fertile plains, and gracefully undulating foot hills, and adorn even the lofty summits of our mountains. In the valley of the Sacramento, there is a peculiar plant or shrub which, in the dryest part of the year, affords large quantities of the finest honey.

In the valley of the San Joaquin, after the spring flowers are past, during the months of July and August, they gather mainly from the Button-bush; and from that time to the end of the year, nearly every oak tree being covered with a kind of honey dew, they gather from this their main harvest. The sap of the Osage orange is also much used. Their principal time of working is from ten to three o'clock.

From one hive, in Capt. Webber's garden, at Stockton, housed April 5th, 1857, the following quantities of honey were taken the same year:—

27th April.....	18	pounds 6 ounces.
4th June.....	17	do
5th July.....	17	do 8 do
20th July.....	20	do
11th August.....	20	do
2d September.....	19	do

and during the same month, twenty lbs. more, giving a total of 132 pounds surplus honey, and one swarm of bees.

To every twenty pounds of honey, about one pound of wax is produced. Honey left for their sustenance during the winter was never touched; proving that a certain amount of honey is produced here all the year. Since then they have yielded from two to three swarms of bees per year, and when this is done, less honey is gathered and stored.

Moths, and other insects, which often prove destructive to bees in the Atlantic States, have seldom given the apiarian any trouble, except in the case of weak hives, brought from the East. The natural vigor of the bees in this country, enables them to repel all such foreign invaders.

In the Atlantic States a hive rarely swarms more than once in a season; but here, a single hive has been known to produce in one year, no less than nine healthy swarms, making, with the original, ten swarms; and, in one instance, in Sacramento county, a single hive produced eight swarms direct—two from the first new one, and two from the second—making an increase of twelve swarms in one year, which, with the original hive, yielded one hundred and twenty-five pounds of honey.

When the production of honey is the principal object, the swarms are not divided so often as when the multiplication of the number of hives is desired by the owner. Under favorable circumstances,

five good swarms can yearly be produced from one, when increase in the number of hives is the main object; and, under ordinary circumstances, an increase of four per year may be put down as a moderate average. If the production of honey be the leading object, each old hive will annually yield two new swarms, and with these new swarms, furnish one hundred and fifty pounds of honey. In this State each hive will, of itself, yearly produce twice the quantity of honey which, with the same amount of attention, it would yield in the Atlantic States.

The ruling price for a full hive of bees is one hundred dollars. Eighteen months ago, a gentleman in San Jose, purchased six good hives for six hundred dollars, and since that time, he has realized from their increase alone, the snug sum (in cash) of eight thousand dollars.

Such are a few brief but significant facts concerning the culture of bees in this State. The demand for honey which, at wholesale, is worth about fifty cents per pound, is greater than the supply, and even at greatly reduced prices, bee raising must, with the facilities afforded by California, remain a safe, profitable and agreeable business.

Of the many moveable comb hives now in use, Langstroth's is considered by many practical apiarians, as one of the best; but the common bee hive answers a very good purpose, and perhaps, for those unacquainted with the bee business, they are preferable to any of the complicated patent hives.

Among the books on bee culture that may be read with profit by those interested in the further examination of this subject, I may mention Quimby on Bee Keeping, and the last edition of Langstroth on Bees. They contain much curious and valuable practical information in regard to matters pertaining to bees, and should form part of the library of every apiarian.

J. A. B.

Our Little Angel.

Words by G. T. SPROAT.

Music by JAS. C. KEMP.

Affetuoso con espressione.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo/mood is 'Affetuoso con espressione'. The lyrics are: 'O - pen the shutters, Let in the light, Fold back the dra - per - y Stainless and white; Bright - ly the morn - ing Is shin - ing a - broad— Our lit - tle an - gel Has gone home to God.' The score consists of three systems of staves, each with three parts.

II.

Sweet birds are singing
 On rose-tree and thorn.
 Are they rejoicing
 A sweet spirit born?
 Born into heaven—
 Her life-journey trod?
 Our little angel
 Has gone home to God!

III.

Weep no more for her!
 There let her rest!
 With her hands folded
 Calm on her breast.
 Dress her with violets
 Fresh from the sod!—
 Our little angel
 Has gone home to God!

“GOOD BYE.”

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

“Good bye!”

How many an ear has sadly heard
That heart-felt, dear old Saxon word;
How many a shadow has it cast
Upon the sunlight of the past,
And so you pen it—does it end
In thoughts and memories of a friend?
And for the future, does “good bye”
Mean that you pass one coldly by
Like the great crowd of other men?
If so, my hand can never pen
“Good bye.”

Good bye!

It is an easy word to trace;
Good bye! thy quiet soul-lit face
Has been to me a daily prayer,—
Good bye, God keep thee in his care!
Our kindred thoughts are all unspoken,
Kind memories will remain unbroken;
The glance and tone that wound the heart,
With no “good bye” will e’er depart.
The *past* is mine—I claim it yet—
I could not, if I would, forget.

“Good bye!”

Good bye!

I gazed upon the heavens to-night,
And saw the stars, in splendor bright,
Look down from that great silver sea
Upon a mortal man like me;—
Thy soul has ever seemed as far
Above me as an undimmed star;
I saw its spirit-radiance shine
And revered as a light divine.
Forgive me, that I dared to dream
My eye might catch a single beam.
Unworthy though I seem to thee,
A silent friend still let me be,
Then will I gaze once in thine eye
And say, with thee, a last “Good bye!”

“Good bye!”

“Good bye!”

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 226.]

CHAPTER III.

Convalescence.—Love.—The Quarrel.

“To say he loved
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouch’d,
What many an action testified, and yet
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.”

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

It was some days before Harrison was able to be moved from his bed, and during that time the constant attention necessary for one in his condition, continued to be shown to him by Hartley, as well as by his kind hosts.

He saw, however, but little of the young lady, who had already to some extent captivated his heart; two or three brief visits a day being all that he had been favored with. When, however, he was able to move into the adjoining room, his strength, too, being equal to prolonged conversation, he enjoyed lengthy and frequent interviews with both Miss Emerson and her brother. From his old schoolfellow he learned much of the actual condition, not only of the city, but of the whole country, and these details served but the more to strengthen the sympathy he already felt for the revolutionists.

Wm. Emerson and his sister were, in heart, supporters of the cause of emancipation from the thralldom of the mother country; but their father, a large Virginian proprietor, always had been and still was, strongly opposed to that resort to arms which a long system of injustice had eventuated in. Nevertheless, Mr. Emerson, senior, being well acquainted with all the facts, was, truth to say, but a lukewarm Royalist, and but for early associations, and fixed opinions as to the

divine rights of Kings, might possibly have been a rebel whig himself.

The old gentleman had, in early youth, held a commission in the army; had been out in what was then termed *The Affair of Forty-five*, and used proudly to point to the stump of his amputated arm, the result of a slight tap from one of those fearful weapons, the Scotch broadsword. It would never do, he used to remark, for him who had once drawn the King's pay, and enjoyed a pension for his lost member for over thirty years, to use his other arm in opposing the Royal forces; and, moreover, as he had only the left arm *left*, further sword drawing had better be left alone.

Such were the particulars gathered by George, in his conversations with Emerson and his sister, the former of whom longed to join the American army, and would, ere this, have done so, but for the fear of wounding the feelings of his father, who was expected, whenever opportunity offered, to arrive in New York.

Weeks now passed away. George was daily gaining health and strength, and would be compelled shortly to resume his military service. His constant intercourse with the beautiful and fascinating Agnes, had matured his first predilections into the warmest and most devoted affection, but to give utterance to the feelings of his heart seemed to him impossible. Was he not about to return to duties which would place him in opposition to those for whose welfare and success were offered the daily and hourly prayers of the American maiden? Oh, how he now hated the profession that he had embraced. Already, through Hartley, he had ascertained that no application, either for exchange or for permission to quit the service, would be for a moment entertained at Head Quarters. Misery, on the one hand, and death and dishonor on the other, were apparently the only alternatives—the latter, to one of his noble

disposition, were impossible, and it only remained to nerve himself to the bearing of the former.

Partly from its being known that Mr. Emerson, senior, was an old soldier and a loyalist, and partly from the reports of its inmates, spread by Hartley, Wm. Emerson's house was frequently visited by British officers; and even Sir Henry Clinton, amidst his multifarious duties, had found time to call twice: once to see Harrison, and once, as he expressed it, to pay the proper respect due to the daughter of an old King's officer.

The young lady, however, showed such a lack of loyalty in the manner she replied to Sir Henry's remarks, that he d'd not repeat his visit, and had she consulted some spiritualist of the day (if there were any) she might have learned that she figured in the British Commander's memoranda of Rebels, as "*Enthusiastic, beautiful and dangerous; under the control of a worthy and loyal father, and a dreamy and doubtful brother.*"

The constant visits of the officers of Harrison's and other regiments, gave that young gentleman a new opportunity of studying the character of Agnes, namely, how she conducted herself in the reception of the many flatteries and compliments offered her on all hands. Truly, she maintained her part well, receiving them with just such sufficient acknowledgment as politeness demanded, but in so cool and quiet a way as plainly showed that they dwelt not a moment in her memory.

Towards George, however, her manner had insensibly become warmer. Involuntarily she found herself stealing looks towards him, even when surrounded by others. On his opinion she seemed to depend, when any subject was under discussion; whilst his tender, assiduous, but never obtrusive attentions to herself, were treasured up in the innermost recesses of her heart.

Agnes was not woman of the world enough to conceal a partiality she could not deny to herself; and some there were who, not perceiving the delicate and affectionate attentions of Harrison, saw with clearer eyes her evident preference of him to the butterflies around her.

Among the occasional visitors to the house was Lord Edward Thynne, a young Lieutenant of Cavalry, with a handsome person, but by no means corresponding disposition. Lord Edward was a clever man, well read, satirical, and spiteful; but his most prominent feature was self-love. Vain of his family, vain of his person, vain of his acquirements, he considered he had but to come, to see, and to conquer. To the world at large, so well did he play his part, that his lordship actually appeared all he wished to be thought; he was called handsome, high spirited, generous, well bred, and clever. To Agnes, however, he was simply odious, and she made but little effort to conceal her aversion.

It was one evening, two days before George was to return to his regimental duties, that Wm. Emerson had invited four or five of his brother officers to dinner, as a parting compliment to his old schoolfellow. After dinner, Miss Emerson retired, with three lady guests, requesting her brother and the gentlemen to follow soon, as several others had been asked to drop in to coffee.

Among the latter, was Lord Edward Thynne, and he arrived in company with Captain Barclay and another, just as Harrison, having made his escape from the gentlemen below, entered the drawing-room.

The conversation turned on the late horrible massacre at Wyoming, and, while all condemned it in most unqualified terms, the expressions of loathing and hatred for the perpetrators, which fell from the lips of Miss Emerson, were the strongest and most vehemently utter-

ed. From Lord Edward, who attempted to stay the violence of her denunciations, she turned with a shortness and suddenness almost rude, (for when excited, Agnes was not exactly a stickler for all the minutiae of politeness), and turned her eyes instinctively to those of Harrison, in whose face she read a perfect reflection of her own sentiments, although he appeared grieved at her vehemence. All this she saw at a glance. Crossing the room, towards him, she calmed herself instantly, and said: "Come, Mr. Harrison, and join me in singing the *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, it may tend to allay our excitement, and make us more christian-like."

"Ah, Miss Emerson, that is well," cried Captain Barclay, "for you are dreadfully bitter; remember, scripture tells us to 'love our enemies.'"

"And pray for those who despitely use you," replied Agnes; "why, Captain Barclay, I should have to pray for you."

"To secure your prayers, one would almost be inclined to bear the odium of despitely using you," said the Captain, good humoredly.

"Such love as the lady may have for her enemies, is decidedly, in this case, *only singular*," sarcastically observed Lord Edward, with an expressive and unmistakable look at Harrison.

George was at this moment in the act of handing Agnes to a chair, and arranging the music for the proposed song. She retained his hand in her grasp for a moment, with a significant pressure desiring silence, while the color suffused her face, neck, and arms, even to the tips of her fingers. Recovering herself, by the strong effort of a powerful will, and drawing up her girlish but stately figure to its fullest height, she fixed her eyes, flashing with indignation, full on the tory lord.

"And who, my lord," said she in a

contemptuous tone, "gave you the right, in this house, to judge of, or call in question, my love for my enemies, either singular or plural, individual or general? be assured, it can have no affinity with either arrogance, conceit, or impertinence. Sam," she continued, to a negro bringing in tea and coffee, "show Lord Edward Thynne to my brother's study, till it suits his convenience to proceed to his quarters."

Sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, while, choking with suppressed passion, Lord Edward hurried from the apartment, and rushing past the negro, had just reached the bottom of the stairs when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"My Lord, I could not let you go without telling you that your conduct is that of an unmannered whelp, who, but for respect to those in this house, I would horsewhip out of it."

"Enough, my rebel lady's champion," answered Lord Edward, in a husky whisper, "there is no need to goad a willing horse; you shall hear from me in the morning," and flinging himself free from Harrison, he strode forth from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

The Duel.

"It is a strange, quick jar, upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so."

BYRON.

By the time Miss Emerson had recovered her self-possession, which she did in a few moments, George was again in the room, his absence not occupying a minute; he pressed her to take a glass of weak wine and water, which, it would almost appear, in his momentary absence he had been to procure; whereas, it was to a negro servant that she was really indebted for this thoughtfulness. Apparently satisfied that this was the real

cause of his leaving her, she thankfully accepted it.

At this instant, the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, gave intimation of the approach of the gentlemen from the dining room.

"Let us," said Miss Emerson, hastily, "forget the unpleasantness of the last few minutes, and discuss it no farther. What say you to a Scotch reel? Captain Barclay has already asked me, if such a dance were proposed, to be his partner."

"Ah, Hartley, just in time," cried the good-natured Barclay, as that gentleman entered the room followed by the others, "secure a partner, if you can, from the few ladies here; Miss Emerson honors me with her hand for a reel—quite an impromptu affair, I assure you."

Hartley, Emerson, and another of the gentlemen acted at once on the suggestion, and Captain Barclay's foresight having early in the evening secured the attendance of a violinist and a harpist, the dance commenced.

The quick eye of Hartley was, however, not to be deceived. The confused looks of the ladies, and the abstracted manner of his own partner, convinced him that some contretemps had occurred, which, despite their efforts, damped the spirits of the majority of the party.

At the conclusion of the dance, the ladies partook of tea, coffee, or negus, which the gentlemen assiduously pressed upon them. No further dancing was proposed, and Miss Emerson appearing weary and indisposed, the visitors, with natural good breeding, took their leave as quickly as politeness allowed.

George accompanied Hartley towards the door, availing himself of the opportunity to push him into his own room, with the intimation that he wished to speak to him, and would be back as soon as he had bid the Emersons good night.

On his return he carefully bolted the door, and proceeded to give Hartley a

detail of the whole affair, and requested his friendly offices in the event which must of a certainty ensue.

"Certainly, my dear fellow, certainly," said Hartley. "So Thynne is showing out in his true colors, at last—envious, mean, and spiteful. I never fancied that man, and don't know how he has bamboozled so many into liking him. Bye-the-bye, Harrison, he is a crack shot, so no nonsense of firing in the air, mind, or he'll shoot you dead as a herring; cover him well with your pistol, so as to spoil his aim. It is a pity, as you will have the choice of weapons, that you are not stronger, else swords would be the best for you; but one bout would exhaust you, so pistols it must be. Now, George, as a man of honor, after this you must either declare yourself to Miss Emerson, or cease your visits on leaving. If the latter, you will have lost my good opinion, for the girl loves you—Thynne is right in that conjecture. I think, moreover, she is one who would not give affections unsought, and if I thought you had trifled with her pure and generous heart, rebel though it be, *roué* and wild as I am, I would call you myself to account for such ingratitude and heartlessness; from your conduct to-night, I hope better things."

"Hartley, you know that I love her deeply, madly, but my position has sealed my lips; yet, she *must* and *does* know it, I am sure."

"Thank God, it is so; indeed, I hardly doubted you. I will now tell you more: Agnes is the only woman I have ever seen whom I could truly and wholly, nay, *do* truly love, myself; but I saw her fixed preference for you, and if her happiness were assured, it would be all that I now seek."

"Oh, generous Hartley, how like yourself, your noble self, you now speak; believe me, you cannot overrate the in-

tensity of my love for her; but, indeed, I never thought *you* loved Agnes."

"Well, we'll talk no more of it now," said Hartley, hastily. "I will pass the night on your sofa, so as to be ready when Thynne's friend calls, which will be early; and though, in times like these, doubtless, you have all preparations made for any contingency, yet, perhaps you had better write a few lines, in explanation of this affair, to Emerson; in case of anything happening to you, it would be well he understood the facts, and your feelings, from yourself; and then to sleep, for a wakeful night is a sad unsteadier of the nerves."

"I will do so," answered Harrison; "also, I will write briefly to Agnes, and intrust them to you."

At six o'clock, the next morning, Sam introduced to Harrison's room a gentleman, whose card, which he handed to George, bore the name of Captain Neville Wortley.

"I presume, sir," said the Captain, with stately politeness, "you can understand the cause of so early a visit, which, under other circumstances, I could hardly sufficiently apologise for. I come on the part of Lord Edward Thynne, to demand satisfaction for the language you used to him last night, and I have come thus early lest our proceedings might be heard of, or suspected, and consequently interfered with."

"I have, sir, only to refer you," replied George, "to my friend, Captain Hartley, who is asleep on yonder sofa. Hartley, Hartley," he cried, and springing upon his legs, the gallant Captain was at once aware of the state of affairs.

"Good morning, Captain Wortley, good morning," said Hartley, bowing ceremoniously; "I am somewhat of a laggard, but if you will wait an instant I will accompany you where we can arrange preliminaries."

Captain Hartley was back before Har-

arrison was dressed. "It is all arranged," said he, "you meet just beyond the 15th's lines, where there is a retired spot; the time, precisely nine; so you must start from here, with me, at half past seven, and I will leave word that you are going to breakfast with me."

The distance to the ground not being above a mile from Hartley's quarters, they proceeded there on foot, and arrived about five minutes before the opposite party.

"There is a devil in that man's eye, George," said his friend, "don't play with your life, and when the word is given, fire the instant the word 'twice' is spoken."

In a few moments the duelists were placed. Captain Wortley gave the word—*are you ready?—once—twice—thrice.*

The reports of the two pistols were simultaneous. George had intentionally missed his opponent, but he felt as if a hot iron had seared his shoulder. Not a word did he utter, nor did he move an inch from the spot on which he stood.

"Is your principal satisfied?" enquired Captain Hartley.

"Not without an apology," replied Wortley.

"Then we may as well load again, for there is no chance of that," responded Harrison's second.

Again placed on the ground, Hartley whispered, as he put the pistol into George's hand, "*look him full in the eye*, and aim better—I wonder how he missed you—remember, the moment I say twice, fire."

"He did not miss me, Hartley," said Harrison, "but not a word; I am sure the wound is very slight. I shall not try to miss him this time, depend upon it."

Hartley retired, and this time gave the words: "*Are you ready?—once—twice—thrice.*"

Thynne took longer aim, under the impression that he had before missed by too hasty firing, so that Harrison's pistol echoed in the waste a moment sooner than that of his antagonist, who, flinging his weapon to the ground, lifted his hands to his face in agony.

George had fired with the hope of wounding Lord Edward's pistol arm, but the ball went too high and struck his nose, breaking the bones and shattering the left jaw, in a manner which would forever disfigure him.

"Spoiled the puppy's beauty, at any rate," said Hartley, after ascertaining this, and returning to George. "I suppose as it is no worse we may probably hear but little of it."

The surgeon, who was in attendance, having bound up Lord Edward's face in the best manner possible, had him removed to his quarters, which were within a few hundred yards.

George and Hartley then left the ground and proceeded to the regimental surgeon, where the former's shoulder was examined and the wound found to be trifling, the ball having passed along the top of the shoulder, close to the surface, without injuring the bone.

"Lucky it is no worse; it would have been a bad thing, had the bone been broken again; it was badly enough shattered before," said Dr. Maxwell, as he applied a soothing salve, and promised silence as to the trifling injury received, by our hero, in the duel.

CHAPTER V.

Accepted love consoles trouble.

"She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face."—COLERIDGE.

The garden of the Emerson's house extended nearly to the banks of the Hudson. A narrow lane alone dividing it from a few houses, occupied by small but thriving mechanics, shipwrights, coopers,

ship-chandlers, &c., and which abutted upon the river. None could now, after a lapse of eighty years, find, in the multitude of stores, wharves, and ferries, the spot of which we write. Under the shade, which the many trees afforded, might be seen, for two or three hours, on the day of the duel, Harrison and Miss Emerson. With his arm around her, and her hand clasped in his, he listened to her earnest words.

With her frank and honest heartedness she had, upon his declaration that day, acknowledged that her affections were wholly and entirely his. But the joyousness of the pure spirit had been indeed damped, when, after several vain attempts to commence, Harrison at length communicated to her the occurrences of the morning. Apart from her grief at the duel itself, and her sorrow that Harrison should have been engaged in that which her right-minded principle so strongly condemned, was the feeling that *she*, the cause of the *emeute*, would be the subject of unusual comment and notoriety; and from *this*, her sensitive and modest mind did indeed painfully shrink.

Gentle and kind was the manner in which Agnes chid him for the sin, which she, in her purity of soul, considered that he had committed in meeting Lord Edward. The words of reproof, from loving lips, fell softly upon the lover's ears and sank deep into his heart, rendering his devotion to her, if possible, of a higher and loftier character.

George's regrets, his promises in future to try hard to control himself, the natural feelings arising from the knowledge that it was an insult to *her*, which he had resented, after a time somewhat quieted her; and as he soothed her with fond, endearing words, and, with the impassioned eloquence which love alone can command, pleaded his deep and fervent devotion, as his extenuation, she could

not but pardon—could not but love, and give way to that great and holy happiness resulting from reciprocated affection.

"With you, my Agnes, for a monitress, I will indeed strive and conquer what I have of impetuosity," said he, "but you are apt, also, to be a little carried away by your feelings when your indignation is aroused, eh, lady love? I think I have hit you there."

"Ah, now George, you refer to last night. I *was* too violent, but I *was* so angry. We all have our faults, dearest, and you must, I see check *me* too, sometimes. There now, impetuosity again—you've nearly broken my comb—George, George—there, that will do—thank goodness, there's William coming."

William Emerson was slowly advancing towards them, followed by a sergeant of Harrison's corps, with the Regimental Order Book. The face of Agnes' brother wore a look of deep distress and anxiety. Nodding kindly to his guest, he led his sister to the house, evidently desirous of privacy.

The sergeant, meantime, handed his officer a note from Hartley, containing the cheering intelligence that unless it was *officially* brought to the notice of his superiors, the probability was he would hear but little of the duel; that personal feeling appeared to be pretty equally divided between Lord Edward Thynne and himself. "But the order book will inform you of a promotion and removal, which, at present, will be trying to you. The dispatches arrived from England this morning, in the 'Seagull,' " was the conclusion of the note.

"Captain Hartley told me he would be here shortly, sir," said the sergeant, handing George the order book.

Harrison opened it and read:—

"New York, September 27th, 1778. Extract from the London Gazette of August 2d, 1778: '7th Light Dragoons.—Ensign George Beale Harrison, of the

35th Regt. of foot, to be Lieutenant, *vice* Lieutenant Lord Edward Thynne, promoted.' Ensign George B. Harrison is, therefore, struck off the strength of the Regiment from this date."

Truly had Hartley written. At this time it *was* trying, very trying, to be placed in the same regiment as Lord Edward Thynne, where that officer's popularity would probably cause him to be received with coldness and dislike. Much as Harrison had desired to get into a cavalry corps, he would willingly have forfeited this opportunity and *his promotion also*, to be once more Ensign in the 35th foot.

There was one thing which consoled him. Lieut. Colonel Hyslop, commanding the 7th Cavalry, was an old friend of his father, and had always shown himself warmly interested in George. After some reflection, he resolved to seek that estimable officer's advice, and proceeded to his room to dress for the visit, when Emerson entered and claimed his attention.

"My sister, Harrison, has informed me of all that has passed, and I feel greatly your conduct on this occasion. I am both pleased and pained, but the most pained. I am naturally averse to an attachment with one who is in arms against my own land; imagine my feelings, if hereafter I had to draw my sword against my sister's husband! Personally I am, you know your friend, and esteem you as you merit. Agnes is the judge of her own affairs; but, without the sanction of my father, this must proceed no further, nor must you extort any pledge from her. Your own sense of honor will assure you that in this I only do my duty. My father has written—he is on his return from Virginia, and in a week will be at our widowed aunt's, near Croton River, about thirty-five miles from here. I shall send my sister there to meet him, for his health is fast failing, and he requires a daughter's care. In-

deed, from the tenor of another letter, I fear he will never again perfectly recover. As there is to be an exchange of prisoners, I shall ask from Sir Henry Clinton the protection of the escort for Agnes. I will not object to your continuing to see her until she goes, with the understanding that you exact no promise not dependent on her father's will. And now, George, I must say something unpleasant, and that pains me also. As you leave us to-morrow, I may say, that for reasons I can not or will not explain, I *myself* wish to see as little as possible of you for the next week or two."

For the few minutes Emerson remained and the conversation continued, Harrison observed that although he wished to be cordial, yet there was a restraint in his manner;—but the most vexing thing was, that probably all this would curtail or limit his interviews with Agnes.

Hartley having come, accompanied him to Colonel Hyslop's quarters, advising and cheering him by the way.

"Emerson has engaged me to dinner again," said the captain, "and I'll keep him in chat, so as to give you a long time with your love. . . That chap is plotting something, Harrison—I do hope he will not get himself into trouble; but, *entre nous*, I know that the commander-in-chief will not allow him *now* to quit New York—the brigade major told me as much to-day."

Colonel Hyslop received George with great kindness, and he found that upon his friendship he could rely.

"Report yourself to the adjutant immediately, and remember to be here at eight o'clock, the morning after to-morrow," said the Colonel, as he shook hands with him.

Harrison called at the adjutant's as desired, and was directed by that officer to come the next day, to be *officially* presented to the Colonel.

Hartley kept his word that night; and

saddened though it was by approaching separation, and by Agnes' anxiety about her father, still very sweet and long was the interview of the lovers, before they were interrupted by the voices of Emerson and his guest on the staircase as they quitted the dining-room.

MEMORY.

I.

Go pluck from off its parent stem
The smiling rose at morn,
While dew-drops sparkling in the sun
Bedeck the grassy lawn :
Its petals—trembling while they die—
So beautiful and fair,
Will write their sweetest memories
In perfume on the air !

II.

Tear from its bed the pearly shell
That gems the ocean strand,
Where mad waves, roaring in their might,
Break o'er the yielding sand ;
Bear it away to other lands,
Far from its native shore,
It still will murmur of its home—
The wild waves—evermore.

III.

Go forth on yonder mountain's hight,
At nature's vesper hour
When Darkness leaves his dismal caves,
And daylight owns his power :
Mark'st thou those penciled rays of light
That linger in the west ?
The sun in nature's album wrote,
Then sank in peace to rest.

IV.

Gaze thou upon the dark'ning clouds
That sweep along the skies,
While lightnings herald forth the blast,
And fearful storms arise :
See'st thou yon brilliant arch that hangs
Suspended in the air ?
Sweet Bow of Promise ! God's own hand
Traced the memento there !

V.

And thus upon the human heart
A gentle spell is thrown,

That whispers e'er of love and joys
Its youthful days have known ;
Our darkest hours of grief and wo
Not all life's pleasure mars,
For sorrow brings us memory's light,
As darkness brings the stars !

VI.

Sweet Memory ! the silvery thread
That binds us to the past,
Reaches its trembling fibres where
Our joyous youth was cast ;
Each friendly word, each look of love
That blessed those hallowed days,
Are woven in its mystery
To cheer our hearts always !

VII.

Kind friend, may Memory's future voice
Be full of peace to thee ;
Not one false note disturb the charm
Of its blest harmony !
And when the silver chord is loosed
That binds life's fleeting breath,
May memory of deeds well done
Rob all the sting from death !

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

SECOND LEGEND.

Translated from the German,

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

From time immemorial, mother Earth has been the asylum for the subjects of blighted love, for which many poor wretches among Eve's children, disappointed in their desires and expectations, make the best of their way, some by steel or rope, others by lead or poison, and many by consumption, and a broken heart. Spirits, however, are excepted from such circumstantialities ; they enjoy the privilege of returning to the upper world at pleasure, by roads forever debared to mortal men, after their sulks and passions have expended their force.

Deeply chagrined, the Gnome left the upper world, intending never again to brave the light of day ; but then, his

grief became obliterated, by a nine hundred and ninety years' absence, during which time old sores were apparently healed. At length, while suffering from *ennui* and bad humor at home, his favorite and clown, a goblin made up of fun and oddity, proposed a pleasure trip to the Riesengebirge, to which his lordship at once consented. The wink of a minute sufficed for traveling the long distance, and he stood in the centre of the large grass-plot, once the memorable park.

The sight of objects his former love affair had once flooded with rose colored tints, again stirred up old remembrances; so that the events in reference to the beautiful Emma and himself, seemed as of but yesterday. Her picture came home to his memory so distinctly that her own self again stood beside him; but she had outwitted and deceived him, and that was enough to stir up his old grudge against all mankind.

"Miserable worms of the soil," he cried, in beholding from his eyrie the spires of the churches and convents of the surrounding towns and villages, "I see, you are at your old tricks in the valley below. You played off on me your pranks and arts, but I'll make you suffer for it; I will haunt and spite you enough to make you tremble before the doings of the mountain-spirit."

Hardly had he spoken, when voices sounded in the distance. Three young fellows trotted along, and the boldest of them cried lustily, "Turnip-Counter, come on!—Turnip-Counter—maiden robbery!"

The chronicle of gossip, in the place of omitting the love affair of the mountain goblin, had even enlarged upon it by slanderous reports, and made it a favorite theme for travelers in general. Many ghost stories, which never had happened, were freely transmitted from mouth to mouth, and excited the fear of

timid souls; while strong minded persons, wits and philosophers, who generally affect a disbelief in such tales, showed their insolence in broad daylight by calling the spirit nick-names, openly to defy him; but while a resident in the depths of his subterranean kingdom, these derisive invectives had never come to his notice. No wonder, then, that he was startled at this laconic "summing up" of his own case.

Like the storm, he swept through the sombre forest of firs, prepared to strangle the poor wretch who had made him, unwittingly, the target of his pleasantries; when, just in time, it struck him that such a cruel revenge, being noticed abroad, would banish travelers from his territory, and thus spoil the fun he was bent on at the very outset. Therefore he allowed the scamp and his companions to pass by unmolested, saying to himself, "I have not done with you yet."

At the first by-road, the offender parted company, and safely reached the town of Hirschberg. His invisible enemy followed him to his lodgings, in order to find him without trouble, if he wanted, and then returned to the mountains, revolving in his mind some suitable plan of revenge, when he chanced to meet a rich Israelite, wending his way out of Hirschberg. Why not make him the instrument of his vengeance, as well as any other? Transforming himself into an exact counterfeit of the young fellow who had mocked him, he frankly proffered his companionship to the new comer, conversed freely and friendly with him, led him off by degrees from the highroad, until they arrived at a dense copse-wood, when he seized the pedlar by his long beard, shook him to his heart's content, threw him to the ground, gagged him, took his bag, well filled with gold and jewels, and went off, leaving the poor, plundered victim on the spot, little better than dead.

The son of Israel had no sooner recovered the use of his senses, than he groaned and called out for help, fearing he might famish in that desolate spot where he lay. A gentleman, who looked like a well-to-do citizen from some neighboring town, stepped up and enquired the reason of his lamentation; but seeing him bruised and tied, he loosened the ropes from his hands and feet and assisted him, like the kind Samaritan, who assisted his fellow-man, after his having fallen among robbers. The stranger presented the illused man with a cordial, after tasting of which he felt quite refreshed, when he was led upon the highway, and taken care of by his benefactor—like Tobias by the angel Raphael—until both arrived at Hirschberg before the tavern, where he gave his protegee a silver coin, to pay his night's lodging, and then went on his way.

But how did the Jew open his eyes with wonder, when, on entering the tavern, he found the robber sitting at the table, and acting in as free and easy a manner as only becomes a man who has done no wrong. He enjoyed himself over a pint of cheap wine, cracked his jokes and sported with other merry fellows, while his wallet laid beside him, in which Turnip-Counter had secreted the bag, taken by main force. The peddler, confounded by so much coolness, could not, at first, believe his own eyes; he sought a corner, quietly to consider the best way by which to recover his lost property. It seemed impossible that he could be mistaken about the person before him; so he went out, unobserved, sought out the judge and lodged his complaint. A warrant was obtained, constables were armed with lances and sticks, the tavern surrounded, the innocent man arrested and brought before the tribunal of justice, which was composed of the wisest of the city fathers.

"Who art thou?" the chief magistrate

enquired, as the prisoner was brought before him, "and from whence dost thou come?"

Candid and fearless, he answered: "I am an honest tailor, by trade, called Benedix, arrived here from Liebenau, and am engaged at work in this town."

"Dost thou deny having assaulted this Jew in the forest, maltreated him, bound him, and robbed him of his bag?"

"I never set eyes on this man before, therefore I neither assaulted him, bound or robbed him of his bag."

"How canst thou prove thy honesty?"

"By my testimonials, and a good conscience."

"Produce thy testimonials."

Benedix opened his wallet without delay; he knew it contained nothing but his rightful property. In emptying out the contents, lo! the sound of silver was heard among the traps. The constables quickly lent a helping hand in stirring up the rags, and took from amongst them a heavy bag, which the happy owner soon identified as being his. The poor wretch seemed struck as by lightning; fear nearly made him faint; he turned pale, his lips quivered, his knees trembled; he had no more to say. The brow of the judge darkened, and a threatening gesture proclaimed what would follow.

"How now, villain?" the mayor thundered, "art thou insolent enough to deny the robbery any longer?"

"Mercy, your Honor!" howled the accused, kneeling with uplifted hands. "I call the saints to witness, I am not guilty of the robbery; I don't know how the bag came into my wallet; God only knows."

"Thou art convicted sufficiently," the judge went on; "the bag tells the story. Therefore, give due honor to God and the court, and plead guilty ere the torture will wring from thee a confession."

The troubled Benedix still proclaimed his innocence; however, it was so many

words wasted, for he was considered a wily rascal, trying to get his neck out of the noose that was waiting for him.

Master Hammerling, the terrible extractor of truth, was called for, the force of whose solid 'arguments' (they having been fabricated of excellent steel) hardly failed to convince certain persons of the necessity of giving due honor to God and the court by putting their neck into the halter. At this juncture, the strength of a good conscience, left its possessor in the lurch; for, when the man of torture thought the thumb-screw a useful operator, Benedix concluded that it would disable him from swinging the needle in future. Preferring death to maiming, he confessed to the crime he knew nothing of. The criminal's trial was thus closed, and the judges and aldermen doomed him "*to the rope*" before they adjourned; which sentence, partly to serve the end of justice, and partly to avoid the expenses of feeding the prisoner, should be promptly carried out early the following day.

The spectators, who had witnessed the proceedings, found the sentence, as pronounced by the honorable magistrates, just and proper; yet none was louder in his exclamations of satisfaction than the good Samaritan of the forest, who took his stand in the court room during the trial; he did not cease lauding the sense of justice in the gentlemen of Hirschberg, and after all, no person could be more interested in the present case than this philanthropist, for, with invisible hand, he had hidden the pedler's bag in the wallet of the tailor, he being the famous Turnip-Counter himself.

Early the following day, he awaited the coming of the procession, which in those days always escorted the culprit to the scaffold. He had borrowed the plumage of the raven for the occasion, and felt already the raven's appetite grow strong upon him, to pick out the victim's

eyes. This time, however, he waited in vain.

It so happened, that a pious ecclesiastic, not thinking highly of a conversion on the scaffold, and always taking great pains in making the most of a malefactor, if left to his care, found Benedix such an awkward and uncouth specimen of his class, that he thought it necessary to demand an extension of the time allotted him, for shaping a saint out of such rude material. It was a hard matter to gain a three days' suspension of his sentence; in fact, the pious judges only consented to it, after his threatening them with excommunication, in case of refusal. Turnip-Counter hearing this, flew back to the mountains, till the time of the execution should have arrived.

In the interval he roamed, as was his wont, over the forest, and beheld a young girl resting under a shady tree. Her head, supported by a snowy arm, rested in melancholy ease upon her bosom; her dress was not made of costly material, but yet was cleanly, and of the fashion of those worn by the common people. Her hand wiped off the tears that were falling on her cheek, as deep sighs escaped from her lips. The impression of a woman's tears had formerly left its mark on the gnome; again he felt sympathetic compassion in seeing them flow, and made an exception to his general rule of invoking and spiting those children of Eve, who neglected to give his mountain-home a wide berth. The feeling of pity seemed to do him good; and to minister comfort to the suffering beauty, might be of greater service still. Soon he molded himself into a respectable citizen, and then, in a winning way, tried to gain the young girl's confidence, as he thus began—

"Why dost thou grieve in loneliness, child! in this out-of-the-way place? Tell me thy troubles, that I may help thee if possible."

The girl, lost in melancholy meditation, started at the strange voice, and raised her head. But what a look she gave from those languishing, dark blue eyes. Their dimmed lustre must be powerful enough to melt a heart of steel! How bright the tears sparkled! The lovely, Madonna-like face was none the less interesting, because clouded by sorrow. She looked up to the benevolent man standing in front of her, and opened her purple lips and said:

"What can my sorrow be to yours, kind sir, hopeless as it is? I am an unhappy being; a murderess, who has killed the man of her heart, and now justly suffers in tears and remorse, and will, until death shall have broken her heart.

The respectable citizen wondered.

"Thou a murderess?" he cried; "with such a heavenly face, canst thou carry a hell in thy bosom? Impossible! Although I know men to be capable of all kinds of imposition and malice: yet this is a riddle to me."

"Which I may solve," the stricken maiden replied, "if you want to know."

"Speak out, then, fair lady."

"From early childhood I had a play-mate, the son of a neighbor; he became my sweet-heart in later years. So good and kind was he, so faithful and noble; loved me so steadfastly and strong, that he gained my heart, and I promised him eternal fidelity. Behold! a viper has poisoned the youth's heart, and made him forget the instructions of his pious mother, and goaded him onward to commit a crime, which the law makes him expiate with his life!"

The gnome emphatically cried, "Thou!"

"Yes, sir!" she repeated, "I am the cause of his death; on my account, he committed a highway robbery, in plundering a rascally Jew, for which the gentlemen of Hirschberg, after catching him, found him guilty; and—ah, misery! will hang him to-morrow!"

"For which affair, you consider yourself responsible?" asked Turnip-Counter, astonished.

"Yes, sir! On my head will be his blood."

"How so?"

"When he set out on his wanderings over the mountains, he bid me farewell, clung to my neck and said:

"My love, be faithful! When the apple-tree blossoms for the third time, I shall return from my travels, to claim thee as my lawful wife."

"To this I consented, taking a solemn oath to that effect. The apple blossoms came for the third time, and Benedix returned, to remind me of my promise, and to lead me to the altar. But I wickedly made light of it, as girls often do to their swains, by asking him: 'Pray, how would'st thou support thy wife? My couch has not room for two; where, then, shall I look for a homestead? Procure some bright dollars first, before thou callest again.' At these unfeeling remarks, he was much troubled, as he replied,

"Oh, Clare! she that now craves riches to gladden the heart, is not the brave girl of former times, who made her vow of constancy. Were prospects brighter then than now? What means such pride and prudery? Am I to understand, Clare, that a rich suitor has stolen thy heart from me? Was it for this, false one, that I hoped and waited three long years; counted each hour, until now, that I might claim thee for my own? How eagerly I traversed the steep mountain paths, led on by hope and gladness, alas! only to find myself slighted!"

He tried to make me alter my mind, but I did not yield an inch to his pleadings; and made answer, "My heart does not slight thee, Benedix! only I can not become thy wife as yet; go hence, procure wealth, and I'll be thine!"

[Continued.]

RHYME OF A PEDAGOGUE.

In this progressive and poetive time,
When all the world is running into rhyme,
When sentimental dunces drive the quill,
Which keeps the virtues of the gander still,
I may be pardoned, though a prosy ped,
For writing rhymes revolving in my head :
School-teaching is my prose-poetic theme,
A thread-bare subject for a poet's dream ;
A little school-room, benches in a row,
Where urchins whisper, and ideas grow,
Where some prospecting, patient drudge explores
The unwrought *placers* rich in mental ores,
Hoping of genius, some rich 'lead' to find—
Some mammoth 'nugget' of immortal mind—
Some 'quartz claim'—matrix of a mighty will,
Worked by the public school-room's crushing mill.

The miner, with his spade and pick, and pack,
And household furniture upon his back,
May travel on with dust upon his face,
And find no *placer* that is just the place—
May pick his way to canons of the Feather,
And see whole *herds* of elephants together,
Or turn his back on humbug mines forever,
And seek the paradise of Frazer river.

But he who 'prospects' after mental signs,
Finds diggings poorer than exhausted mines ;
The surface-diggings of the embryo man,
Scarce yielding color in prospecting pan.
Ecstatic task ! in these auriferous days,
To guide young striplings in their devious ways,
Who snap their fingers with a saucy grace,
In both their father's and their teacher's face,
Or stalk, like heroes through the bustling street,
And pull the *queues* of all the 'Johns' they meet—
For schools keep pace with progress of the day,
Old fashioned government has passed away—
The pupils are the wheels of 'patent' school,
Which run, like auction watches, without rule.

In the ancient times,—the rough old iron age,
Ere moral suasion was the ranting rage,
When Spartan learning, with its rigid sway,
Taught youth at least one lesson—to obey,
And gymnasts trained them into brawny men,
As fit to wield the sword, as hold the pen.
Old Plato, rich in intellectual feasts,

Said : ' Boys are worse to tame of all wild beasts,'
But he is sneered at by the 'modern lights,'
Great Chinese lanterns, which illumine our nights,
Who show like gaudy colors of the prison,
Fantastic blendings of each modern *ism*.

These modern Solons talk mysterious rant,
And read by moonlight Emerson and Kant,
Until each urchin under their control,
Becomes a Plato with the golden soul.
Hapless the teacher who lags on behind ;
This spirituality of an age refined,
Or dares to tread the hard 'old fashioned' way,—
Progression is the watchword of the day,
Teachers must rule by ratiocination
And potent power of pertinent persuasion.

The march is onward ; 'twill not do to waste
Much time in study in this age of haste.
Inpatient people will not brook delay ;
The scholar is the product of a day.
The young ideas must be *forced* to grow,
Like hot-house plants which prematurely blow,
Or seeds subjected to galvanic power,
Which sprout and grow up in a single hour.
Precocious genius must grow pale and white,
Like mushrooms sprung up in a summer's night,
And joyous spirits of exulting youth
Be drowned in diving into wells of truth.
Sweet, red-cheeked girls, while yet the morning dew
Of life is glistening in their eyes of blue—
Torture their throats and tender voices wrench
In mispronouncing unintelligible French,
Or shock weak nerves by thumping with hard knocks
Tattoos of operas from a music box ;
Or learn to think the height of bliss below
Is in a ball-room on the tripping toe,
Until like Lilliputian grandames grey,
They imitate old age in childhood's play ;
And flirt and simper, little half-fledged belles
Escaped from thralldom of the nursery cells,
Like maiden aunts instead of artless girls,
And wanting only artificial curls
To be a small edition of their ways,
Bound up in Fashion's artificial stays.

In wise old Socrates' and Plato's day,
Rough was the road and rugged was the way
They struggled on with mingled hope and fears,
Attained to wisdom through the vale of years,

Those gray old fogies ! little did they dream
 That, in this age of telegraph and steam,
 ' Progressives ' would forsake the turnpike road,
 Where moss-grown mile-stones Learning's temple
 Construct a railroad up the hill of Science, [showed,
 And bid ' slow coaches ' and their ' nags ' defiance;
 Whizzing into the classic halls of learning,
 With startling scream and signal lanterns burning.
 Solon and Socrates were prattling boys,
 Amused with rattles, pleased with infants' toys,
 Who picked up pebbles on the shores of seas
 Which modern ' clippers ' navigate with ease,
 Who lived in blindness of the first Great Cause,
 Which spirit rappers clutch with clumsy paws.
 Peace to their shades ! in darkness let them rest;
 Some good ' old fashioned ' virtue they possessed :
 They taught mankind—lived not alone for self,
 Nor bartered wisdom for poor paltry pelf :
 Queer antique virtues, which, if truth be told,
 Are curious relics in this land of gold.

S.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

BY LUNA.

" And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In *this* 'tis God directs, in *that* 'tis man." POPE.

Instinct is the involuntary power and emotions of the life-principle, which receives its impulses direct from Deity, and is governed by unerring, but mysterious laws.

Man, if endowed alone with instinct, could not have been a progressive being, although he might have been happier and less degraded than many who have used the God-like power of reason for evil, instead of good.

Some one has remarked, " that the progress of man was in proportion as his reason gained the control over his instincts." This is erroneous; for, much of the unhappiness of man is caused by his reason warring against the innate power of instinct. Reason should govern, but instinct should not be enslaved. The power of *moral* reasoning, at least, was not conferred upon man until he had

eaten of the forbidden fruit; then it was said " their eyes were opened," and that " they had become as gods, knowing good and evil." The good they know by instinct, but evil, by the dearly-bought gift of knowledge, which makes men, indeed, like gods, creative and progressive.

As man fell from his negative state of happiness by the subtle reasoning of his arch adversary, so God ordained that man, thereby obtaining the same power, should at last triumph over evil, and ultimately attain to a far higher sphere of intelligence and happiness than if he had retained his first estate; and, it may be, to become the teachers and ministers of God throughout the universe, in unfolding the mysteries of the Divine goodness and love, as displayed on this our earth, where, perhaps, moral evil is to be forever exterminated, and that here God has set the bounds that it cannot pass, and hath said, " hither shalt thou come and no farther," But knowledge and reason, alone, cannot make mankind happy, for, their constantly accelerating force maddens the brain, when not checked by the gentle powers of instinct, which govern the affections, and restores the equilibrium between the head and heart. From instinct it is, that reason gets the first idea, and miniature pattern, of all the great inventions of man, and, it is thought, there is not one, but its prototype may be found among, and is practically worked by, the most inferior orders of animated nature. The whole duty of man is, to understand and obey the laws of his being, in the order and manner that they were ordained by the Creator, and not to seek out so many inventions of his own false reasoning, as to pervert the principle of instinct by which the most ignorant are led and guided to do right, and to enjoy a degree of happiness not agreeable to their condition. Therefore, while we cultivate the one, let us not neglect the other.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A good system of public schools is essential to the existence of a republican form of government.

Public schools are not peculiar to the United States; but the American free schools differ very materially from those of European nations. There, they are designed for those who are too poor to pay private tuition, and the children of the rich never darken their doors; here, the wealthiest and most aristocratic make no apology for sending their children to the free schools, which public opinion pronounces the best in discipline and training, and most in accordance with our republican institutions.

A system like ours is too great a *leveler* to be encouraged by a titled aristocracy.

The American system of free schools was nurtured and sustained by the liberty-loving, God-serving Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and wherever the sons of New England have settled, they have carried it with them as a household god. Across a mighty continent, stretching further and further west, the little school houses have taken up their line of march, until, pouring over the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, they rest, with the weary emigrants, on the golden shores of the Pacific; and, to-day, the schools of San Francisco will compare not unfavorably with those of Boston—the great radiating point of the system on the Atlantic coast.

The school department owns two fine buildings—the Union Street and Denman—the other schools are mostly held in inferior rented rooms. Those teachers, who, like the present Superintendent, and ex-Superintendent Mr. Pelton, taught in the “shanties” of early times, would consider them comparatively comfortable, but compared with the palaces of eastern cities, they are inadequate, ill-ventilated

and unsightly. In other respects our schools will generally compare pretty favorably with eastern ones, though irregularity and change of pupils, render it impossible to advance classes with the same degree of accuracy as in more stationary communities. Neither is there the same strict discipline here as in eastern city schools; children are under less rigid home-government, and consequently more difficult to govern at school. And the system of running at large, from one school to another, over the whole city, is destructive to school government. In some respects, our schools are undoubtedly in advance of the less progressive ones of older States.

There is less of the *forcing* system,—less of overtaxed brain and precocious development. The school room is made a pleasanter place. More attention is given to physical training. The hours of study are fewer, though at present too long. A return to the hours of two years ago—from 10 A. M. to three o'clock P. M.—would be far better, and more acceptable to a vast majority of parents.

Many of the schools are well provided with gymnastic apparatus, and in some, the classes are regularly drilled in gymnastic feats on the “horizontal bar,” “parallels,” “ladders,” and with “clubs,” “dumb-bells” and “rods.” Two years ago, on a visit to the schools of Boston and New York, we found none of the schools so provided; we doubt if any now are. The muscular development given to the boys, the love of athletic exercises and manly sports, will be worth quite as much to their future life, as the mental culture and book knowledge there imparted. The boy needs strong muscles to fight his way in the world;—coop him up in close rooms, leave his muscles flabby and soft, and no amount of book-feed will make a manly man of him.

In some of the schools calisthenic exercises are as regularly given as the daily

recitations; and the girls are deriving incalculable benefit from the daily drill. Erect forms, well developed chests, grace of movement, and ease of carriage are the results.

Dancing is also very generally a part of school recreation; what would the staid old Puritans have said at the thought of it? No harm seems to result, however.

The annual May parties are quite a feature of the schools, giving a vast amount of enjoyment to smiling faces and twinkling feet, and real delight, and a merry time, to friends and parents—not Puritanical, but social. Singing receives a good degree of attention, but should receive still more.

Music is an essential element in the education of girls. It is vastly more important for a young lady, in the social circle, to know how to sing, than to comprehend all the mysteries even of cube root, square root, algebra and geometry. "A gentle voice is a pleasant thing in woman."

We think the course of study in the grammar schools might be slightly modified for the better. One half the time in all the schools is devoted to arithmetic—the grand hobby of American teachers, and Yankee ones, in particular—while penmanship, drawing, and spelling receive comparatively little attention. The *crack* classes are the *arithmetic* classes, and the merits of a whole school not unfrequently rise or fall with exploits of the great first class in arithmetic, on "examination day." Arithmetic is well enough in its place, but the sky is not a black-board; nor are mountains all made of chalk; children have other faculties than that of *calculation*, which can better be exercised on something else. Is it not quite as important that a boy of fifteen should write a neat, well-spelled letter, as to give the analysis for dividing one fraction by another, or, "to ex-

plain the reason of the rule for extracting cube root"? Might not the girls learn the elements of botany, eat a few less figures, and admire flowers a little more? Could not the boys, who devote two hours a day, for three years, to arithmetic, spare a little of that time to learn enough of Natural History to tell the difference between a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros; or a condor and a gray eagle; or a fish and a quadruped?

Ought not both boys and girls to learn enough of Physiology and Hygiene, to understand and obey the common laws of health? Ought not a boy of fifteen, leaving a grammar school, to know how to keep a common, plain, working man's account book? Practical men would say, that all these things were quite as important as complicated problems in arithmetic, or complex analysis in grammar?

A natural system of teaching little children would train them to use their senses for gaining a knowledge of common things around them; yet most of the primary room teaching still consists in "learning how to read and spell." In this respect, our primary schools are a quarter of a century behind the European. It is now an exploded notion that education consists in learning how to "read, and spell, and cypher." Education is development—the harmonious development of all the faculties of man's nature. The perceptive and expansive faculties, and training, as well as the reasoning and reflective.

The physical nature should be cared for; and the *soul* needs expansion quite as much as either mind or body. The best teachers are not those who can cram the most mathematics into the heads of pupils; or hitch on the longest trains of ponderous verbatim recitations to the crack teams of "smart" classes, but those who can win the love, and touch the hearts, and awaken the sympathies, and move the souls of unfolding man-

hood and womanhood. Feeling, affection, and sympathy are better teachers than cold, reasoning intellect.

The *truest* teaching is something intangible—an electric fire, which cannot be set down in figures and percentages, by examining committees. A teacher with a great heart is better than one with a great head. It will always be so, while children have *souls* as well as *brains*.

Many of our best female teachers never pass "brilliant" examinations; their column of "percentage" is always low, but a great woman's heart, womanly tact, love, and kindness which are all set down as "zero" in the column of "percentage," if expressed in figures—as if such a thing were possible—would place them far up in the scale. A week in the school-room is a better test than forty columns of "percentages."

The truest teaching, that which influences manner, stamps the character, electrifies the heart, cannot be reduced to a mathematical system; it is superior to "rules and regulations." It needs neither "reviews" nor regulations forbidding them. It will not be limited to so many pages of arithmetic, or grammar, or geography. It is the intangible Aurora which plays over the sky of the school, until one gorgeous glow rests upon the firmament of heavenly faces. Bunglers may think that a school is a complicated mechanism of wheels and pivots—a weekly clock, which the teacher has only to "wind up" and then watch its running—but in truth, each individual unit of humanity is a living harp, ready to breathe forth harmonious tones, if touched with the light fingers of a master hand. Would you have the teacher an organ grinder or a harpist?

On the whole, the present condition of our schools is encouraging. The teachers, as a body, are enthusiastic and progressive. The present Superintendent is a man in every way fitted for his position.

Five years a teacher in our schools, rough-hewing the elements into symmetry, few understand their wants so well as he. He has no "crotchets" in teaching; no particular hobbies; no fine spun theories of attenuated transcendental instruction, or homœopathic dilutions of milk-and-water "reforms." There is much work for him to do, and we shall be much mistaken if he does not do it, and do it well.

The "nativities" of the pupils illustrate the cosmopolitan character of our population. Every State in the Union is represented, every nation of Europe but four—Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. Asia gives us the "Mongolians," and even Africa sends us a return wave of civilization. All the islands of the Pacific yield us their mite of humanity, and "off Cape Horn" and the Atlantic, swell the rising generation. What a composite race will result from this strange mixture of nationalities? Of the States, it will be seen that New York leads the list, but Massachusetts is more largely represented in proportion to population. Here are the statistics:

Born in		Born in	
Maine.....	168	Louisiana.....	334
New Hampshire, 55		Texas.....	30
Vermont.....	17	Wisconsin.....	19
Massachusetts, 726		Michigan.....	40
Rhode Island... 48		Ohio.....	70
Connecticut.... 45		Kentucky.....	39
New York.....1468		Tennessee.....	19
New Jersey..... 102		Arkansas.....	11
Pennsylvania... 230		Missouri.....	84
Delaware.....	10	Iowa.....	10
Maryland.....	72	Illinois.....	57
Virginia.....	29	Indiana.....	10
North Carolina, 5		Minnesota.....	6
South Carolina, 8		Oregon.....	5
Georgia.....	14	California.....	1010
Florida.....	6	Utah.....	1
Alabama.....	17	Dist. Columbia, 18	
Mississippi.....	29	Wash. Territory, 1	

Nationality.	Nationality.
England.....150	Panama..... 5
Scotland..... 35	Chili..... 59
Ireland..... 72	Peru..... 3
Canada..... 53	Brazil..... 1
Australia.....191	Mexico..... 47
France..... 57	Van D. Land... 5
Germany.....149	New Zealand... 16
Austria..... 14	Sandwich Isls... 13
Prussia..... 15	Madeira Isls.... 1
Russia..... 8	Prince Edward, 2
Switzerland..... 6	West Indies.... 2
Holland..... 1	China..... 29
Italy..... 7	Africa..... 1
Denmark..... 1	Off Cape Horn, } 7
Belgium..... 4	voyage to Cal. }
Sweden..... 1	Pacific Ocean... 1
South America... 19	Atlantic Ocean, 1

By the Annual Report of the City Superintendent, for the year ending November 1st, 1859, to the State Superintendent, the number of pupils attending the public schools, is as follows:—

	Total No. of Pupils registered.	Average daily attendance.	No. of Teachers.
Rincon School.....	912	470	11
Denman.....	445	225	6
Powell Street.....	506	231	6
Union Street.....	937	338	10
Spring Valley.....	246	126	4
Mission Dolores.....	152	80	2
Market Street.....	489	212	5
Hyde Street.....	364	165	4
Sutter St. Intermediate	268	137	3
Sutter St. Primary.....	512	179	4
Greenwich Street.....	341	153	4
Wash'ton St. Primary	361	151	4
Mission St. Primary...	257	82	2
Evening School.....	91	38	2
Chinese School.....	32	21	1
Colored School.....	100	39	1
High School.....	139	97	3
Total.....	6152	2704	72

The whole number of pupils registered is 6152: deduct from this total 600 promoted from one department to another and registered twice; also, 600 more who have changed schools, there will remain 4952, an approximation to the exact number. The returns by this census

indicate 4865 in attendance at the public schools. For this large number, the average daily attendance is only 2704—being 55 per cent. of the whole number. This does not indicate the irregular attendance of children, but only shows the floating character of the population. The number belonging to school at any one time is about two-thirds of the whole number registered for the year, which would give 66 per cent. for regularity of attendance.

In 1854, the number of pupils was 1803; in 1855, 2081; in 1857, 2823; in 1858, 5283, all subject to the same deductions as the returns for 1859.

To teach these schools, seventy-two teachers are employed—fifteen gentlemen and fifty-seven ladies; also a teacher of foreign languages in the High School, and a general teacher of singing.

Their salaries are as follows:—

Principal of High School \$250 per month.
Teacher of Natural Sciences \$240 per mo.
Assistant, lady.....\$125 per month.
Principals of Grammar, \$200 per month;
Female Prin. Prim. & Inter. \$105 per mo.
Assistants.....\$85 per month.

But the teachers are seldom employed ten months, and the average annual salaries would be about ten per cent. discount on the above rates.

ONLY ONE PAGE FROM THE GREAT LIFE-BOOK OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"What is the tale that I would tell? not one
Of strange adventure, but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness; one to be read
Daily, in many a young and blighted heart."

MISS LONDON.

"Good by! good by, my darling; my own precious wife! Oh! how can I leave you? Yet I must not linger. Good by! good by!"

And the strong man wept like a child, as he imprinted a last kiss upon the lips of his wife, to whom he had been wedded

but one short week. The parting was indeed a sad one; yet, that year—the memorable 49—witnessed many such, as men bade farewell to home, and turned their steps California-ward in hope of gaining wealth for the dear ones left behind. The young wife stood pale and motionless; not a nerve quivered, not a tear fell; but when she knew her husband had really gone, she sought her own room, and falling on her knees, she prayed in all the agony of her soul for comfort from above, for guidance and protection to the dear one who had just gone, for a speedy return and a happy meeting with the only friend and protector she could claim in the whole world.

Emily Wilde's life had been a singularly isolated one. Her father was a wealthy, fashionable, dissipated man, from whom she had never received a single word of affection, or fatherly regard. Colonel Wilde seemed to think his whole duty performed toward his only, motherless child, when he had bestowed upon her a certain yearly sum of money to use as she chose, or paid the extravagant demands of fashionable teachers, employed for the purpose of genteelly educating "Col. Wilde's daughter." And so she grew up in her father's stately home—cold, proud, exclusive; unloving, and unloved. Her heart had never been drawn out in sympathy or love toward any human being. True she had formed acquaintances among those of her own particular circle, but for none had she ever felt true friendship, or warm affection.

Emily Wilde was not naturally selfish, but she needed the hand of gentleness and love to lead her into a higher life; to reveal to her the depth of her own nature; but this she had never known.

One evening soon after she had passed her eighteenth birth-day, her father summoned her to his library, and in a very

business-like manner told her that as she was now quite old enough to marry, he had selected a husband for her, and that he wished her to commence preparations immediately for the marriage.

Poor Emily was aghast at this unexpected announcement, but when Mr. Augustus Brookes was mentioned as the man to whom her hand had been promised, she was overwhelmed with horror and dismay, for Mr. James Augustus Brookes was the man, above all others, whom she despised and detested. She had often been obliged to entertain him as her father's guest and friend, but she always shrank from the boldness and freedom of his manners toward her. He was coarse and ungentlemanly in his deportment, more than twice her own age, and in fact there was nothing about him to recommend him to a refined, high-minded girl like Emily Wilde. Nothing save *money*—and of that he possessed an almost fabulous amount—would have admitted him to the circle in which he moved—the money-worshipping, the aristocratic "upper circle" of New York—that charmed circle, glistening with gold and with diamonds, dazzling the eye with their brilliancy, so that the character, the false heart beneath is all concealed.

A feeling of burning indignation filled Emily Wilde's heart, when she could realize how she had been bartered away by the man, who in *name*, was her father. She knew how worse than useless entreaties or tears would prove with him; for, to change Col. Wilde's mind when once it was determined upon an object, was a thing unheard of. With as much calmness as she could assume, Emily asked her father for one week to consider upon the unexpected proposal.

"One week to consider? What consideration does it need, pray?" answered Col. Wilde, his violent temper rising at the bare possibility of opposition. "Of

course, you will marry Mr. Brookes! If you once dare to speak of refusal, you are no daughter of mine! Now go. My future son-in-law will be here to-morrow evening, to receive your consent."

Emily Wilde went to her room in a state of mind little short of distraction. She was a spirited girl, and inherited withal, something of her father's violent temper; so she did not, as a weaker woman might have done, sit down in tears and despair, then meekly consent to sacrifice herself, but the most intense determination not to submit to such a hateful marriage, let the consequences be what they might, filled her whole being.

After the first violence of her anger had passed, she sat down to think calmly upon the course to pursue; and the result of her thinking was, that before the clock told the hour of midnight, her clothing, jewelry, and valuables belonging to herself, were ready packed for a journey. After this was accomplished, she went quietly to bed, and slept till morning.

At the usual hour, Emily Wilde took her place at the breakfast table opposite her father. Not a word was spoken by either, of the previous night's scene, but there was a dangerous fire in the young girl's eyes, which bespoke a boldness and strength of will, able to battle with the dark spirit of the man opposite her.

Contrary to his custom, Col. Wilde left home that morning. Urgent business called him a short distance into the country, and he would not return till late in the afternoon, which left Emily free to carry out her plans unmolested.

As soon as her father was out of sight, she ordered a servant to call a hack, and when it arrived, she came quietly down stairs, dressed in a plain traveling suit, bade the man take the trunks to the carriage, gave a note into the hands of her maid for Col. Wilde, when he should return; and amid the wondering gazes of

the domestics, entered the hack, and was driven off, they knew not whither.

About a month after Emily Wilde left home, she obtained, through the assistance of some wealthy acquaintances to whom she had applied, a situation as teacher of music and French in a young ladies' seminary, in one of the most remote eastern towns.

She found the duties of her situation very irksome, but when she thought of the slavery from which she had escaped, she was content. Soon there dawned for Emily Wilde a new joy, which made every trial and vexation sink into nothingness. She met Walter Rockwell, and to him her heart bowed, as to its highest lord;—she lived but for him, and in the strength and intensity of her love, her character was developed into new beauty, and life assumed a glory and loveliness she never knew before. For his sake she endeavored to overcome all that was evil in her nature, and well did she succeed; for, to a woman like Emily Wilde, love is a powerful teacher, overpowering, and making subservient to it every other sentiment.

Happiness had at length come to her, and her heart sent up a song of thanksgiving all the day long, that God had made her life so gloriously beautiful.

Walter Rockwell, though not wealthy, was a merchant, doing a fair business, but he was ambitious to place Emily Wilde, as his wife, in the same high position in regard to wealth, she had known in her father's house, for Col. Wilde had, true to his word, discarded his daughter forever.

After much persuasion, both with his own heart, and Emily, Walter Rockwell decided to start immediately after his marriage, for California, hoping to return in a few months with sufficient wealth to enable him to pass the remainder of his days with the only one he felt that he ever could love, in luxury and ease.

The parting was bitter for the young husband and wife, but while the husband was all tears, and protestations of eternal fidelity, the wife was calm, and tearless in her sorrow. One might have thought her cold and indifferent, had she been judged by mere outward show of grief, but one glance at the *heart*, would have told the depth and strength of her love.

Walter Rockwell for a time, succeeded in his new enterprise beyond his highest hopes; but after a while, his good fortune seemed to desert him, and at the end of two years he wrote his wife that he was pecuniarily just where he was when he first landed in San Francisco, and he must not think of returning home for many months.

Poor Emily! this was a sad disappointment, but she would not indulge in vain regrets, or idle tears; but, with her true woman's heart, resolved to resume her old occupation of teaching, that she might have no necessity to use the remittances her husband sent her from time to time; and she hoped too, by industry and economy, to add considerable to the sum, so that at the end of the year she could offer it to Walter in proof of her active sympathy and love.

She accordingly opened a small private school, obtained a few music scholars for evenings, and fortune favored her in an unexpected manner. The organist employed in one of the largest churches in the town, became, through ill health, unfitted for his duties, and as Mrs. Rockwell was known to be a very superior performer, the vacancy was offered to her, which she joyfully accepted.

Months passed by, and still Mrs. Rockwell worked on, though her health began to fail under the unwonted exertion. She would not yield to discouragement, for she was working for an object dearer than life. While he was toiling for her sake, in a far-off land, depriving himself of all the dear delights of home, she too,

would work, and when the time come, she would lay her offering, small as it was, before him, though she knew he would chide her for doing as she had.

Sometimes Mrs. Rockwell thought her husband's letters rather short and cold, but her loving heart readily offered the plea of weariness, discouragement, or the press of business. At such times, how the faithful wife longed to be near her husband, to speak words of comfort and encouragement!

One evening she was sitting sad and lonely in her room, holding the last California letter in her hand. Walter had written more than usually desponding, and even her own hopeful spirit seemed fainting. She had been obliged to give up her school, her health was failing so rapidly, and now, when she needed a husband's care more than ever before, thousands of miles of sea and land separated them. Here a thought presented itself. Why should she not go to him? Strange she had not thought of it before! She had heard of several wives who had rejoined their husbands in California, and doubtless her health would be benefitted by a change of climate. Yes, she would go!

With Emily Rockwell, to decide, was to act; and when the next steamer sailed from New York, she was on board, looking joyfully forward to a happy meeting with her beloved husband. The fresh sea air brought a bright bloom to her cheek, and a lightness to her step, while the joyousness of her heart shone in her sparkling eye, and in dimpled smiles around her lips.

"Oh! how happy Walter will be to see me!" was her constant thought; "and then my little offering may come in just the right time, he has been so unfortunate in business. At any rate, it will show what I *would* have done."

It was evening when the steamer arrived in San Francisco—one of those

soft, balmy moon-light evenings which makes one forget that aught save purity and loveliness dwells on earth.

Mrs. Rockwell stood upon the deck of the steamer, and gazed with rapture upon the great city before her, with its myriad lights glittering from hill-side and valley; at the shining waters of the beautiful bay over which they had just passed; then looked up into the cloudless expanse above, where the brilliant stars were looking down upon the earth, and the moon was sailing in splendor surpassing anything she had ever seen before; and above all, realized that she was near her husband, her loved Walter; she felt that she was nearer heaven than she had supposed it possible for mortal to be on earth. Ah! life has but few such moments of rapture! Yet they give us fleeting gleams from that world where not one sorrow, not one pain, can ever come. And do we not go forth encouraged and strengthened to battle bravely with life yet a little longer? Yes, if the blight fall not too suddenly.

It was yet early, and Mrs. Rockwell determined to take a carriage and go out at once to her husband's residence. She knew where to direct the driver, as her husband had often spoken in his letters of his lodgings in a certain part of the city; "his lonely home—a poor home, to be sure, but the best he could afford, and good enough for him, so long as he had the assurance that *she* was comfortable," (so he had always written), and it was with some surprise that Mrs. Rockwell saw the driver stop before an elegant cottage, around which were all the appliances of comfort and wealth. In the garden in front, a fountain was throwing a pearly shower into a marble basin, white statuettes gleamed amid the dark foliage, the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, while a softened light came stealing through the half-opened shutters and delicate lace curtains of the parlor windows.

"Surely, driver, you must be mistaken in the place," said Mrs. Rockwell, as she stepped upon the pavement; "wait a moment, until I enquire at the door." A man servant answered the bell, and in answer to the enquiry if Mr. Walter Rockwell boarded there? "Oh, yes, ma'am, Mr. Rockwell lives here, this is his house," and stood, as if hesitating whether to ask the lady in.

Mrs. Rockwell's heart beat faster. She was indeed standing upon the threshold of her husband's home! that haven of rest, of joy, of love! Her words came fast and indistinct, as she gave her name and enquired of the servant if Mr. Rockwell was at home.

"No, ma'am, he is not in, would Miss Rockwell walk in? The gentleman had not said he was expecting a sister," said the officious servant, mistaking the *Mrs.* for *Miss* Rockwell. Mrs. Rockwell was too disappointed to notice the servant's remark, and requested him to show her a room where she might make some little change in her toilet.

"Well," she thought, as the servant led her up the thickly carpeted stairway, "it is best that I should have a little time to prepare myself for the meeting. Now that I am really here, I feel strangely nervous and excited."

If Mrs. Rockwell felt surprised at the external appearance of her husband's home, her astonishment was increased at the internal adornments. A strange feeling of uncertainty took possession of her, as she sat down for a moment in the elegant chamber assigned her. As yet, she had seen nothing to remind her of her husband—could not there be two persons of the same name? Yet the street and number were the same. Yes, this must be his home, yet how different from what he had represented!

Here again the true woman's heart prompted, "perhaps Walter has intended to send for me, and surprise me with the beautiful home he has provided." Then

she remembered how positively he had written about his unfortunate business speculations, and that idea was discarded.

Ten o'clock, said her watch; surely, he must come soon.

A door leading into a front chamber, stood partly open, and she took the lamp and passed into the room; perhaps in this there might be something to explain the mystery. A mossy velvet carpet into which her feet sank with noiseless tread, covered the floor, curtains of the richest rose-colored satin, draped the windows, an elegant bed, with hangings of rose satin, and snowy, delicately laced pillows, stood in one corner of the room, a luxurious sofa occupied a recess beside the mantel, which was loaded with costly ornaments; rich paintings were suspended from the walls; flowers from rare vases filled the air with a delicious perfume; all was luxury and beauty, yet nothing of her husband!

Beneath the mirror stood a little table covered with books. Mrs. Rockwell mechanically opened one. On the fly-leaf was written "Emily Wilde, to Walter Rockwell." It was a book she had given him before their marriage. Now she knew there was no mistake—she was in her husband's home!

A little blue velvet miniature case lay beside the book. Ah! the old loving smile comes back to the wife's troubled face! Her husband! Her Walter! Suddenly she started and turned pale. Lying there, just before the sofa, was a tiny satin slipper—a woman's slipper, delicate, Cinderella-like in its proportions; and not far from it was the mate—beautiful, fairy-like slippers! A sharp, quick pain went through the heart of the wife; her breath came thick and gaspingly, as her eye glanced quickly about the room.

Upon the marble-top bureau rested a pair of gloves, fit companions of the tiny slippers on the floor. Then there was a jewel-case, and all the paraphernalia of

a lady's toilet. Adjoining the chamber was a wardrobe, into which the wife passed with trembling footsteps. Rich dresses were there; dresses of silk, of satin, and cloud-like lace; delicate little dresses, made for a dainty little figure.

Mrs. Rockwell noted it all, closed the door, and taking the lamp, returned again to her own room. What a look out of her eyes! What a marble face! it seemed scarcely human, but she was calm—calm as the stream when it lies cold and frozen in the embrace of winter,

A light, rippling laugh came floating up from the garden below, mingled with the deeper tones of a manly voice.

The figure of the marble listener above seemed to grow more rigid, as the light, rippling, girlish laughter came to her ear. Her hands were clenched until the nails sank deep into the tender flesh, and around the eyes were great circles of purple; yet she stood and listened to the tones of the manly voice mingling with the silvery chime—listened as they came up stairs together into *that* room. Her lamp had gone out; yet there she stood, in the darkness, with her gleaming eyes riveted upon the scene she could behold through the half-open door.

Yes, there he was, handsome, manly-looking as ever. For an instant the wife forgot all, everything, save that her husband was before her, and her first impulse was to throw herself into his arms. But the next instant came the reality.

She was beautiful, truly, the young creature who came with Walter Rockwell—a slight, petite figure, full of grace; brilliant eyes and features of faultless regularity. Throwing aside the fleecy opera hood which partially concealed her luxuriant hair, the beautiful girl threw herself with indolent grace upon the sofa, while her companion gazed with rapture upon her.

"Oh, Isa, *my* Isa, how radiantly lovely you are to-night!" exclaimed Walter

Rockwell; "one might well forego the joys of a future heaven for an earthly heaven with you."

"Am I then so much to you, Walter," replied the girl, "that you can willingly give up home, wife, everything, for my sake?"

"Isa, Isa! do not talk to me of wife, or home; you, and you alone, are wife, home, happiness!"

And thus they sat and talked, while the eyes of the white figure in the other room glared with a burning, wild light upon them.

"Oh, Walter! what dreadful noise is that?" suddenly exclaimed Isa, as a sort of gasping, gurgling sound came from the back room.

Walter Rockwell heard it too, and in a moment more, stood incapable of motion before that ghastly face and those wild eyes.

Poor Emily Wilde Rockwell! Nature was a kind mother! Reason had fled!

The law—the law of man—has freed Walter Rockwell from his crazy wife. He is married to the companion of his guilt; two beautiful children—one, the child of shame—call her mother.

Wealth has poured in upon them, and their home is an abode of luxury and splendor; but there is a form forever at *his* side, which will never, never leave him. And may a merciful God forgive him before he shall stand before the great White Throne, to give account for his actions here!

In that mournful house at Stockton, where so many histories, unwritten, save by the Recording Angel on high, dwells a feeble, wasted maniac! a poor, miserable wreck of womanhood, beauty, and intellect! Day after day she wanders listlessly about, moaning to herself, gazing away out into vacancy. Sometimes she has terrible fits of raving; she curses God, man, beauty, everything, and her words are more terrible than imagination can conceive; she seems more like a vindictive, accusing spirit, risen from the dead, than anything human.

The physicians say she cannot live long. The feeble spark of life is almost extinguished, and soon the grave will cover another murdered one—aye, murdered! and will she not be avenged in that day when all things shall come to judgment?

Our Social Chair.

THERE are some natures that are ever willing to accept and enjoy, but never feel under the least obligation to return the compliment, by contributing, in any possible way, to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. Now, whether this may arise from thoughtlessness or selfishness (it is generally from one or the other of these causes) the effect is the same. If from the former, an attempt should be promptly, and even studiously made, to correct it; otherwise, it may, sooner or later, be attributed to the latter; and there are but few, however lost to all

those finer and more ennobling feelings of our common brotherhood, that would like to be classed among the possessors of one of the lowest traits of human character—namely: that of selfishness.

In the social circle, how often do we find persons who either exclusively monopolize the conversation, or those who say nothing at all? An extreme, in either case, that is alike uncommendable; for, as we are to a great extent mutually dependent upon each other for our social happiness, it is not an unworthy consideration on our part, how we can the best cultivate the agreeable,

and of acceptably contributing as well as of agreeably receiving favors.

An esteemed friend who occasionally occupies a seat in our little social circle, and who well understands the principle of *meum et tuum*, has applied it to writing as well as to conversation, and handed us the following capital story:—

There is, not a thousand miles from the Bay City, a very worthy pedagogue, who once on a time 'read law' in a certain aristocratic village of the Green Mountain State, himself being a worthy scion of the most aristocratic of the aristocracy of the place. B——, as we will designate him, was one of those unfortunate sinners who, having nothing in his rather extensive cranium, save a large amount of emptiness, and being easily imposed upon—as all good-natured people usually are—was the butt and laughing stock of his associates, who lost no opportunity of making him the victim of their practical jokes.

His *pater familia*, wishing to make as much of him as possible, concluded to let him study that profession in which rogues and fools have, to say the least, an equal chance with honest men, and, placing him in a law office, he was directed to acquaint himself with the mysteries of Blackstone. Here he assigned to himself a daily task of reading twelve pages, having completed which, he carefully marked the place with a short string, or 'marker,' between the leaves. For a few weeks he progressed finely, completing his task in a wonderfully short time, and passing the remainder of the day in loitering about the village, where he had already begun to assume all the swagger and consequential airs of a newly-sprouted limb of the law.

One day, Joe L——, a fellow-student, conceived the brilliant idea of placing B——'s book-mark back twelve pages—a thought he instantly put in execution. Soon after, B—— came in, took his accustomed seat, read his allotted task, and went off on his usual round. The next day Joe put the marker back again; B——'s task was gone over as before. The next day, and the next,

it was the same. On the fifth day, Joe, thinking the game could not last much longer, had collected at the office some dozen or more of the 'boys,' young and old, whom he had posted in regard to the fun going on, when the door was opened, and B——, innocent and unsuspecting as a lamb, came in, and, after the usual salutations, took down his Blackstone and commenced reading.

"B——, how do you like Blackstone?" enquired Esquire S——, a somewhat noted lawyer, and always up to fun. "Why," replied B——, in his usual drawl and twang, "*I—like—it—very—well—as—a—whole,—but—don't—you—think—there—is—a—good—deal—of—S—A—M—E—N—E—S—about it!*"

The yell that went up from that office would be hard to describe; suffice it to say, B—— gave up the study of the law, and took to school-teaching; thus verifying the adage that it is less difficult to be a guide-post than a post-chaise: one points out the way—the other 'goes it!' M.

We hope the Social Chair will hear often from M., as we know he will be always welcome with such good jokes as the above.

—
Dear Social Chair:—

After the many pressing claims upon your notice and consideration—although modesty is said to form no large share of my composition, yet I do feel a delicacy in presenting my "case" to your kind consideration.

There are few chairs in the world more misrepresented and abused than I am. From the commonest dolt in the community to the penny-a-liner, I am made the butt of jest, witticism, and flings at knavish cunning; and so far is this morbid taste cultivated, that demagogues of all creeds and shades seek the popular ear by showing me up; and if I demand a "retraxit" they "demur" to my "complaint," or should they "answer" it is the "plea" of "*damnum absque injuria*" and compel me to "join issue."

Nothwithstanding all this Mr. Social Chair, whenever there's a flare-up in community (and that's pretty often), the very first act is to seek the advice, and counsel services of this chair.

The blushing maiden, after having been *woed* and *won*, and waited impatiently a reasonable length of time for her plighted lover to consummate his vows, often seeks me to bring her "action of trespass in the case upon promises;" not that any 'trespass' has been committed, but for a failure and refusal on his part to divest her of her "sole"-character, and place her under 'coverture'. The man of large estate, desirous to know whether he can read his titles clear to mansions here below, approaches me with a simple fee, to know if he owns a 'fee simple.' The merchant, trader, and man of business enterprise after having buffeted the storms of adversity and disappointment met with nothing but frowns from the fickle goddess; turns to me to seek that relief and protection which it is the peculiar office of this chair to give. The man, overcome in an evil hour by temptation, and arraigned at the bar of justice and called upon to speak in his defence, procures me to say that he is not guilty, and is overjoyed if by my superior learning and skill, *twelve men* are induced to concur.

And for services of this character this chair often receives unjust censure and blame. Why, *Dear Social Chair*, (don't be alarmed, I am not angry, only feel my blood warming a little with earnestness,) will you believe it? I have been abused because I opposed administering capital punishment "in a summary way" as some of the more mealy mouthed express it; but which, in plain English, means hanging men "without Judge or jury." Of course, I would oppose such action. I am a Chair of very ancient and honorable origin. The "landmarks of civilization," centuries ago, were carved into my sides, and have ever been kept there, burnished and bright as the nation's coat of arms; and these are sought after in all cases of emergency, doubt and importance. In this Chair may

be found the *forms, rules, and precedents* of ancient as well as modern times—a "complaint" for all, and a "plea" for all, and never an objection to a "fee" from any one.

And after all is said of this Chair, it has offices to perform and duties to discharge, which must always remain unknown to the world. It has a storehouse for all the confidence, truths, and secrets, of all its brothers and sisters; and in its sympathizing ear are poured tales of sorrow, misery, and wretchedness, sufficient to melt to tenderness and pity, hearts not encased in flint or steel. Secrets which weigh down the mind, like an incubus, are told without trepidation or reserve to this Chair. To my dissatisfied "brother and sister Chairs," I have a word to say. If you desire a life of quiet—if you dread to live in a state of perpetual warfare, fighting other men's battles for a consideration, one, too, that often *fails*—if you desire to be your own conscience-keepers, and the keepers of your own secrets only—if you would not take upon you the responsibility of the conduct oftentimes involving the fortune and reputation of others, be content to remain what you are. Be anything else—rather than a

LAWYER'S CHAIR.

In distant imitation of most of the great literary luminaries at the East, we have concluded with deliberation and forethought yet not with "malice prepense" as runneth criminal accusation, to steal, take, and appropriate the following pieces from an exchange:—

A WESTERN cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life, was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him, it proved to be a dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and, what was specially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a

second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop! stop!" said the good old man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat."

This hint to wait till a blessing was asked the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered,

"Go ahead; say what you like; you can't turn my stomach now!"

GOVERNOR FORD, of Illinois, tells a very rich anecdote of one of the early judges of that state, but unhappily the governor does not put upon record the name of the sensitive and considerate magistrate.

At the court over which this judge presided, a man by the name of Green was convicted of murder, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon the culprit. Calling on the prisoner to rise, the judge said to him, "Mr. Green, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want you, and all your friends down on Indian Creek, to know that it is not I who condemned you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, at what time, sir, would you like to be hung? the law allows you time for preparation."

The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time: those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, sir."

"Mr. Green," returned the judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before his neck is broke; and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green when he is hung, just look into the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked as he was directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks, at twelve o'clock."

The attorney-general, James Turney, Esq., here interposed and said,

"May it please the Court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment of the world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," said the judge, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung. You understand it Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

Four weeks that day Mr. Green was hung, but not so much to his own satisfaction as his appearance promised on the day of his conviction.

THE art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject, as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following: One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-room clerks, he says,

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, sir; what shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order:

"Write to him at once."

"Certainly, sir. what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out, "Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no farther orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eye glistened when he opened it, and, hastening to his desk, said to the clerk,

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied in the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"DEAR SIR,—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, &c.,—"

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

The Fashions.

OUR last "cut patterns" for dresses—and the prettiest of the season, we think—are plain waist, with moderately long point front and back, hooked in front, and ornamented with "fancy buttons" of a large size; for bright colored materials, plain mould, covered with black velvet, commencing about one inch from the top of the waist—the first, the size of a "fifty

cent piece," and eight or ten in number, so graduated that the last is not larger than a "half dime." In some instances each button has two tassels, of colors to match the stuff, and proportioned to the size of the button.

The sleeves accompanying this waist, are very stylish, called the "New Pagoda." They are in one piece and cut straight way of the cloth, "tunnel shaped." Any of our readers may cut this pattern for themselves, by observing this much: get the length of the arm, from shoulder to wrist, then fold your cloth and measure across the top ten inches; cut one third of the way down, bearing off so that at this point it measures twelve inches; the remaining two thirds are left open, and ruffled with the same, three inches in width. For woolen, or silk, it is best to have the ruffle "bias," with a small cord hemmed in, top and bottom. It has two box-plaits at the top, four inches in length, which are to be trimmed with buttons to match the waist.

The skirts do not vary from what we have described in the earlier part of the season.

The thin material of which evening dresses are mostly made, have oftener high than low bodies, gathered on the shoulders and open in front, with chemisette, and undersleeves of Tulle. Ribbon sashes, with long ends, or where belt and buckle are preferred, there must be long floating ends of Tulle, trimmed round with narrow blonde lace. This is airy and pretty for evening. The headdress should be of mingled flowers, tulle and blond.

Bonnets.

Velvets, Leghorns, and Belgian Straws, trimmed with ostrich feathers and black chantilly lace. By the late steamer we have precisely the same advices now that we gave our readers two months ago, in respect to the shape and size of Ladies' Bonnets, and style of trimming, etc., etc. We call the attention of the ladies to this fact: that we are ahead in our publication of the Fashions, and mean to keep so. We refer you to our October number to compare it with what we now extract from "Leslie's": "Whatever doubt might have been entertained, a month or two ago, of the tendency of Bonnets to increased size, there cannot possibly be any at the pres-

ent time. The latest importations from leading Parisian houses settle the question definitely; bonnets are larger, not wider, but decidedly longer. As we have noticed elsewhere, there is an actual crown, or head-piece, fitting the head, besides the front, which has of late done duty for it; and which, indeed, has been called front, apparently, because it was always on the back of the head. The result of this increase of size, is a decided increase of comfort to the wearer."

A few General Remarks.

Mink is the fashionable fur; Scotch brown is the fashionable color for street gloves, as also a favorite color for parasols. The newest importation of shawls are the Long Shawl. It is confidently expected that tight sleeves will be our next established fashion—indeed, it may properly be said they are fashionable now, as some of

"The fortunate few,

With letters blue,

Good for a seat and nearer view,"

on that occasion (The Diamond Wedding) wore them.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Two thousand one hundred ounces of silver bullion were deposited in the U. S. Branch Mint, in this city, on the 18th and 20th of October, which had been extracted from ore brought from the silver mines in Washoe Valley.

A new paper entitled the *Northern Journal*, was issued at Yreka, on the 3d ult. by J. D. Mont & Co.

A disastrous fire broke out at Volcano, Amador county, on the 29th of October, destroying the entire business portion of the town, with the exception of a few fire-proof stores. Losses from \$60 to \$75,000.

The *Democratic Age*, is the title of a new paper published on the 5th ult. in Sonora, Tuolumne county, by T. N. Machin.]

Six thousand gallons of wine, says the *Age*, were produced this year near Sonora.

A petition to the legislature was in circulation in a portion of Sierra county, to create a new county, the name of which is to be Alturas.

On the 5th ult. the steamers Uncle Sam and Sonora left their respective docks, for Panama; the former carried about 600 passengers, and the Sonora about 400. The amount of treasure shipped by the Sonora was \$1,599,648 50. A very large number of women and children were on board.

The new iron tubular bridge, in course

of construction, across the Yuba river, at Park's Bar, was washed down by the sudden rise of the river on the 5th ult.

C. K. Garrison sold out his interest in the old Nicaragua line of steamers to Commodore Vanderbilt.

The *Evening Post* is the name of a new daily paper published in Sacramento city, at twelve and a half cents per week.

The California Steam Navigation Company passed a resolution to run a Sunday boat to Sacramento city whenever the arrival of the Atlantic mails may make it requisite.

October 20th a fire broke out in the flourishing town of Coulterville, when a mother and her two children were burned to death. Nearly every building consumed.

A new line of stages was established October 25th, to run between San Andreas and Mokelumne Hill.

The *Sonora Herald*, established July 4th, 1850, ceased to exist, after braving the uncertainties of newspaper life for nine years and nearly four months.

A new steamboat, named the "Dashaway," was launched at Steamboat Point, on the 9th ult. and commenced her trips to Sacramento as an opposition boat.

The largest schooner yet built in this State was launched from the shipyard at Redwood City, on the 20th ult. She is 105 feet long, has 28 feet 6 inches breadth of beam, and is 220 tons measurement.

Honey Lake, which was formerly about sixteen miles long by eleven broad, (not twenty by forty miles, as has been asserted), has become entirely dry.

Two hundred and eighty U. S. troops arrived in the Golden Gate on the 12th ult. bound for the North.

The Germans of California celebrated

the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Schiller, on the 13th and 14th ult.

The publication of the *Yreka Union* was discontinued.

A new military company, called the "California Light Guards," made its first public appearance in San Francisco on the 14th of November.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott arrived in the *Northerner* from San Juan, on the 20th ult. and left for Washington on the *J. L. Stephens* on the 21st.

The lectures of Bayard Taylor in this State are said to have netted him \$5,000, in two months.

The amount of gold sent to the East this year, up to November 21st, is \$44,302,051, whilst for the corresponding period of last year, \$43,975,686 were sent off, so that the shipments thus far for this year, exceed those of last year by \$326,365.

The Marysville Water Works were completed, filled, and ready to supply the city.

On the 21st ult. the *John L. Stephens* sailed with \$1,877,429 in treasure, and — passengers. Owing to the non-arrival of the mail steamer *Cortes*, the *Sierra Nevada* not being in sailing condition, the *P. M. S. S. Co's* steamer *Stephens* was the only one that left for Panama on the 21st, and she carried the U. S. mails, for which the Mail Company paid \$10,000.

On the morning of the 26th ult. the *Cortes* arrived with the U. S. mails and passengers, having been detained by the non-arrival of the *North Star* at Aspinwall, caused by her running on a coral reef off the Bahama Islands, where she was detained six days.

More rain fell during November of this year than at any former time in the same month since California has been a State.

Editor's Table.

OWING to the recent and extensive discoveries of gold, silver, copper, and other metals, on the flats, and in the ravines surrounding Washoe, Walker's, and Carson rivers, Mono Lake, Honey Lake and other vallies on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range, there are signs of a second golden era being quietly inaugurated on the Pacific Coast. Prospect-

ing parties now out, from the Siskiyou mountains to the Colorado river, we doubt not will add their quota of experience in confirmation of the fact.

Unfortunately, these discoveries create too much excitement in unstable minds, and revive the morbid desire to become suddenly rich. Such failures—to the many—as Gold Bluff, Gold Lake, Kern River,

and Frazer river, are valueless in the lessons they might teach. Nothing less than a personal trial and disappointment will satisfy. Some men in their impatience to be there, are even now selling out good claims, at a great sacrifice, in which most probably their fortunes could be found. *Now*, when snow is covering every foot of ground, and provisions, clothing, and tools are exorbitantly high; and when not a stroke of successful labor can possibly be performed for several months; or one blow given to advance the worker in his road to fortune. Our advice to such eager spirits must be this: "keep cool, wait, do not be induced by any fine imaginary picture of wealth to be procured, to quit a claim that is paying you moderate wages; or any business that is reasonably remunerative. Think this over quietly."

That there is gold and silver in paying quantities, in some explored districts, there is no reason to doubt. That hundreds of men already there, are obtaining nothing, is also equally clear. That others will go who never did or could accomplish anything, is alike plain; for the simple reason that labor, which is the philosopher's stone, they will not, as they love it not. Many are carried away with the delightful idea of kicking out nuggets of gold as they walk; or expect to *find* a fortune without the fatigue of working for it—these *may* be disappointed. And their reports—like many who visit California, and return because they did not make their fortune in a few brief weeks or months, and which, in any other section of the Union is the work of a life-time—will be unfavorable and untrue.

As this discovery will give a new impetus to emigration from the other side, it must have an important influence on the future destinies of the entire Pacific coast; and be an additional reason, with clear and candid minds, for the early commencement and rapid construction of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad.

Judging from the past as well as from the present mail facilities by sea, the effect

of Government patronage, by contract, unfortunately for California, seems to be to retard, rather than accelerate the speedy transmission of mail matter. When the Pacific Mail Steamship Company carried the U. S. mails, between San Francisco New Orleans and New York, the average time consumed was about twenty-five days. But as that company does not now possess the contract, they can perform the trip in about twenty-two days. While the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessels—the old Nicaragua and Vanderbilt line united, and never very swift—now they carry the mails, do not accomplish the trip in less than from twenty-five to twenty-six days, and are sometimes much longer: the Overland mail anticipating the steamer's news, three fourths of the time.

In order to correct this, we would propose that the contract be continued *only* with that Company that will accomplish the trip and carry the mails in the shortest time—accidents excluded.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

A. H. K.—Will you please to explain what you mean by these lines from your poem entitled "The Hills?"—

"I love the hills whose *kindly* soil
No tribute yields to sons of toil."

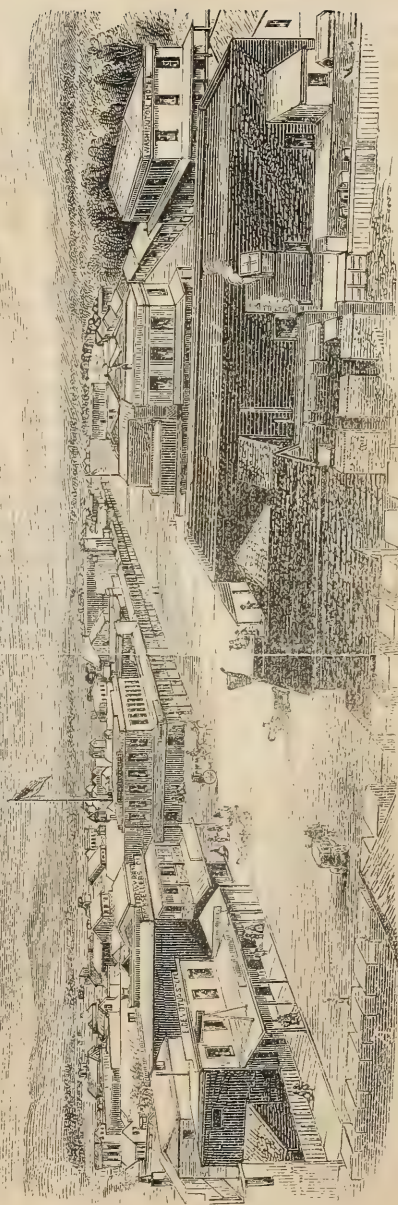
Also—

"I love the rough old hills whose ban
Of ruggedness doth rise 'gainst man."

Others are equally doubtful; and yet there is considerable poetic merit in the piece. Why did you not send us your name, that we might confer with you privately?

R—Our hands are perfectly full in simply attending to our own business only. We have neither time nor disposition to meddle with the affairs of others. Go thou and do likewise.

A. P., Hornitos.—Before you get too much excited about the Washoe diggings, where now there is several feet of snow, we would ask you to call to mind the Gold Lake, Gold Bluff, Kern and Frazer river bubbles. Hard work will be quite as hard in Washoe as in diggings near your town. You had better make up your mind to that before you start. Take things a little more coolly, A. P.



SAN JOSÉ,
SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

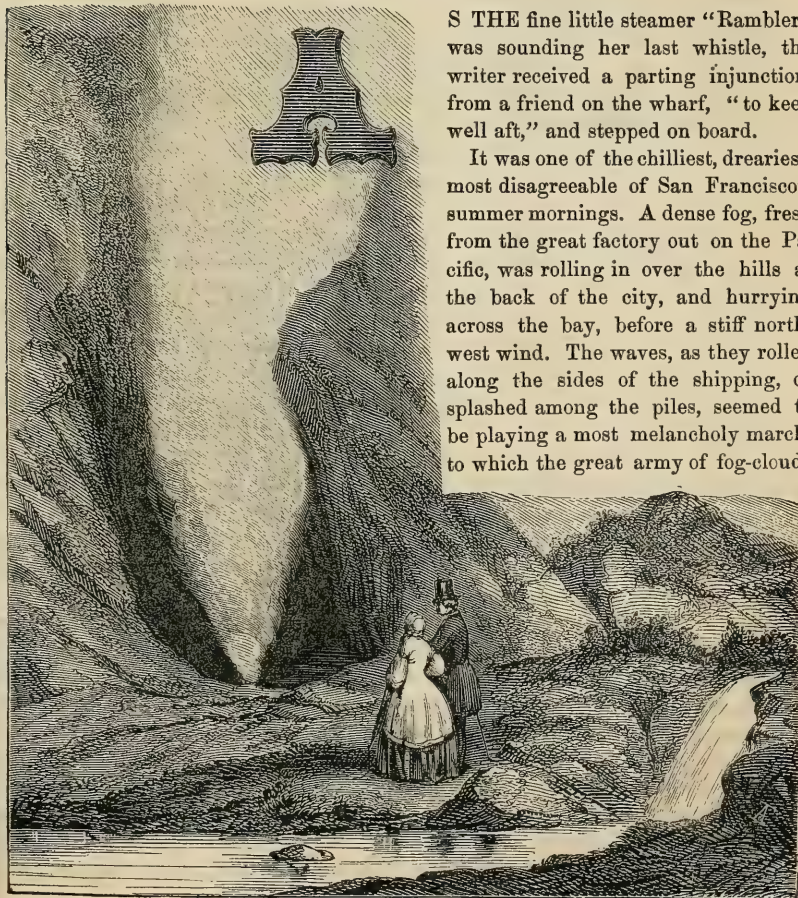
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1860. No. 7.

A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

BY PANORAMICS.



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON.

AS THE fine little steamer "Rambler" was sounding her last whistle, the writer received a parting injunction, from a friend on the wharf, "to keep well aft," and stepped on board.

It was one of the chilliest, dreariest, most disagreeable of San Francisco's summer mornings. A dense fog, fresh from the great factory out on the Pacific, was rolling in over the hills at the back of the city, and hurrying across the bay, before a stiff north-west wind. The waves, as they rolled along the sides of the shipping, or splashed among the piles, seemed to be playing a most melancholy march, to which the great army of fog-clouds

moved across the cheerless water; and their commanding officer—the wind—seemed to be continually saying “forward,” as it whistled through the rigging of the ships.

The individual who is always just too late, made his appearance, as usual, as the steamer's fasts were cast off, and her wheels commenced their lively though monotonous ditty in the water.

Two or three Whitehall boatmen, who were lying off the wharf, evidently expecting such a “fare,” gave their lazily playing skulls a vigorous pull, which sent their beautiful little craft darting in to the wharf. The boy with the basket of oranges hastened to offer the would be traveler “three for two bits,” by way of consolation; and as he slowly proceeded up the dock again, the other boy with the papers and magazines called his attention to the last “Harper's,” or “Hutchings,” I could'n't distinguish clearly which.

The ten thousand voices of the city became blended into a continuous roar, as we glided out into the stream; the long drawn “go-o-o ahead,” or “hi-i-gh,” of the stevedores at their work discharging the stately clippers, being about the only intelligible sound to be distinguished above the mass.

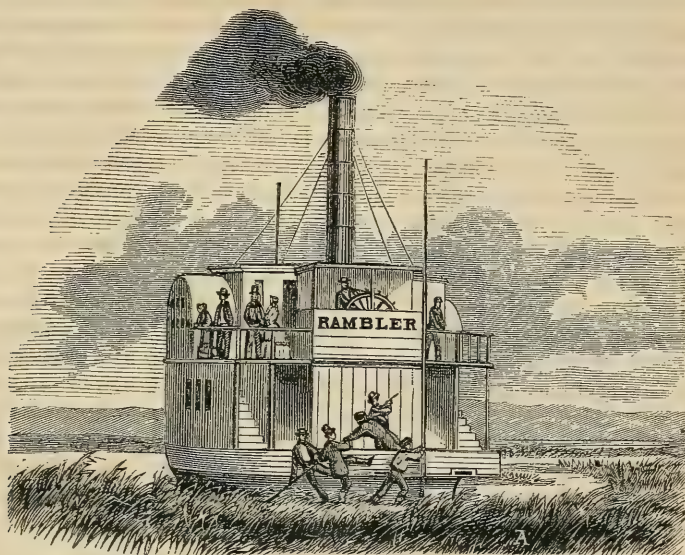
Soon the outermost ship, on board of which a disconsolate looking “jolly tar” was riding down one of the head stays, giving it a “lick” of tar as he went, was passed, and we struck the strong current of wind which was blowing in at the Golden Gate, (carelessly left open, as usual.) The young giant of a city had become swallowed up in the gloom of the fog, and its thousands of busy people ceased to exist, except in our imaginations. After passing Angel Island, the fog began to lift; we were approaching the edge of the bank; and soon the sun appeared, hard at work at his apparently hopeless task of devouring the intruding

fog, which had dared to interpose its cold billows between him and the bay, upon which he loves to shine.

The course of the boat was along the western side of Pablo Bay, close enough to the shore to give the passengers a fine view of it, as well as of the inland country, and the more distant mountains of the coast range. Large masses of misty clouds, which had become detached from the main fog bank, still partially obscured the sunlight, casting enormous shadows along the hill sides and across the plains; heightening, by contrast, the golden tinge of the wild oats, and giving additional beauty to the varied tints of the cultivated fields. Beyond, Tamal Pais, and the lesser peaks of the coast range, piled their wealth of purple light and misty shadows against the brightness of the western sky.

I wonder that our artists in their search for the picturesque, have overlooked the splendid scene which Tamal Pais and the adjacent mountains presents from the vicinity of Red Rock, or from the eastern shore of the straits. It is certainly one of the most picturesque scenes any where in the vicinity of San Francisco; especially towards sunset, when the long streaks of sunlight come streaming down the ravines, piercing with their golden light the hazy mystery which envelops the mountains, and brilliantly illuminating the intervening plains and hill sides. From the familiarity of the view, a good picture would, without doubt, be much sought after.

The seamanship of the pilot was much exercised while navigating the Rambler up Petaluma Creek. The creek is merely a long, narrow, ditch-like indentation, which makes up into the flat tule plains at the northern side of Pablo Bay, and into which the tide ebbs and flows. Its course very much resembles the track of a man who has spent half an hour hunting for a lost pocket-book in a field. If,



NAVIGATION OF PETALUMA CREEK.

after gazing awhile at the creek, the eye should be suddenly turned to a ram's horn or a manzanita stick, the latter would appear perfectly straight, by comparison. First we would go towards the north star awhile, then we would come to a short bend where an immense amount of backing and stopping and going ahead would occur, which all resulted in running the boat hard and fast ashore. Then the pilot, perspiring freely from his violent exertions at the wheel, would thrust his head out of the window, and, after taking a survey of the state of affairs, would set himself to ringing the signal bells again. Then the crew would get out a long pole, and planting one end in the bank, would apply their united strength to the other. No movement! Then the captain would heroically rush ashore in the mud and tules, and call for volunteers to help him push. Human strength and steam would triumph in the end, and the "Rambler," with one side all besmeared with mud, would go paddling off towards Cape Horn. After

going a short distance in this direction, another bend would be reached, when more superhuman exertion on the part of the pilot would ensue, and plump we would go ashore again! The captain would give utterance to a vigorous exclamation, (but as the expletive did no good, it is hardly necessary to repeat it here), and then he would jump into the mud again. Half the passengers would follow suit, the crew would go through with their pole exercise, pilot would play another tune on the bells, engineer would get bothered, and finally off we would start in the direction of Japan, leaving the captain and his shore party standing in the mud. Upon backing up for them to get on board, the boat would become fast again. This is a fair specimen of the navigation of Petaluma Creek above the city, (of one house,) called the Hay-stack.

Before reaching Petaluma, we met a little steamer coming down with a load of wood. She resembled an immense pile of wood with a smoke-stack in the

centre, floating down the stream. She appeared to take up the whole width of the creek, and our passengers began to wonder how we were to get by. It was a tight fit. There was not room enough left between the two boats to insert this sheet of paper. The "Rambler" puffed, and from the depths of the wood pile was heard a sort of wheezing, as if half a dozen people with bad colds were down there somewhere, all coughing at once. The captain gave utterance to a few more expletives, as the rough ends of the wood defaced the new paint on our boat; but the skipper of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Petaluma was reached at last, and the passengers for Healdsburg found a stage in waiting. Jumping in, we were soon

whizzing across the plains behind a couple of fine colts. The road lay directly up Petaluma and Russian River valleys. Past the ranches—along the sides of interminable fields of corn and grain—through the splendid park-like groves—sometimes across the open plain, at others winding around the base of the hills which make up from the eastern side of the valley.

Santa Rosa, was reached by sunset. Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of a great number and variety of bells. How singular it is that the arrival of a stage-coach in a country town always sets the dinner bells to ringing, especially if the occurrence happens about meal time.

By the time supper was dispatched, and a pair of sober old stagers put to in the place of our frisky young colts, the moon had risen over the mountains, and



"WELL, YOU NEEDN'T QUARREL ABOUT IT."

was flooding the valley with her glorious sheen, tipping the fine old oaks with a silvery fringe of light, and laying their solemn shadows along the grass and across the road. A pleasant ride of two

hours carried us to the end of our first day's journey, Healdsburg.

On the following morning, I was recommended to apply at the stable opposite the hotel for a horse. Having selected

one warranted not to kick up nor stand on his hind legs, nor jump stiff-legged, nor play any other pranks, "Old Peter" was saddled and bridled; my portfolio, (which for want of a better covering, was carried in an old barley sack,) was slung on one side, and my wardrobe, (consisting of one article, which it is hardly necessary to specify,) depended at the other. A whip was added to complete the outfit, accompanied by the observation that as "Old Pete" was apt to "soger," "I might find it useful."

Then the stable man attempted to describe the road to Ray's ranch.

First I would come to a bridge; a mile beyond that I would see a house, which I was to pay no attention to, but look out for a haystack. Having found the haystack, I was to turn to the left, and would soon come to a long lane, which would lead me to another house, where I was either to turn to the right or keep straight ahead, he had forgotten which. At this point of the description, a bystander interposed that I must turn to the left, and upon this an argument sprung up between the two which nearly led to a fight.

Finding that there was not much information to be elicited from those witnesses, I gave "Old Pete" a touch and started, with my head buzzing with right and left hand roads, while a regiment of ranches, lanes and haystacks, seemed to be "a bobbing 'round" just ahead of the horse's nose. I found the bridge, and saw the house (which I was to pay no attention to;) there was no need of looking out for a haystack, for a dozen were in sight; so, selecting the biggest one, I turned to the left, according to the chart.

Rode along about a mile, and came to a fence which barred any further progress in that direction. Kept along the fence until I came to a lane which took me to a pair of bars. Let down the obstruc-



WHICH WAY NOW, I WONDER?

tion, traversed another lane, and at the end of it, found myself in somebody's dooryard. It was evident that I had taken the wrong road. I obtained fresh directions at the farm house, but as three or four attempted at the same time to tell me the way, all talking at once, and each insisting upon his favorite route, I speedily became mixed up again with another labyrinth of fences, lanes and haystacks. I began to doubt the existence of such a place as "Ray's Ranch." It seemed forever retreating as I advanced, like the mythical crock of gold, buried at the foot of a rainbow, which I remember starting in search of once, when a youngster.

But the ranch was found at last, and a very fine one it is, too. The house is situated a little way up in the foot-hills, and commands a splendid view of Russian River Valley, the Coast Range, Mount St. Helens, &c. The ranch itself, garden, orchards, and fields of wheat and corn, is situated in a valley, just below the house, which makes up between the steep mountain sides. A brook winds

through the whole length of the little valley, affording capital facilities for irrigation.

I had the good luck here to fall in with Mr. G——, one of the proprietors of the Geysers, who was also on the way up. From the accounts which have been published, I expected to find the road from here a rough one. But it is nothing of the sort. It is a very good mountain trail, wide enough for a wagon to pass along its whole length. Buggies have been clear through, and could go again, were a few days' work to be expended upon the trail. It is quite steep, in many places, as a matter of course; but from the fact that Mr. G—— (who was mounted upon a young colt, that had never before been ridden, and had simply a piece of rope by way of bridle) *trotted* down

most of the declivities, the reader may infer that the grade is not so very steep. I must say, though, that "old Pete" didn't exactly relish the idea of being in such a hurry.

The first three or four miles beyond Ray's, to the summit of the first ridge, is all up hill; nearly 1700 feet in altitude being gained in that distance, or 2268 feet above the level of the sea, Ray's being 617.

There are few places in all California, where a more magnificent view can be obtained, than the one seen from this ridge. The whole valley of Russian River lies like a map at your feet, extending from the southeast and south, where it joins Petaluma valley, clear round to the northwest. The course of the river can be traced for miles, far



RAY'S RANCH AND RUSSIAN RIVER VALLEY.

away; alternately sweeping its great curves of rippling silver out into the opening plain, or disappearing behind the dark masses of timber. From one end of the valley to the other, the golden yellow of the plain is diversified by the darker tints of the noble oaks. In some places they stand in great crowds; then an open space will occur, with perhaps a few scattered trees, which serve to conduct the eye to where a long line of them appears, like an army drawn up for review, with a few single trees in front by

way of officers; and in the rear, a confused crowd of stragglers, to represent the baggage train and camp followers. Here and there, among the oaks, the vivid green foliage, and bright red stems of the graceful madrone, can be seen; and on the banks of the river, the silvery willows and the dusky sycamores.

The beauty of the plain is still more enhanced, by the numerous ranches, with their widely extending fields of ripe grain and verdant corn.

Beyond the valley, is the long extend-

ing line of the coast mountains. The slanting rays of the declining sun was overspreading the mysterious blue and purple of their shadowy sides, with a glorious golden haze, through whose gauzy splendor could be traced the summits, only, of the different ranges—towering one above the other, each succeeding one fainter than the last, until the indescribably fine outline of the highest peaks, but one remove, in color, from the sky itself, bounded the prospect.

Towards the southeast, we could see Mount Saint Helen's, and the upper part of Napa Valley. Saint Helen's is certainly the most beautiful mountain in California. It is far from being as lofty as its more pretentious brethren of the Sierra Nevada, and by the side of the great Shasta Butte it would be dwarfed to a mole hill; but its chaste and graceful outline is the very ideal of mountain form. There is said to be a copper plate, bearing an inscription, on the summit of this mountain, placed there by the Russians many years ago.

Away off, towards the south, we could discern that same old fog, still resting, like a huge incubus, upon San Francisco bay. Its fleecy billows were constantly in motion, now obscuring, now revealing the summits of different peaks, which rose like islands out of the sea of clouds. Above, and far beyond the fog, the view terminated with the long, level line of the blue Pacific, sixty or seventy miles distant.

From the point where we have stopped to take this extended view, (too much extended, on paper, perhaps the reader will think), the horses climbed slowly up the steep ascent, leading to a plateau, on the northern side of a mountain, which has received no less than three different names. As it is a difficult matter, among so many titles, to fix upon the proper one, I will enumerate them all, and the reader can take his choice. The moun-

tain was first called "Godwin's Peak," in honor of——there, G——, the cat's out of the bag! your name has got into print, in spite of my endeavor to keep it out. With characteristic modesty, Mr. G—— declined the honor which the name conferred upon him, and it was changed by somebody or other to "Geyser Peak;" but, for some unknown reason, this name also failed to stick, and somebody else came along and called it "Sulphur Peak." Both the latter names are inappropriate, for there are no Geysers nor no sulphur within five miles of the mountain. G., I am afraid you will have to endure your honors, and stand god-father to it.

The "Peak" rises to the height of 3471 feet above the level of the sea, and its sides are covered, clear to the summit, with a thick growth of tangled chaporal. From here, the trail runs along the narrow ridge of the mountains, forming the divide between "Sulphur Creek, (an odious name for a beautiful trout stream,) and Pluton River. The ridge is called the "Hog's Back"—still another name, as inappropriate as it is homely. The ridge much more resembles the back of a horse which has just crossed the plains, or has dieted for some time on shavings, than that of a plump porker. From the end of this ridge the trail is quite level, as far as the top of the hill, which pitches sharply down to the river, and at the foot of which the Geysers are situated.

When about two-thirds of the way down the hill, the rushing noise of the escaping steam of the Great Geyser can be heard; but, unless the stranger's attention was called to it, he would mistake the sound for the roaring of the river. About this time, too, is recognized the sulphurous smell with which the air is impregnated.

Just as the traveler begins seriously to think that the hill has no bottom, the white gable end of the hotel, looking strangely out of place among its wild



GEYSER SPRINGS HOTEL.

surroundings, comes unexpectedly into sight, and his trip is ended.

Upon awakening, on the following morning, it was a difficult matter to convince myself that I had not been transported, while asleep, to the close vicinity of some of the wharves in San Francisco—there was such a *powerful* smell of what seemed to be ancient dock mud. It was the sulphur. The smell is a trifle unpleasant at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to it, and rather likes it than otherwise.

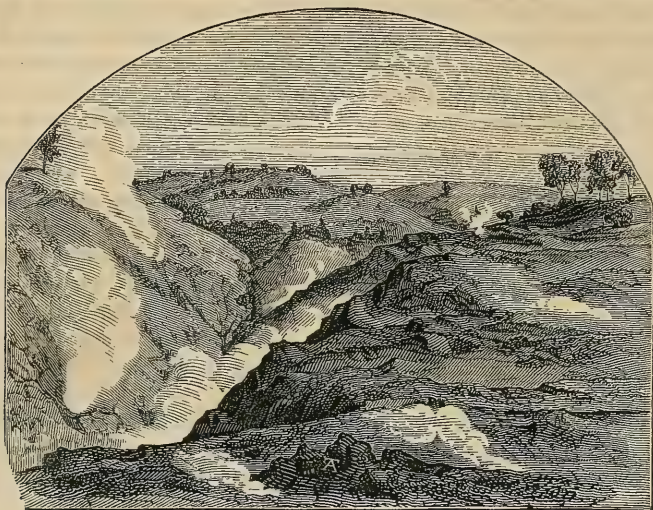
The view of the Geysers, from the hotel, is a very striking one, more especially in the morning, when the steam can be plainly seen, issuing from the earth in a hundred different places; the numerous columns uniting at some distance above the earth, and forming an immense cloud, which overhangs the whole cañon.

As the sun advances above the hills, This cloud is speedily "eaten up," and

the different columns of steam, with the exception of those from the Steamboat Geysers, the Witches' Cauldron, and a few others, become invisible, being evaporated as fast as they issue from the ground.

Breakfast disposed of, Mr. G. kindly offered to conduct me to the different springs. The trail descends abruptly from the house, among the tangled undergrowth of the steep mountain side, to the river, some ninety feet below. We passed on the way the long row of bathing-houses, the water for which is conveyed across the river in a lead pipe, from a hot sulphur-spring on the opposite side.

The unearthly looking cañon, in which most of the springs are situated, makes up into the mountains directly from the river. A small stream of water, which rises at the head of the cañon, flows through its whole length. The stream is pure and cold at its source, but gradually



GEYSER CANON.

becomes heated, and its purity sadly sullied, as it receives the waters of the numerous springs along its banks.

Hot springs and cold springs; white, red, and black sulphur springs; iron, soda, and boiling alum springs; and the deuce only knows what other kind of springs, all pour their medicated waters into the little stream, until its once pure and limpid water,—like a human patient, made sick by over-doctoring,—becomes pale, and has a wheyish, sickly, unnatural look, as it feverishly tosses and tumbles over its rocky bed.

A short distance up the cañon, there is a deep, shady pool, which receives the united waters of all the springs above it. By the time the stream reaches here, its medicated waters become cooled to the temperature of a warm summer day, and the basin forms, perhaps, the most luxurious bath to be opened in the world. A few feet from this, there is a warm alum and iron spring, whose water is more thoroughly impregnated than any of the others.

A little way farther up, is "Proserpine's Grotto," an enchanting retreat

among the wild rocks, completely surrounded and enclosed by the fantastic roots and twisted branches of the bay trees, and roofed over by their wide-spreading foliage. Glimpses of the narrow gorge above, with its numerous cascades, can be obtained through the openings of the trees; the whole forming one of the finest "little bits," as an artist would call it, to be found in the country.

As we proceeded up the cañon, the springs became more numerous. They were bubbling and boiling in every direction. I hardly dared to move, for fear of putting my foot into a spring of boiling alum, or red sulphur, or some other infernal concoction. The water of the stream, too, was now scalding hot, and the rocks, and the crumbling, porous earth, were nearly as hot as the water. I took good care to literally "follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor," as he hopped about from boulder to boulder, or rambled along in (as I thought) dangerous proximity to the boiling waters. Every moment he would pick up a handfull of magnesia, or alum, or sulphur, or tartaric acid, or Epsom

salts, or some other nasty stuff, plenty of which encrusted all the rocks and earth in the vicinity, and invite me to taste them. From frequent nibblings at the different deposits, my mouth became so puckered up, that all taste was lost for anything.

In addition to these strange and unnatural sights, the ear was saluted by a great variety of startling sounds. Every spring had a voice. Some hissed and sputtered like water poured upon red hot iron; others reminded one of the singing of a tea-kettle, or the purring of a cat; and others seethed and bubbled like so many cauldrons of boiling oil. One sounded precisely like the machinery of a grist mill in motion, (it is called "The Devil's Grist Mill,") and another, like the propeller of a steamer.

High above all these sounds, was the loud roaring of the great "Steamboat Geyser."* The steam of this Geyser issues with great force from a hole about two feet in diameter, and it is so heated as to be invisible until it has risen to some height from the ground. It is highly dangerous to approach very close to it unless there is sufficient wind to blow the steam aside.

But the most startling of all the various sounds was a continuous subterranean roar, similar to that which precedes an earthquake.

I must confess, that when in the midst of all these horrible sights and sounds, I felt very much like suggesting to G—— the propriety of returning, but a fresh handfull of Epsom salts and alum, mixed, stopped my mouth, and by the time I had ceased sputtering over the puckerish compound, the "Witches Cauldron" was reached. (See Vignette.) This is a horrible place. "Mind how you step here,"

said G——, as we approached it; and with the utmost caution, I placed my *tens* in his tracks, that is, as much of them as I could get in.

The cauldron is a hole, sunk like a well in the precipitous side of the mountain, and is of unknown depth. It is filled to the brim with something that looks very much like burnt cork and water. (I believe the principal ingredient is black sulphur.) This liquid blackness is in constant motion, bubbling and surging from side to side, and throwing up its boiling spray to the height of three or four feet. Its vapor deposits a black sediment on all the rocks in its vicinity.

There are a great many other springs—some two hundred in number, I believe—of every gradation of temperature, from boiling hot to icy cold, and impregnated with all sorts of mineral and chemical compounds; frequently the two extremes of heat and cold are found within a few inches of each other. But as all the other springs present nearly the same characteristics as most of those already referred to, it would be but a tedious repetition to attempt to describe more. They are all wonderful. The ordinary observer can only look at them, and wonder that such things exist; but to the scientific man, one capable of divining the mysterious cause of their action, the study of them must be an exquisite delight.

It is worth the traveler's while to climb the mountains on the north side of the Pluton, for the fine view which their summits afford on every hand; towards the north, a part of Clear Lake can be seen, some fifteen miles distant. But perhaps the scene which would delight a lover of nature most, can be obtained by rising early and walking back half a mile upon the trail which descends to the hotel. It is to see the gorgeous tints of the eastern sky as the sun comes climbing up behind the distant mountains, and

* This Geyser is shown in the view of "Geyser Canon." It is the upper large column of steam on the left side of the canon; the one below it, and nearer the spectator, is the "Witches' Cauldron." The foreground of the view is occupied by the "Mountain of Fire," from which the stream issues by a hundred different apertures.

afterwards to watch his long slanting rays in the illuminated mist, as they come streaming down the Cañon of the Pluton, flashing on the water in dots and splashes of dazzling light, and tipping the rich shadows of the closely woven foliage with a fringe of gold.



PROSERPINE'S GROTTO.

Some people have said that California scenery is monotonous, that her mountains are all alike, and that her skies repeat each other from day to day. Believe them not, ye distant readers, to whom, as yet, our glorious California is an unknown land. The monotony is in their own narrow, unappreciative souls, not in our grand mountains, towering ridge upon ridge until the long line of the farthest peaks becomes blended with the dreamy haze that loves to linger round their summits. And the gorgeous glow of our sunrises, or the still more gorgeous green and orange, and gold and crimson,

of our sunsets, reflect their heavenly hues upon dull eyes indeed when they can see no beauty in them.

LASSEN'S PEAK.

BY G. K. GODFREY.

DURING the first few years after the discovery of gold in California, there were thousands of rumors in circulation about big strikes and rich mines in various quarters, that kept even the more cool and self-calculating in a flutter, while the more mercurial were constantly on the tramp, in search of better diggings.

It was summer time, in the year 1851, when a party consisting of ten miners set out from Onion Valley, in search of "the lone cabin," purporting to have been built somewhere near the head waters of Feather River, which take their rise some distance northeast of Lassen's Peak, and occupied by a small party of miners, who had spent the winter there, and were making their fortunes.

Madam Rumor had reported, quite currently, that one of their party had come after a supply of provisions, and confidently told one of his friends of the whereabouts of the new diggings. This news excited the miners in the vicinity of Onion Valley, and our party was soon made up, and started in search of this new El Dorado. Between Indian Valley and the north fork of Feather river, we met Peter Lassen, with a small pack train, conveying provisions and merchandise to his store in Indian Valley.

Our trail led in a northwesterly direction, over an undulating country, heavily wooded with cedar and pine trees, till we struck the lower end of "Lassen's Meadows," through which his wagon road passes, leading from the Humboldt river to the Sacramento valley.

These meadows are situated on the north and main branch of Feather river,

and are about thirty miles in length and from ten to fifteen miles in width. Passing up this valley, you are forcibly struck with its geological formation. It is a level prairie, covered with green verdure. Through the centre of these meadows, Feather river pursues its meandering course, being augmented by streams every few miles, running down the mountains on either side, and large springs welling out of the valley, thus watering the land and giving it that luxuriance and beauty which it is impossible to describe. About one half of the valley is good, arable land, and this is a wide strip, lying on either side of the river, the whole length of the meadows. The earth is generally sufficiently moist to render irrigation unnecessary.

There are vast numbers of wild fowl, mostly geese, duck, and brant, which rear their young in this valley during the spring time.

Here lives a friendly tribe of Indians, consisting of some two hundred souls. These Indians subsist on acorns, fish, and wild game. Lassen's road passes over the lower end of this valley and strikes the head waters of Deer Creek. It is a good road, from the meadows, to the valley of Sacramento.

Lassen's Peak stands at the head of these meadows, and is about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and next to the highest mountain in Alta California. After all, there is something peculiarly interesting connected with the associations of this mountain, as being a prominent land-mark of one of the early pioneers in coming to California. Lassen was the first man who made the ascent of this peak; and what think you were his feelings, after he had made his way from Salt Lake, and ascended this mountain to look, for the first time, from its summit upon the broad valley of the Sacramento?

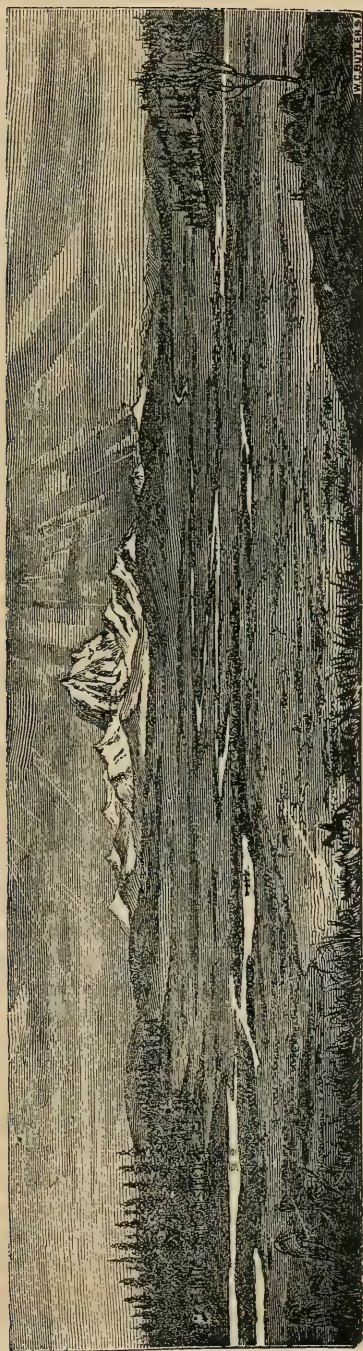
Winding our way, in a zigzag course,

up the mountain, for some distance, we heard a rumbling noise, which resembled that of the puffing of a steamboat. Following up this sound, some four miles, in the direction from whence it emanated, we arrived in sight of a hot spring, gurgling and bubbling up through the earth, emitting steam, and occasionally sparks of fire, [!] and lava, while all around was scattered ashes and other volcanic matter. Many have doubted the identity of this volcano, but we saw fire, smoke and lava, issue from this crater; the lava scattered over the ground, shows conclusively, that at times this volcano sends forth its fiery cinders. This volcano is situated to the south-east, or next to the highest table land of Lassen Peak.

This mountain, severed by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep precipitous crags, looks grand and imposing. All bears the appearance of lava, and probably has been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature.

No verdure decks the granite crags of Lassen's Peak. No trees are scattered over its summit to relieve the eye from its barren waste—all seems to have been blasted by nature. The rocks which are scattered over its sides, yield no soil for the refreshing beauties of vegetation. This mountain is composed of gray granite, darkened by the storms of ages into a deep brown, while over its summit extends a wild and uncouth aspect of desolation.

After resting for an hour, we made the final summit. The ascent was easy until we arrived on the last bench, and from this up to the highest point it became more difficult. The large rocks, and long angular fragments, impeded our progress, and it required great efforts with our feet and hands to advance upwards. But we finally succeeded in reaching the summit, from which we beheld one of the most sublime panoramas to be seen in California.



LASSEN'S PEAK, FROM THE NORTH FORK OF FEATHER RIVER.

Travelers who are accustomed to visit and behold landscapes of the sublime and the beautiful, can hardly conceive of a finer view than the one from this mountain. What endless food for memory and association presented itself to view in all directions. The sight is unrivaled in beauty and magnificence. It is like the vision of some dream land. Looking down, I fancied I could see all of the kingdoms of this world at one glance. My position commanded a wide scope of the surrounding country. The view towards the west presented the long and lofty wall of the Coast Range Mountains, extending north and south as far as the vision could extend, with Mount Linn, Mount St. John, and Mount Ripley, cutting in clear wavy outlines against the blue heavens. Stretching between me and those distant mountains, is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento River, winding its way peacefully, like a serpentine mirror, towards the Pacific. Its banks are distinctly defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores. Below, to the north and south, the foot hills of the Sierra Nevadas lay stretched; westwardly, one tier of mountains after another, valleys, cañons and creeks, become lower and lower until they reach the great plain of the Sacramento.

On the other side of the mountains, to the eastward, Feather River wound its course through Lassen's Meadows, across which we had just made our way. Still further to the eastward, towards Utah, beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows, far in the distance. Looking to the northward, you beheld proud Mount Shasta in solemn kingly grandeur, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, and from whence that river takes its rise, looming up and piercing the heavens with its bold summit, while clouds resting below, slept here and there, and all appeared silent and beautiful. Oh, what a vision lay spread out around me in every direction.

I love nature always, but especially when in her noblest and simplest grandeur. The eye will turn and turn again to that wondrous mountain, whose peak is resting so clear, and pure, and cold, against the blue heavens. There it has stood for centuries, towering in the heavens, with its hoary helmet on, looking down on the winding line of mountains and rivers that glitter like a silver chain. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of the scene, until I was lost in wonder and admiration. Nothing I ever saw, in point of scenery, so delighted me as a view from this peak, so gloriously beautiful, with dense masses of mist here and there obscuring the view, but giving an effect of softness and distance. Mountain heights in varied forms are grouped in the happiest and most capricious humor, now sweeping along in graceful outlines, daintily crossing each other's path, or meeting in cordial embrace—there, gathered in generous rivalry, and then breaking away sullenly in abrupt terminations and frowning precipices. All is Alpine variety, intricacy, surprise, and confusion: while the beautiful panoramic view commanded a vast assemblage of ridges and precipices, varied in every characteristic—the large in opposition to the small, the barren in contrast with the wooded; the formal and the eccentric, the horizontal and the perpendicular.

How grand are these old mountain heights, with their rocky brows bound with clouds, and their summits capped with the snows of winter. How beautiful the heavens, bright and blue, smiling on the luxurious forest with its sheen of light. How invigorating the air, pure and fresh, and which inspired an independence, a love, a mental and physical vigor, which braced every energy of body and soul.

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

I miss thee, dear one; the path of my life
From thine has been severed for years,
And the scenes of the past, with sorrowful
strife,

Have been wet with our separate tears;
For we weep not together, now, as we wept
When we lived in our own quiet home;
I think of the arms which around me have
crept, [mine own.
And the tears which have joined with

I miss thee, dear one; thine image, to me,
Is drawn on a shadowless scroll;
It is hid in my heart, and naught can erase
The treasure away from my soul. [brow
Is the smile on thy lip, and the light on thy
As sweet and as bright as before? [now,
It may be thy heart has seen sorrow, e'er
And thy brow is o'ershadowed with care.

I miss thee, dear one, when the daylight
grows dim,
And the stars light their lamps in the sky;
How sadly my heart sings its sweet twilight
As memory's visions float by. [hymn,
I think of thee then, for the shadows grow
less, [day,
Which have been in my heart thro' the
And I sigh for thy presence my spirit to
bless,
As the dove mourns her lost one away.

I miss thee, dear one; Oh! when do I not
Miss thy voice, which was music to me?
And a presence of love seems to gladden
the spot

Where I fancy thy footsteps may be.
And I wander in spirit o'er mountains and
To the places so dear to me yet; [seas,
I gaze on thy sweet face and listen again
To that voice which I cannot forget.

I may miss thee, dear one, for years yet to
come,
And this heart may be lonely indeed,
But I'll think of that home beyond the
far skies,
Where the stricken in heart will be healed.

Yes, thou wilt be mine in those regions of
 So free from all sorrow and care; [light,
 For Heaven will bless with a purer delight
 The love which is sanctified here.

MEN AND WOMEN.

BY A. B. KIMBALL.

To dwell upon the proper duties of the different members of the human family, is an employment which can never do harm to any, who bring to the task a mind which seeks to find, not to distort, the truth. Not, as some have weakly endeavored to show, that we think the sexes, mathematically speaking, are not only equivalent but equal—that is, have exactly the same rights and powers, in the same degree; or, as others have held, that women have no rights, nor any capacity for any, except to keep the place which the self-styled “lords of creation” may be pleased to assign them. To speak the words “Woman’s Rights,” in this age, instantly brings to mind the monstrosity of “Women’s Rights Conventions,” and brands any female who dares believe in such a thing, as a disciple of Mrs. Lucy Stone. Notwithstanding all the controversy about the matter, woman does have rights! But they are those which belong properly to her, and not to man. Her place is not at the polls, nor in the halls of legislation; and these are the last places in which she should desire to figure. Her’s is a more powerful weapon than is wielded there, if she but make the proper use of it. If she is careful to exert her power judiciously, she can have a moral influence over her friends that will tell more effectually on the prosperity of the country than if she had an equal chance with man in the administration of government. J. Q. Adams thinks that woman’s influence has never been over-rated; and in reading the lives of the good and great, we are inclined to agree with him. How

common is the expression, “Whatever I am, I owe to my mother.” Woman moulds the minds that rule the world. In doing this, she fulfills her destiny, as a helpmate for man, but she does not usurp his place.

Man’s influence on the affairs of the world is, of course, not less, but it is more generally acknowledged, because more apparent, and commands more strength to vindicate it. It is his to produce great changes which, like the mighty convulsions of nature, astound and destroy in the present, to bring forth a glorious harvest of mighty results in the future. Woman, in a capacity no less necessary, beautifies all, like the light and rain of Heaven. There is little danger that any person will over-estimate man’s influence, for it requires so much self denial to make the proper use of what one really has. It is an awful thought for any one to contemplate, that his influence will

“Live through all life—extend through all extent,
 Spread undivided, operate unspent.”

But it would be vastly better for humanity if people had as much egotism on this subject as they have on others.

There are many faults which the world seems to charge almost exclusively to woman, but which in fact are common to both sexes. Vanity, for instance, unmindful of man’s lofty intellect, often creeps in and shows its effects quite plainly. It will make him as careful about the fit of his apparel, and the trimming of his invaluable moustache, as any lady is of similar trifles. Flattery, too, often affects the strongest of the stronger sex. But worse than all, some men do really follow fashion, that tyrant who bids us do all sorts of foolish things, and we obey; thinking all the time that we are acting in the most sensible manner possible. They don’t wear short waisted coats, when she says long; nor long, when she says short. If she says wear standing collars, they do it, no matter what

the effect upon the ears; if she orders them turned down, it is done, regardless of long necks. True, they do not generally follow to all lengths, as many ladies do. Few men make it their chief end to shine in the fashionable world, because society tells them that such an ambition shows weakness; but whether they substitute a more innocent aim is yet an open question.

There are so few employments that the laws of society allow to women, that many are idle who would gladly be busy. But if she undertakes anything new, no matter how light the task, immediately there is great alarm felt, lest she should depart from her sphere. Where the erring creature would wander in that case, nobody knows; but poor, friendless man is left free to rove through the universe of employments: cooking, sewing, washing, and dealing in fancy dry goods included, with "not a generous friend, a pitying foe," to tell him that he is far from his native element. Just take the case of a strong, able bodied man standing behind the counter and studying the quality of laces, ribbons, etc., and wasting his eloquence, that might be employed for the good of his country, in expatiating in the sweetest and softest of tones upon their fineness, to his lady customers. Would not any thinking person say that it was a position much better suited to the tastes and capacities of the *weaker* sex? But it is objected, that women do not like to trade with women. This being the case, think ye, husbands and fathers would object to the change? There is work enough to be done in the world to employ every human being in it. If those who find time hanging heavily on their hands should seek to use it, instead of killing it, by running into folly or vice, they might become blessings to the world instead of curses. Let those of us who expect soon to enter upon the duties of active life, remember that it will be of great assistance in keeping the heart pure, and driving sorrow from our doors, for—

Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe—
It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.

Oh! that all of us might honor the school which has done so much for our education, by becoming true Christian men and women. And that in future years our teachers may have the pleasure of saying, "The life of every member of that class does me honor."

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

BY G. T. S.

"When I was a child,"—and away go the thoughts back to the green fields, and sunny hills, and waving meadows, in that far country of the Past, where the flowers ever bloom, and the birds sing, and the summer lasts all the year long. And what heart does not love to lie down, at times, by the still waters of his childhood, and hear the music of the birds, and the singing of the summer winds through the low brook willows—and all the sweet, soul-stirring melodies of that pleasant land?

"When I was a child,"—and away up the valley are sounding sweet voices, and merry laughter, as away over the years Memory takes the wings of the morning and flies to one spot, ever fresh and blooming, like another Eden. Oh! blessed be God for that spot! It is the only one left bright and changeless, on all the green earth, since our father and mother went weeping out of Paradise. There, up through the mist, rises an old gray house, with its sloping roof, and jutting eaves, and mossy seats at the door. And all through that place are singing the old, familiar voices, and kind faces are beaming, and among them is one—"never seen but once, and to be remembered forever."

And there are walks in the summer woods, and rambles in the meadows, by the brooks, and in the old orchards, and by the side of the rivers; and sailing on the summer lake, which lay spread beneath us, like another heaven; and bright Sabbath mornings, and Thanksgiving evenings, and walks by moonlight beneath the burning stars.

Then, there was spring, with its green, fresh grass, its banks of violets, and its blooming orchards; and summer, with its hay-makings, and strawberry gatherings, and cherry rides in the morning; and autumn, with its huskings, and fruit gatherings, and changing woods, and clear, frosty nights; and winter, with its sleigh rides, and sled rides down hill, and going to school at the old red school house.

All this comes looming up, and writes its daguerreotype on the heart, whenever I utter these few simple words: "When I was a child."

• THE SLEEPER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
 Above thy ashes cold
 The holy stars look mildly down,
 The mountain mists are rolled,
 And the night winds sing thy dirge,
 In wailings, sad and deep,
 Or, swelling to a thunder tone,
 Through the solemn forests sweep!

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
 Wo! wo, to them who wait
 And watch at eventide for thee,
 At the lonely cottage gate.
 Thy mother looketh out
 Across the misty sea,
 Crying, oh! come to thy childhood's home?
 Wand'rer, return to me!

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
 No winds that round thee sweep,
 Nor rattling thunder's loudest tone,
 Can break thy long tranced sleep!
 But, when the trump shall sound,
 And heaven and earth shall flee,
 Arise, thou sleeper, from thy grave!—
 Thy loved ones wait for thee!

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 266.]

CHAPTER VI.

Which touches on Enmity, Neutrality, and Friendship,

"Hope, like a glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way,
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray."—GOLDSMITH.

The following morning Harrison removed his baggage at an early hour to Capt Hartley's quarters, until he could be settled in those to which he might be ordered by his new commander.

He found on arrival two cases which had been that morning landed from the *Sea-Gull*. They contained the complete cavalry uniforms and outfit for a lieutenant in the 7th Light Dragoons. They had been sent by his London tailor in consequence of instructions from his brother at home.

Attiring himself in an undress suit he proceeded to the Adjutant's quarters, and was taken by him and presented to his Colonel, who, as the reader knows, had been acquainted with him from earliest childhood.

Military etiquette must be observed, but sometimes it looks marvellously like humbug.

After this they called on the second in command, Major Williams.

Here Harrison was treated not only with coldness, but with a rudeness bordering upon insult.

"He is a great admirer of Thynne's, and so are some of the others. I fear you will have to suffer a good deal of this sort of thing for a time," said adjutant Brown, as they left the house.

It was not so bad, however, as that officer anticipated. Though coldly enough received by some, still it was with politeness; for these officers, unlike Williams, were gentlemen; though from their friendship with Lord Edward Thynne, they did not affect a cordiality they did not feel; they were at heart courteous.

"Well, Hartley, that's well over—better than I expected," said George, upon his return; "and now I will off and see as many of our officers as I can, settle with the pay master and quarter master, and after that you will, I know, accompany me to call at Sir H. Clinton's, the brigade major's, Major Andre's, and our brigadier's."

"No," said Hartley, "Sir H. Clinton may say that to you which he would desire to be private, but to the rest I will;—we dine though at mess, so go to the commander-in-chief before you come back for me."

Sir Henry Clinton evidently desired to see our hero, not to seek to glean information as to Emerson's movements from the invalid inmate of a hospitable house, for it is well known he possessed the very nicest sense of honor; but because he desired to give him some plain but perhaps not very palatable advice.

"Mr. Harrison," said the veteran after dispatching his secretary on a commission from the room, "I wish to speak to you as a friend, as a friend of your father's and brother's. I wish to advise you to drop your great intimacy with Mr. William Emerson, for it may compromise you fearfully as things go. I am well aware that the great kindness shown you by an old school-mate, and personally I have no doubt a worthy man, renders this a hard as well as a delicate matter, but when I tell you confidentially that he is undoubtedly engaged in some scheme antagonistic to the royal cause, you must see that in the event of a discovery, your intimacy and constant association with him would most certainly bring your loyalty in doubt. Your name has already been lightly mentioned in connection with this subject—need I say more, to an officer holding His Majesty's commission?"

"Your excellency must surely be misinformed. I have never seen even enough of energy in Emerson to make such a thing possible, not to say probable;—his father's principles too, and William's great respect for *him*, would make him in any case neutral."

"There can be little or no honest neutrality, Mr. Harrison, in a war of this kind," said Sir Henry, emphatically. "*A man* in the true sense of the word must take one side or the other;—if he have any character at all he must defend the one he adopts, whether it be the rights of his majesty (God bless him) or what he considers the rights of the land of his birth. If he do neither he is simply contemptible. Old Mr. Emerson is but luke-

warm, in fact I find now he is little of a loyalist at all, and he may have the only excuse a man can have for neutrality, namely: his convictions being in favor of independence, while his early associations and services prevent him from contending with a King whose hand has for fifty years contributed for his support. As for William Emerson—still water runs deep—he has determined for the side of the Colonists. I have seen it over his own signature. He has contributed largely from his own means to Congress. I honor him for it more than for dreaming away his time in uncertainty; still it is my duty to try and counteract his schemes. Remember this conversation is private, and remember my advice."

George having paid the other visits with Hartley, presented himself for the first time in New York at the mess-table of his old regiment. It was quite cheering to him to find himself among those whom he had found to be fast friends, and who, whilst they congratulated him upon his promotion, appeared all to regret his removal from their midst.

At dessert, the regimental order book of his new corps was brought to him for the first time, and he observed that he was appointed to the 5th troop, commanded by Capt. Donald Campbell.

"I *am* glad you are appointed to his troop," cried Hartley, "he is the finest fellow in the 7th, always excepting the Colonel. The saying, *there is a silver lining to every cloud*, is sometimes true, you see."

The morning following, mindful of Col. Hyslop's instructions, George was at that officer's quarters at eight o'clock.

"I understand, Mr. Harrison, that you are perfect in the cavalry drill—is this so—and how is it?"

"When in the neighborhood of London for some months, Colonel," answered Harrison, "I attended the riding school of the 11th Light Dragoons, of which my

brother was then Major, and as I hoped for a commission in it, I was allowed to drill as a volunteer. Afterwards, sir, my father could only lodge the cash for an infantry commission, and so I had to abandon my hopes of cavalry service for a time."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Col. Hyslop, "for we are short of officers, and also because if you are perfect in drill, I shall send you away to-morrow with Capt. Campbell to escort officers who are to be exchanged at some place far above the White Plains; on your return your troop will relieve one which is stationed near our outposts. I think absence from head-quarters for a time would be advisable for you, until excited feelings blow over. I have therefore appointed you to Campbell's troop, which is next for detachment duty. As we parade at ten o'clock you will take your station, and after a sharp drill exercise I will judge whether I can in your case, and contrary to custom, dispense with an adjutant's drill. Take that book, you have a good hour and more to spare, and study the 12th, 16th, and 17th sections of cavalry manœuvres. I have ordered a troop horse for you which is well trained, until you are suited with chargers; he will be at Capt. Hartley's soon after half-past nine. Now be off and make the most of your hour."

It was with a joyful face that Harrison, after performing his part in the subsequent parade to the satisfaction of both colonel and adjutant, hastened to call upon Agnes.

He had ascertained that Emerson was out; not particularly desiring to see him after his own request to the contrary, and which, coupled with the words of Sir H. Clinton, began to engender the fear that his old school-fellow was really engaged in something which involved risk.

Agnes was in a very pensive mood when he entered. "Oh! George, this will be

our last meeting for long, perhaps forever," she sobbed—"read this—there is one, too, marked "on service" for William."

"Sir Henry Clinton presents his compliments to Miss Emerson, and has the pleasure to inform her that a detachment of the 7th Light Cavalry proceeds to-morrow, at 9 A. M., to escort officers for exchange to the continental lines in the neighborhood of Fishkill. Instructions have been given for the safe conduct of Miss Emerson to such place as she may desire, not exceeding eight miles from the line of march already proposed, as requested by her brother, who had better communicate with Capt. Campbell commanding the detachment.

"Sir Henry sends the earliest intimation, to enable Miss Emerson to make her preparations, and he hopes she may find her father in better health than Mr. Emerson represents.

"New York, 29th Sept., 1778."

The happiness of Agnes, when she found her lover was to form one of her escort, was of course great. "And if, George, we find my father has arrived, William will introduce you, for *I* could not do it well—and...and you will try to please the old man for my sake, and... be first to tell him of our attachment."

"How can William introduce me, except by letter?" said Harrison; "rather a roundabout way, when *you* will be upon the spot?"

"O! William has decided to go with me," said Agnes. "Why, what's the matter?—does not that please you?"

"O, yes, dearest," stammered Harrison, "I shall be very glad indeed if he goes with us."

"*If* he goes—if he goes! Dear, dear George, what *if* can there be about it? Surely, no objection can be made to a civilian and non-combatant going to a sick parent?"

George was in an unpleasant position. He felt sure Emerson would not be allowed to join the party, but to hint this to Agnes would be a breach of confidence, probably of honor. The sudden entrance

of Emerson therefore greatly relieved him.

CHAPTER VI.

Interrupted Arrangements.—An Enemy.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." SHAKESPEARE.

After a word with Harrison, Emerson took up the dispatch from Sir H. Clinton, and having read it with evident annoyance, handed it to Harrison, who at his desire read it aloud. It was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, }
New York, 29th Sept., 1778. }

SIR,—I am directed by the general commanding-in-chief to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, and in reply to inform you that he will be happy to afford Miss Emerson the protection of the British escort proceeding to the Continental lines, which leaves the brigade major's office at 9 A. M. to-morrow, and which will call as it passes your house, for the accommodation of the lady.

Sir H. Clinton desires me further to say, that in consequence of information which he has received, he regrets extremely that he cannot permit you at present to leave New York.

If to-morrow morning you will give your parole of honor not to leave the city without his permission, you will remain unmolested; but in case of your declining to do this, you will be placed under closer surveillance than you are now, and under which you have been for some days past.

Sir H. Clinton will be ready to receive you from ten to eleven in the forenoon.

I have the honor to be,

Sir, your most ob'dt serv't,
MILES ATTWOOD, (Major)

A. D. C.

"I know now," said Emerson, "why I have been so closely watched and followed the last week. It is nothing more than I expected; but my mind has been made up for some time—I will be neutral no longer. Shame on me for my indecision! but God knows it was only the fear

of involving my father that prevented my acting sooner—and not knowing how to dispose of Agnes. Harrison, you must go. I wish to consult with my sister, and what I say must not meet the ear of a royalist officer. I will be out to-night, when you can bid Agnes good-bye."

"There is no occasion for you to be out," said Agnes; "I cannot spare you, and I shall be too busy packing to see George. He is one of the escort, so we can say good-bye at our leisure."

Descending to the door, Emerson escorted from Harrison a solemn pledge not to accept any further promises from Agnes until her father's will should be known. He was very earnest in his manner, and stood with the front door open, when having obtained the promise, he grasped Harrison's hand fervently, saying—"I knew I could depend upon you, and I do rely on you. Farewell!"

As George emerged from the porch, he saw a cavalry officer slowly riding past, whose sinister face betokened both malice and gratulation.

Harrison had yet another ordeal to pass through. He was to make his first appearance at his new mess that evening, and from *this* he knew that he must not shrink. As dinner hour approached, he felt a little nervous at the coolness he was confident would be exhibited by the brother officers of Lord Edward Thynne; the more so, as Capt. Hartley had warned him that Williams was everywhere speaking in cautious but most disparaging terms of him.

Near the mess-room door he met Capt. Campbell, who, taking his arm, ascended the steps with him.

"Why, Campbell," cried a young lieutenant, "this is indeed a wonder. The only officer of the regiment who has a wife in New York, leaving her, the night before parting, to join *us*!"

"Why, the fact is, gentlemen, I thought it but right to meet my new subaltern

here at his first dinner, lest any little acerbity of feeling, arising from late events, and foreign to your natural generosity, might prevent your receiving him as kindly as you otherwise would;"—and so saying, Campbell entered the room, still holding George by the arm.

The effect of this speech was most gratifying, for the speaker was much beloved and had great influence, and nearly every officer advanced and cordially welcomed Harrison to the mess. The colonel not being there, the major was the senior officer present, and he held himself entirely aloof from our hero.

The conversation during dinner turned upon the march before Campbell and his detachment, and its probable dangers.

"There is but little chance of a brush," said he, "unless it be with some of those rascally Skinners whom the rebels employ. To all others our errand renders us non-combatants; but in such a case I have every reliance on the valuable assistance of Lieutenant Harrison."

"Humph!" sarcastically interrupted Major Williams. "Well, now, I heard to-day a known and marked rebel express the very same opinion (privately, as he thought,) to Lieutenant Harrison himself. He is fortunate to be relied upon by both parties."

"I quite agree with you, Major," rejoined Campbell, with great urbanity; it is really fortunate to command the esteem of both friends and brave honorable enemies. Sometimes," he added, more slowly, "a man is not to be depended upon even by his friends."

The Major reddened; possibly the cap fitted. "Very true," said he, "and the safest plan is to rely upon no one, but to depend upon one's self, as my father used to say."

"Why, I understood from you, Major, that you lost your father when you were quite an infant?"

"Well, sir," angrily responded the

Major, "my brother heard him say so, often; it does not matter precisely whom he said it to."

"Certainly not, Major," quietly resumed Campbell. "It must be a mistake of mine, but I had thought you were an only child."

"Of my mother, yes," said the Major, commanding himself by an effort, "but of my father, no. My father was no saint, sir, and was perhaps father to more offspring than that of his wife."

"Very probably," dryly replied Campbell, thinking he had gone far enough to show the Major that any attack on his young friend might induce him again to take up cudgels in his behalf.

Pleading the necessity of finishing their preparations for the morning, Harrison and his captain left the mess-room early. George took his way through the lane at the back of Emerson's house, being a nearer cut to Hartley's quarters. To his surprise he came suddenly and unperceived upon the negro Sam, lifting up a heavy branch of shade tree, from which but few leaves had yet fallen, and which had evidently been recently cut from the parent stem, as it overhung Emerson's wall. Crossing the lane with his burden, he entered the inclosure of one of those tenements before mentioned, and which was occupied by a boat-builder and shipwright.

He had not proceeded twenty paces further, when he met William Emerson himself, who was visibly annoyed and disconcerted at the rencontre. Recovering himself, he retraced his steps so as to walk with George, and asked him how he had been received at mess.

George related the particulars in a few words, and, of course, the conduct of Major Williams. In return he received from Emerson some sound advice how to avoid coming in collision with that worthy. Arriving at the end of the lane, at parting, he concluded the admonition

with—"Remember, with such a cunning rascal as I believe the major to be, we can never be too careful."

As if everything conspired against George, in stepping into the moonlight from the shadow of the wall, he nearly ran against an officer about to cross the end of the lane.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely.

"Certainly," answered the other, "but you soon forget your friend's remark, that of me you can never be too careful!"

It was Major Williams!

CHAPTER VIII.

Plotting a ruin.

—" 'Tis here, but yet confused ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen 'till used." [SHAKESPEARE.

Upon a camp-bed, his face swathed in a multitude of bandages secured *secundem artem*, and his head and shoulders supported by numerous pillows, laid Lord Edward Thynne. Conveniently placed close to the bed, was a small table with shortened legs, upon which was a slate and pencil. By this means he was enabled to hold intercourse with those around him. Now, however, the only person present was Major Williams, who sat beside him speaking in a low tone of voice, or reading his lordship's writing upon the slate, and occasionally rubbing it out with a sponge which he held in his hand. In this manner the conversation, if such it can be called, was maintained between them.

"On your action in this matter," wrote his lordship, "depends my further conduct to you. I have saved your commission once, I have advanced you sums upon sums to pay your gambling debts, and though you did not know it, I was the means of obtaining for you your majority in the regiment, which otherwise you would not for years have obtained by service—fail me in this and I cease to be your friend."

"Your lordship," said Williams, "has been indeed a constant friend, and the cause has, to own truth, often been a puzzle to me. If then, I can possibly fulfil your wishes, you know you may rely on my doing so."

"Possible or impossible, you must do it; here am I, disfigured, most probably for life, by this boy—ruin him, disgrace him, court-martial him on any charge you choose, so you but ruin his future, and I am content; surely your wit can betray one of Harrison's impetuous, fiery temper, into some unpardonable breach of military discipline. Look here, Major! we are alone. and I will let you into a secret. I know more of your antecedents than you do yourself. I know all about you from your very cradle up to this hour. You say my friendship puzzles you; *well it may*.—You cannot suppose that in three years £4,000 has been advanced by me to purchase your last promotion, and support your gambling. With my own means I could not have supplied a third of that sum. To be plain with you, I am your father's confidant,—he has supplied me with the money; on my report depends his further assistance; one word from me puts a stop to the exercise of interest in your behalf at home, as well as to the pecuniary aid you occasionally receive."

"You know my father—oh! my Lord, you are disposed to be facetious," replied Williams. "My father died when I was a perfect child. I never saw him to my remembrance."

The patrician glanced at him sneeringly, and having by means of his slate, communicated to the Major what he was about to do, drew from beneath the coverlet a slip of paper containing a few lines, and which had been cut from a letter; on the one side he showed him his name on the address, and the London post-mark with date as proof of its genuineness.

Reversing it, but still holding it fast in

his own hands, he permitted him to read as follows;—

“I am glad you say that the reports detrimental to the character of Williams have but little foundation in truth. I promised his mother faithfully that I would see to his interests, but should I find that such aid as I can render him through you is undeserved, I will continue it no longer. I have lodged the money for his majority in his own name, and expect that he will be gazetted major of your regiment shortly. Few men would do as much for an illegitimate son. You can tell him that any further attempt to trace his supposed benefactor will prevent further assistance.”

Having allowed the major to read this scrap, Lord Edward motioned him to be silent, and resuming the slate wrote: “After your mother’s death, whose income latterly depended on her leading you to believe your father dead, you were brought up at the expense of an unknown friend. You were placed in the army; your lieutenancy you got by a death vacancy, but your cornetcy, troop and majority were all of them purchased for you. You attempted by means of spies, and by bribing a banker’s clerk, to ascertain who your unknown benefactor was—your supplies were therefore stopped—you got in debt—you gambled—reports injurious to your character were circulated. Three years ago your father wrote to me on the subject; what you have just read is a part of his second letter to me. More—to recover your fortunes you used loaded dice; you were suspected, all but taxed with it. I was present, and I requested to look at them, when doubt was expressed. I changed them for a pair in my pocket, and then insisted on their being split; unnoticed I gave you a word of encouragement. They were split, at least those I had substituted were, and your character was saved. Now I did not do all this for nothing; I thought I might want your assistance some day—to be plain, I thought I might want a tool,

so I did my best to make one, and for my own possible convenience, and not for any love to you, have I done what I have.”

For several minutes, Major Williams sat silent and motionless, with his face averted and concealed by his hand; then rising, he crossed the room to where a cellaret stood; opening it, he filled himself nearly a full tumbler of brandy, and adding a little water, drank it off at a draught. For a few minutes more he gazed out of the window; then, returning to his seat, addressed Lord Edward, who had been watching him keenly the whole time.

“My lord,” said he, “after reflection I will say that I believe every word you have written, and there is *that* in it which grieves me. *I have lost my love for the only human being for whom I ever had any.* I too speak plainly; your apparent kindness had aroused whatever there was of good in me—I thought I had one friend, *the only one I had ever met in the wide world.* I now find I was mistaken, and am weak enough to feel grieved at it. I am what circumstances, ill-training, and associations have made me. Self-interest to a certain extent now binds me to you, and to the best of my power I will do your bidding—*on one condition*, namely, that you tell me why and how I was led to believe that my father was a surgeon and dead; who my mother *was*, and, under a pledge of secrecy, who my father *is*. A tool is but a tool, but it requires delicate handling, or it may break. Nay, hear me out—I am as self-willed as your lordship, and these are *my only terms*. If you turn on me, you will only temporarily inconvenience me, for in such case I will so conduct myself as to give the lie to any assertions you may make against me to my father. As for the dice story, any statement whatever about it would too much involve yourself, either for you to make it, or for it to obtain credence.”

The decided manner in which the major spoke convinced Lord Edward that he was determined. His lordship was disappointed in his expectations; he had relied on Williams as a pliant sycophant, who by self-interest could be moulded to his will; he now saw that he had misjudged the major; that in showing himself in his true colors, he had lost his affection, arising from gratitude, and which affection had been his surest hold of him. But Lord Edward, knowing no love save for himself, had been unable hitherto to attribute the major's servility to him to aught but interested motives. He now remembered that this very servility was contrary to Williams' usual disposition, which was haughty and discourteous even to those very high above him in authority; so that instead of strengthening his own position by his communication, he had actually destroyed the strongest foundation of the major's friendship.

Having mused awhile, he had recourse to the slate, and replied thus: "I agree to your terms, but I must have some security that you will persevere in my purpose. I will now reply to all your questions *but one*, and that is the last. When Harrison is under arrest for an offence which involves at the least cashiering, I will tell you who your father is, on the pledge of secrecy you mentioned. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes," replied the major.

"Your father seduced your mother—she was a Miss Brown, a farmer's daughter—you were the result. Your father was at this time a married man; this she found out. Her father had discarded her, and she had no other near relation. Her seducer agreed that if a young surgeon, a Mr. Williams, married her and adopted you, he would give her a dowry of £5000. Mr. Williams announced that he had been privately married for eighteen months; you were then about eight months old. Your *putative* father got in-

to a good practice through the patronage of friends of your *real* father, aided by his own ability, which was considerable. He died when you were five years old. It turned out that he had lived with a woman in Scotland, and had a son by her, before he had been acquainted with your mother; it also appeared that he had in Glasgow always called this woman his wife, which in Scottish law constitutes a marriage. She had, however, eloped from him with another, and he had never heard more of her. Some years after she saw the announcement of the death of Mr. John Lloyd Williams, surgeon, in the newspapers. She laid claim to his property for her son, and under the circumstances I have told you of, she obtained it. Your mother was consequently penniless, and your putative father a bigamist. Your own father made her an allowance for two years, when she died; afterwards you were by your father's bankers, placed at school and provided for. You know the rest."

Major Williams rose, and in a cold, steady voice, addressed Lord Edward. "My lord, I have no more to say. I will do my best to fulfil your wishes, in the case we have discussed, according to our compact, and report anything which transpires. Good day;—and although I promise to do this, allow me to say that your knowledge of human nature does not equal your knowledge on other points. I had been the more earnestly desirous to aid you in this matter, had I retained my affection for yourself, than I now am from other motives, which, however strong, are, to say the least, humiliating."

Immediately after the utterance of these words, the major quitted the room, leaving the patient to his own reflections.

[To be continued.]

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Let us talk, Sons of New England, of the good old Christmas times,
When sleigh-bells on our northern hills rang out their merry chimes;
Let memory call up the tales to us in childhood told,
And gather up the golden grains of friendships, true and old;
Those northern hills—our native hills—are shrouded now in snow,
But round the firesides of that land warm hearts are in a glow:
No biting frosts, no wintry winds, no winter snows, can chill
The hearts that loved us long ago, the hearts that love us still!
As the year brings back Thanksgiving and merry Christmas morn,
Our hearts go flocking homeward to the land where we were born.

Born 'mid those granite mountains, walk you ever in your dreams
On the hill-sides, in the valleys, by the rippling meadow streams?
Think you ever of the pastures in the pleasant summer hours,
On the clover-scented hay fields after cool refreshing showers?
Dream you ever of the autumn, when the gorgeous forest lies
A grand old northern painting, touched by lights of northern skies?
Glide you ever like an arrow adown the snow-clad hills?
Sweep you ever on the ice-fields, till each tingling fibre thrills?
Think you ever of our comrades, bold, hardy, tough and stout,
Who fought fierce snow-ball battles, when the pent-up school was out?

Dream you ever of the Yankee girls?—I need not ask you this,
Until your hearts are icicles, your lips forget to kiss.
Tell not of dark-eyed maidens under burning tropic skies—
They charm us not like northern girls with blue and soul-lit eyes;
If the thrilling pulse of passion throbs not with a tropic heat,
No purer hearts, no truer hearts, in love responsive beat;
Their souls are stainless as the hills white-robed in driven snow,
Their lips the same as those we kissed at Christmas long ago;
The same heroic spirit have the Yankee girls to-day
As their high-souled Pilgrim Mothers of Massachusetts Bay.

Ring out the merry Christmas bells, and sing the songs we sung
Round the firesides of New England in the days when we were young,
When we gathered in the kitchen around the blazing hearth—
Father, mother, sister, brother—our hearts all *one* in mirth;
When our hearts were ALL Thanksgiving, and we worshiped God in truth,
Contented with the priceless boon of home, and health, and youth.
Ring out the joyful Christmas bells!—the same true mother's prayer
Ascends to heaven for us to-day, as when when we bent low there.
Ring out the bells, raise thanks to God, that memories of home
Attend like angels on our steps wherever we may roam.

God bless the rough old Granite Land, and Plymouth's sea-washed rock;
God bless all wandering children of the hardy Pilgrim stock.

New England's wealth lies treasured not in golden stream or glen,
 But in priceless souls of women, and the iron hearts of men;
 Our footsteps wander from her, but our pride is still to know
 We keep the free New England hearts she gave us years ago:
 Like the needle always turning to the polar star at sea,
 We are ever drawn, New England, trembling, quivering, to thee!
 The ties that bind us unto thee, nor time nor space can sever—
 Our homes are on Pacific's strand....our hearts are thine forever!

S * * * *

MY GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.

Stay, gentle reader, any rising ridicule commonly suggested by the caption we have chosen.

The soundest wisdom of age, is always slighted and scoffed at under some misnomer. For our part we could never have the heart to ridicule even the old grandmother's P's and Q's. From the earliest fun-loving days of our childhood up to the present hour, it has always been very painful to us to see any one prone to such impiety. The peculiarities of age have an inexpressible charm for us—doubtless some unique traits which go to make up a complete character in one individual, would not befit another quite so well; for the very obvious reason, that they would be neither original or natural.

But if we had our way! O that some good genii or demon would loan us his scissors one precious moment or so, that we might cut and clip right and left to our pattern! But oh, no; we are not at all in earnest in this last aspiration of unhallowed ambition; indeed we are always sorry to see either the devil or the saints get the scissors, and we don't wish them for fear we might misuse them.

We neither look for nor desire to see our extreme modern phases of fashion in the representatives of a past age. All that we can say is, that we love and admire plain, sensible and tasteful moderation in all things.

We cannot contend with Captain Captious nor Mr. Fiddledee Fou about the exact hair line where the different colors begin and end, in the beautiful bow in the cloud; we have ceased chasing such phantasms long since. Only show us the right sort of principles springing from a heart ruling in a region above mere conventionalities, and we scorn to carp; nevertheless we bid God speed to the best patterns. But even these will also appear quaint, to the next generation.

Without a little of this queer element, now and then, as the spice of life, who among us would enjoy with such a lively zest and pleasant play of good humor our ordinary social interchanges. Any quaint way of saying or doing a thing always clung with unusual tenacity to our memory; and the wisdom thus half disguised often passed into a proverb, and became a rule of life, which but for its queer dress would have been lost forever.

"Would you believe it," said grandmother to me the other day, "here is the top of my frying-pan and the nose of my stew-pan both stuck on the wrong side! Now do just think of it a moment? a hungry man is waiting, and we women folks are all in a hurry—we must needs set down our galley-pots and pans, and change hands in order to pour out any thing! What foolish people tinkers and foundry men must be! I wonder if they think people are all left-handed? Well, well, how can they be so stupid! But

perhaps here in California, where folks change trades so strangely—who knows now, but some sensible cook may turn tinner; or some enterprising steward take to casting pots and pans for a living. O! it will all come around right one of these days, I'll venture!"

Wonderfully hopeful, you discover; always amiable, she's rather inclined to look upon the right side, as well as the bright side.

To her many "wise saws and modern instances," she adds a great store-house of medical samples. No trivial treasures are these in the eyes of the old matron, and we more than half incline to say she is backed in much of her belief by all the weight of mature talent and good sound sense of the whole Esculapian fraternity. But all this apart, we will call in the doctors when she fails.

With a little sweet oil, air and exercise, and now and then a dish of cracked wheat, and a cup of buttermilk—that good old Dutch physic which kept the Yankee doctors out of practice so long, down there in New Amsterdam, and which, even now, needs no recommendation of ours south of Mason and Dixon's line—with these I say, and a seasoning of sensible advice, she helps all, if she does not absolutely cure four-fifths; and with the other little fifth, she has miracles of restoring mercies in her elder blossoms, sage, mint, and thyme teas, &c. Where would we doctors be, in the footing up of the great day of accounts, if it had'n't been for our grandmothers? I very much doubt if we'd be in existence. As for the water remedy! why, she can use it in more ways than ever a duck dreamed of; in short, she attributes ten total years of her past life to water, and as many more to come; and, besides all this, the best part of the balance is some how or other pretty clearly aquatic. She declares to this day, she doesn't believe she'd survive a fortnight if twas'nt for

water. You may know by this, that her very life is in *neatness*.

We confess to some slight reluctance in detailing all her notions, useful as they may be;—but please, gentle reader, set the precedent over against the strong-minded, and we will proceed.

Grandmother, as before observed, seldom follows the fashions to the full, but although she's 70, and set in her way, she is still prompt to perceive, and ready to adopt any real improvements; strange to say, she contends stoutly in favor of bloomer dresses, and she never intends to give it up, to the day of her death. She gives so many sensible reasons, no one would presume to put up a plea in her presence, in favor of draggletail dresses. Suppose she does have pockets in her dresses in the old fashioned way: let me tell you her notion about it; not pockets in general, but her kind in particular. When she makes a new dress she takes a portion of it for a pocket; then if a spark from the open fire—I forgot to tell you that with all the economical conveniences and facilities of modern stoves, her heart still lingers around the old open fire-place; and she envies the miner in his cabin. "Stop!" says she, the other day; "read that over again; didn't the paper say something about a back-log?"—Then, as I was saying, if a spark flies and burns a hole, or gets torn, just as apt as not, she cuts the pocket out, and there she finds the proper materials to mend her dress with.

Perhaps I ought to give you her notion about washing and drying a black dress without streaking it, as it surely would be if washed and dried in the usual way. She folds it in an old sheet, and rolls it up, letting it lie twenty-four hours; it comes out almost dried through, with a satiny gloss as good as new. The self-same principle she applies to her ribbons, yarns, and all bright colors; her notion is, they should always be wrung out in

another dry, white, clean cloth, for then the colors never flow or mix confusedly as when the common mode is adopted.

"Green, let me consider." Yes, somebody will bless the good old grandmother's notion when they see how like a charm it saves the lustre of that ever pleasing color. She always dips her green cloths, or those in which the green color abounds, in *alum water*.

Let those young ladies who have been in trouble on these points take a hint from her life-long experiences; "they are better than thy theories," as the old Quaker doctor said to the young professor of physic.

Such a vast field of the science of home life opens out before us, we know not where to conclude; will not some of your female patrons take up the subject of dresses and give us a useful essay, one of these days.

Grandmother had a great many kitchen, pantry, and table notions, and among the rest, her particular *Corned Beef* notions.

What are they? you ask. I am glad to see you becoming interested.

We must premise a word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, in the early part of her life, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the good old country habits; and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such washy doings, fancying—very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some *3 year old hams* we were treat-

ed to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'twould make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c., &c. with names to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romance in real life. When grandmother was married and first began to reign queen of the domestic circle, an accident happened to her, memorable indeed, by reason of the peculiar circumstances.

The beautiful bride, (nature had done a great deal for her,) sweet dove of the Home Paradise! happy of heart and radiant with anticipations of delight in feasting her female and male friends who were to meet to congratulate her upon the greatest event in life, &c.—but not to dwell—suffice it to say: the young wife, as in duty bound, intended to do her best; or quietly speaking, *distinguish* herself. The prestige of a good name at the start, is everything in the battle of life—as important, be it remembered, to a good cook, or a discreet housewife, as to a general. The grand climax of all great and good country dinners, upon which every eye was fixed in those thanksgiving days, was the huge *Chicken Pie*; every thing else played second fiddle, or was next to nowhere at all. So it was on grandmother's reception day.

Uncle Isaac, her husband, was an awe-inspiring and very dignified personage—had been over to old England and heard Bow Bells chime, and all that—could do

the honors of his table like an English squire. When Isaac came down with the glistening knife upon that pie, silence and he alone reigned supreme! With the first bold incision, an unwonted smell came forth; some half-whistled at the table, contrary to good manners; gladly would they have whittled a stick to keep from it, but they had none; meanwhile the ladies pinched their noses so sharply out of shape, while their cheeks swelled into such babyish proportions that the scene put on a comical aspect; finally one incontinent twitter burst, and broke a hole so big, that it let the whole out at once. Uncle Isaac still self-possessed, unbent his dignity so far as to look around enquiringly of grandmother. She, poor victim, red as a rose, and innocent as a lamb, would have taken her oath on the Family Bible that cleaner, sweeter meat was never seen! It was no use treating the matter seriously, now that the fun was up. It was naively, cruelly suggested that there must be something in it.

This threw a great deal of light upon the subject. It was further insinuated that somebody had played a trick; but unfortunately there was no *sinner* about to lay it to.

The diamond dew-drops of the heart peeped forth and glistened in grandmother's eyes—instantly the mirth was checked. But grandpa wasn't a bit like me, or he would have kissed her in such an extremity, without caring who knew it.

Ever after this well-nigh tragic disaster, one was sure to see a supplement to her chicken pies in the shape of an extraordinary big trap door ventilator, crowning the top. I, like an impertinent boy, as I was, must needs know the "why and wherefore," "and what the dickens, this or that was there for;" otherwise perhaps posterity might never have been one whit the wiser for her woful experiences.

Rarely have we felt called upon to apol-

ogise for her dinners; and never for the final dessert.

She took the best papers and periodicals in the country, which were brought out, and served up *a la mode*; then came the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" you read of. Each one, as occasion offered, reading out whatever pleased or interested them, without ever dreaming of interrupting any one; and as all were in equal freedom, the variety was as charming as the different tones in a choice musical performance.

It is always easy to glide with interest into the ruling current of thought and feeling, or tacitly retire with grace when no note of interest responds.

A new broom is said to sweep clean; but according to grandmother's notions it always kicked up such a dust over everything, that she seldom or never introduced one into her parlor, or finest carpeted rooms. She thought brooms very good helps in their way, but better suited to the kitchen and such like common-place purposes of life.

She *mopped her carpets*.—"What! mop carpets? O, you must be joking." No, indeed, we are in downright earnest. Suppose you take grandmother's notion on trial before you unchurch a good christian idea.

Take a clean cloth, fixed for the purpose, and a bucket of water; wring it out well; and begin rolling and licking up the dust and dirt—change waters often, and when done, her word for it, a brighter gloss never shone out of a new carpet. If Providence has blest you with the costliest, richest, velvet carpets, so much the more need of the good old lady's advice.

Long years ago, when she lived in the country and looked after the dairy, she entertained her dairy notions too.

Her churn went by water in the most approved style of the times; but even this apparently perfected improvement

was superseded and laid aside as useless, for good and sufficient reasons—

"Which we will state if 'tis your pleasure,
Much more at large when more at leisure." K.

SONG.

Do the sunbeams still play as brightly,
And the birds unto the lattice come—
Do the footsteps still fall as lightly
As they did when I dwelt in our home?

CHORUS.

Lonely shades are stealing round me,
And I'm sad with a wearying pain, [ward,
As my heart wanders homeward, home—
Where my footsteps may never stray again.

One will miss my voice in the hours,
When the blooming May calls to the grove
The gay child with garlands of flowers,
And the youths with the legends of their love.

CHORUS—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

The loved ones will look for my coming,
Till their eyes grow weary with their watch, [ing
But the door where woodbines are bloom—
Shall ne'er ope with my hand upon the latch.

CHORUS—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

[Continued from page 270.]

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

SECOND LEGEND.

Translated from the German,

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

"'So be it,' he said, gloomily; 'I shall brave the world again; I shall hurry and speed, beg and steal, plan and act, to gain the prize thou deemest necessary to win thee. Until then we shall not meet.' In such a manner I treated poor Benedix; he went off in anger, his good genius left him, and he was tempted to commit an act at which his heart I know revolted."

The respectable citizen shook his head on hearing this, and after a while thoughtfully exclaimed—"This is remarkable!

But why," he added, "dost thou thus fill the forest with thy lamentations, without benefit to thyself or to thy lover?"

"Kind sir," she responded, "I was on the road to Hirschberg, when, nearly overcome by anguish, I took refuge under this tree."

"And pray, what wouldst thou do in Hirschberg?"

"Kneel before the executioner; startle all the town with my pleading, and call on its daughters to join me in my supplications. Perhaps the judges will deal mercifully, and spare the young man's life; else I shall gladly die with him."

The gnome in the height of his emotions forgot his revenge, and made it a point of gallantry to give back the youth to his distracted lover.

"Dry thy tears," said he, sympathizingly, "and give not thyself up to sorrow. Before another sun shall rise, thy sweet-heart will be free. Be awake to-morrow at the first cock-crow, listen for a finger knock at thy window, for Benedix will be asking and waiting for admittance. Beware that thy prudishness does not drive him to desperation in future. I may tell thee, besides, that he did not commit the crime of which he is accused; neither has thy wilfulness instigated him, as yet, to do wrong."

This speech astonished the girl, and she looked long and earnestly in his face; but failing there to discover any signs of trifling humor, she gained confidence, and the clouds on her brow dispersed, as she said, between joy and hope:

"If you scoff not at me, but speak the truth, you must be a prophet, or my Benedix's good genius, thus to know all beforehand."

"His good genius!" exclaimed Turnip-Counter, somewhat astonished; "no—I am something less than that. However, I may become so—we shall see! I am a citizen of Hirschberg, and sat against him in judgment; but his innocence has

been proclaimed, therefore have no fear for his life. I go to strip his chains, because I have great influence in town. Cheer up, and return home in peace." The damsel obeyed, although fear and hope kept her mind alternately on the rack.

Meanwhile the padre labored hard in preparing the culprit for the next world. Poor Benedix was an ignorant layman, and better versed in the use of the needle and scissors than the rosary. The *ave* and *paternoster* with him were nothing, and the *credo* he knew only by name; nevertheless the zealous monk devoted himself for two days to the work of instructing his pupil. Even then the poor sinner would season the formula with groans, and such stray exclamations as—"Ah! Clare! Clare!" and thus spoil the lesson. The religion of the pious father caused him to picture hell as a terribly hot place, and so lively was his description of it, that he made the stray lamb of the flock throw off streams of perspiration, and impressed him with the prospect in view to such an extent as fully to obliterate Clare from his memory.

"Thy misdeeds, my son," the holy man argued, "are great; yet do not despair—the flames of purgatory will purify thee. It was fortunate after all, that thou didst not harm an orthodox Christian, as in such a case for thousands of years thou wouldst stand up to thy neck in a scathing sulphur-pit, as a just punishment for thy wickedness. However, as the robbery was only committed on a despicable Jew, thy soul becomes pure like virgin gold in the space of a century, while the number of masses I shall read for its benefit will only require thee to wade girdle deep in ever-burning lava."

Benedix, aware as he was of his innocence, nevertheless blindly believed in his confessor's binding and absolving power; he did not count upon a revision of judgment in the world to come,

in spite of the "poor show" they had given him in this one. Yet he did what seemed to him the most practical act; he pleaded with his spiritual adviser for mercy so earnestly, and chaffered with him to such an extent, that at length a knee-deep immersion in the fire-bath was conceded him; but there the negotiation ceased, without the abbreviation of another inch.

The priest, wishing the delinquent a last good night, had just left the prison, when he came across Turnip-Counter, who this time had adopted the invisible style of clothing; but he could not make up his mind as to the best manner of liberating the poor tailor, without spoiling for the judges their case in hand, for their prompt action in the matter had won his admiration. Now a thought struck him, exactly to his liking. He followed the monk into the convent, borrowed a cowl out of its wardrobe, and tried the fit. Thus disguised, he sought, as a father confessor, admittance at the prison, to which the jailor with due reverence responded. Once in the prisoner's cell, he thus addressed him:

"The care for thy soul, after my short departure, once more calls me hither. Let me know, my son, if thou hast anything yet untold upon thy heart and conscience, that I may console thee."

"Reverend father," Benedix answered, "my conscience troubles me much less than thy purgatory, which gives me fear and anxiety; it squeezes my heart as if it were in the thumb-screw."

Friend Turnip-Counter had very crude and jumbled notions of theological matters, wherefore a cross-question on his part—"How do you mean?"—could be well enough accounted for.

"Ah!" Benedix interposed, "I cannot stand that wading knee-deep in the fire-pit!"

"Fool!" repeated the other, "why not keep out of it, if the bath be too hot?"

Benedix thought that a screw was loose somewhere, and he stared at the priest in a manner that warned him not to commit another blunder; and he turned away abruptly, saying: "but of that some other time; what about Clare? Dost thou love her still as thy bride? Hast thou a message for her at thy last hour? If so, let me know."

The young man felt the magical effect of that name with such force, that he gave vent to cries and sobs, without being able to speak. The monk, in pity, thought it about time to put an end to the performance. "Poor fellow," he said, "keep quiet and take courage, thou shalt not die. I know thee to be innocent, and thy hands clean of the imputed crime; therefore I have resolved to open the prison and unlock these chains." He drew forth a key from his pocket, saying, "Let me see if it will fit the lock;" the experiment proved satisfactory, the iron dropped from the prisoner's hands and feet, and he stood unencumbered. Next, the monk changed clothes with Benedix, saying, "Pass slowly out, like one of our brotherhood, through the outside guards and down the street, until thou reachest the boundary-line of the town, then hasten with all thy speed to gain the mountains; rest not, until thou art in Liebenau, at Clare's house; then knock softly at the window, for there is no harm in that, if she is waiting."

Benedix thought that this must be all a dream; he rubbed his eyes, and pinched his arms, to find out his real condition and situation, and when he found that he was wide awake, he fell down before his deliverer, embraced his knees, and tried to stammer his thanks. But as time was valuable, he gratefully took the proffered loaf of bread and a sausage with him, to lunch upon, and passed the sombre prison walls, trembling for fear of being recognized. Yet, the sacred cowl possessed such excellent virtues in

disguise, that the jailors never would have thought the bird it covered was one of different feathers.

Clare, lonely and depressed, sat in her little chamber, listening to the whispering wind, and starting at the footsteps of every passer-by. Hark! did not something rustle at the window shutter?—was that not the door-knocker which sounded? With fluttering heart she jumped to her feet, peeped through the wicket and found herself disappointed. Time wore on; the roosters in the neighborhood shook their wings, while their crowing told of the breaking of day, as the convent bell sounded to matins. To her it sounded like a death knell and burial requiem; the night watch blew his horn for the last time, to rouse the sleepy female bakers to their early work.* Clare's lamp burned dull, because its oil gave out; her anxiety rose with each passing moment, which must account for her neglect to notice the splendid rose of good omen, as it burned at the glowing wick.† Her heart sickened, but tears flowed freely, when she sighed: "Benedix! Benedix! what a terrible day is breaking for both of us!"

From the window she beheld the sky towards Hirschberg of a bloody red, while black clouds flitted like messengers of evil across the horizon. It was enough to make a feverish and excited brain reel. Finding relief in a sort of dull apathy, she did not observe the dead silence around. This was broken by three light but distinct knocks at the window; surely it was a reality this time. A sensation of awe crept over her, and she rose quickly, but could not repress a scream at hear-

*In accordance, of course, with the customs of the country where these scenes are laid.

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

† Superstition feeds not only on strange phenomena but also on trifles. A chip observed by the initiated from a burning candle wick, is made the fore-warner of some misfortune; a rose, the reverse, although it requires a queer noddle to find chips, roses, and burning wicks, so near related to one another.

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

ing a voice whisper from outside, "Sweet love! art thou awake?" In a twinkling she stood at the door. "Oh! Benedix, dost thou come, or is it thy ghost?" Beholding the reverend father, she dropped down in horror; but, happily, his faithful arm and kisses of love—acknowledged to be the best remedy for all hysteric fits of this kind—soon restored her to consciousness again. The first joy of their re-union over, Benedix attempted to tell her of his wonderful escape from the sombre prison, but his tongue, from painful thirst, stuck to his mouth, until Clare brought him some fresh water; this revived him, but hunger exercised its cravings, and Clare had the only common panacea of lovers, salt and bread, over which many an impassioned couple have vowed somewhat rashly, perhaps, to enjoy life satisfied, and happy together. He remembered his sausage, drew it from his pocket, somewhat astonished at finding it heavier than a horse-shoe; but this did not prevent him from breaking it asunder, when lo! the bright gold pieces dropped to the floor, occasioning Clare new anxiety, doubting as she did, if Benedix, after all, was as innocent as the gentleman from the forest had proclaimed him to be, and the gold not a part of the plunder.

In making her understand how the good monk undoubtedly had bestowed on him this treasure, to commence house-keeping decently, the youth's honest face went far to convince her that he spoke the truth. With deep gratitude, both blessed the generous benefactor; they left their birth-place and settled in Prague, where Master Benedix as a man of means, lived with Clare for his wife, in conjugal happiness, surrounded by a numerous offspring. So deeply had the fear of the gallows taken hold of him, that he never acted dishonestly against his customers, (in opposition to a settled habit of his craft) and he never appro-

priated the smallest trifle of cloth as cabbage* from its owner.

About the same time that Clare heard her lover's taps at the window, a person knocked at the prison door in Hirschburg; this was no other than the real father confessor, anxious to deliver up his pupil to the hang-man, in a manner that reflected credit on the master. Turnip-Counter had taken up the delinquent's part, and in honor of justice resolved to go through with it; to suit the case, he seemed to meet his fate with fortitude; to the monk's great delight, as the blessed reward of his holy labors. Satisfied in his own mind, he ordered the penitent's chains taken off, as he would have him confess, and then absolve him; but after all he thought that it would be well to make him repeat the yesterday's lesson over. What dire disappointment for the good father to find that credo and everything creditable had vanished from the fellow's memory, like smoke from the chimney. The priest was certain that Satan had a hand in the matter. Exorcism was resorted to, but all endeavors to make him leave the victim, that he might take care of his soul, were in vain, neither would the credo come home to his memory. No further respite could be granted, no further delay in favor of a hardened sinner was allowed; and he was taken to the place of execution.

Pushed from off the ladder, Turnip-Counter sprawled to his heart's content, and with such vigor did he ply at the rope that the hangman felt afraid lest some of

* One of Musaeus's good-natured jokes. Tailors are a much abused craft in some parts of Germany. Since the tailor, John of Leyden, betook himself to the goat-skin, and thus produced his historical feats on the rampart of the beleaguered city, the goat, among other varieties, has been the symbolic standard of the fraternity; besides, turning up one's nose in contempt at a person being of "tailor's weight," ranks in force of point with the English "only small potatoes"; but the severest charge laid at their door is, it is said, a habit adroitly to cut out of the piece of cloth, handed them by a customer for a new suit, enough to make up another suit for themselves. Such cloth, along with odds and ends, is thrown, till resurrection time, in the large drawer or "capacious hell" of the workman. NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

the crowd who were looking on should hint that they ought to stone him for doing his work so bunglingly, and to which must be ascribed the horrid torture of the dying man. Now, as Turnip-Counter wanted to avoid any new misfortune, he settled himself in a rigid position, and pretended to be dead; however, when the people had dispersed, and some persons, taking a walk near the gallows, stepped up to have a look at the corpse, the wag played his odd tricks again, and his grimaces were such that he made them take to their heels in great consternation.

It being noised abroad that the hanged individual was unable to die, and had got off so many strange antics as to astonish the people, the report induced the Senate to send off a committee of investigation early the following morning. When they arrived, their surprise may be guessed at, to find a man of straw only, covered with rags, and swinging from the suspended beam like a scare-crow; such as people sometimes put up among their green peas, to keep the sparrows at a respectable distance from the garden—who quietly was put by, and a report circulated that the tailor being of “easy weight,” was blown away by the high wind, (!) last night, and was far beyond the frontiers.

FANCIES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Rest!

Rest for the troubled soul,
Whose turbid waters roll
Their solemn dirges
In sullen surges

Up from the gloomy caverns of my breast,
Flinging their spray of salt and bitter tears
Over the skeleton wrecks of bygone years,
Driven upon the rocks in wild unrest!
Gay barks were they of youth,
Freighted with love and truth,

With sails all spread to catch life's balmy
But in the gloom of night, [breeze,
Before the tempest's might,
Amid the breaker's roar
Went down forevermore,
And hope, and love, and faith, were buried
in the seas.

II.

Peace!

From labor comes a sweet release,
A relaxation which the toil-worn mind,
Throbbing with thought, so longs to find,
Here, all its stormy surgings cease.
Birds flood with song the incense-laden air,
Which softly bathes the heated brow of care,
'Till the sweet warblers in the olive trees
Seem soft Æolians awakened by the breeze,
Which waft the thoughts into the land of
dreams,
As wild flowers float away on meadow
streams.

III.

Rest!

The balmy air floats lazily around,
The trees are rustling with a soothing sound,
The sun is slowly sinking in the west;
Delicious peaches in the foliage green
Hide their red cheeks, half blushing to be
seen,
While their rich lips in softest touches meet
Each stealing from the other kisses sweet.
The pear trees shower their fulness on the
plain,
In luscious drops of Autumn's golden rain;
So let the memories which these scenes
recall
Ripen in idleness, and thickly fall,
While twilight hours lull every dreamy sense
In deep, delicious, dreamy indolence.

IV.

Dream!

The silver stars which flood the skies
Beam brightly down, like love-lit eyes.
Dream!
Sweet pictures of the dear home band
Far, far away in Eastern land—
Some now walk heaven's sapphire strand,
And one comes back whose name has long

Been whispered by an Angel throng—

Thus would I dream,

'Till morning's beam,

And float aback on times' swift stream,

Forget the present, let the past

Bring, rest, and peace, and love at last.

The twilight hour, so still and calm,

Shall breathe a dreamy vesper psalm,

And soothe me with the quiet joy

Which blessed my spirit when a boy.

TRYING MOMENTS.

An incident, though of small moment, occurring within hearing, at my hotel one morning, gave rise to some reflections, and I now submit both the incident and reflections (or a few of them) to the consideration of all who may deem them worthy of perusal.

It was early in the morning, a gentleman, his wife, and their little son some five years old, occupied the room adjoining mine, separated only by a cloth and paper partition, thus making me, *nolens volens*, a listener to what I am here relating. It seems that a friend intended leaving that morning for the home town of the parents and child; the little boy, being an earlier riser than his parents, had been up and invited by this friend to accompany him home, one day in advance of his parents. Elated with the proffer, he ran up stairs to his father and mother and asked them if he might go. Their consent was readily given; but how sincere the mother was in thus consenting to part with her son for *one day*, I leave mothers to judge—at any rate the lips and voice gave the consent.

When all was ready, she bade him come and give father and mother a parting kiss, readily and heartily (judging from the sound) it was given—all was accomplished but to walk out of the presence of his parents; but here came "trying moments." Those little feet whose movements so recently over the floor, and up and down the stair-way, made merry

music, were still and silent—that little voice, all gleeful and mirthful, in a moment was hushed in silence—for the first time the painful reality broke upon his youthful mind that he was going away from his father and mother. Probably he began to wonder who would kiss away his little troubles, and when night came, disrobe and lay him down to his evening slumbers. Halting and hesitating a moment, the wells of filial love breaking loose, overflowed his little heart, and with sobs and tears he retraced his steps and ran to the arms of his mother, already outstretched to receive him. To the mother too, these were "trying moments." Could her boy, so young, voluntarily leave her for a whole day? And when she found filial love so deep seated in her son, her joy may be judged by her utterance of such expressions as these:—"I knew mother's boy could'n't go away and leave her." "If that old stage had upset and killed him, what would mother have done for a little boy." "His mother's only darling;" and others of similar character.

And thus it is from childhood, from our earliest infancy to life's close, and at almost every step we take, we are met with "trying moments,"

When the child-boy has arrived at an age deemed advisable by his parents to be sent from home to an academy or college, to acquire an education, that he may be qualified to discharge, with credit and profit, the duties and requirements of life; the selection of location having been made, his clothing arranged and packed, the carriage to bear him away standing at the door, and he for the first time is called upon to take leave of a kind father who has always loved and provided for him; of a devoted mother, who watched over and nursed him during his infancy, and at whose knee he had been taught and accustomed to lisp his infantile, evening vesper—when smaller brothers

and sisters, with tearful eyes stand around to receive the parting kiss; and his own heart, ready to burst asunder by suppressed emotion; to him, these are "trying moments!" He must have a stout heart, indeed, and one not to be envied, who can pass through them unmoved. But the absence is to be only temporary; in a little while—consoling thought—he will return doubly endeared to those whose leave-taking now constitute his "trying moments."

Follow a little farther the boy-subject of our reflections. In a few years, with diploma in his pocket, having acquired the advantages which education gives, returns to the parental roof; but his stay is of short duration; it has become necessary for him now to enter upon the duties of manhood life. It is true, the world is before him, but how dark and gloomy the prospect of success. In the various pursuits and professions, every department seems already overcrowded, and by each aspirant who would swell the number, instead of extending the helping hand of encouragement to meet and hail him as a brother and co-worker, he is scowled upon and repulsed. Hitherto he has always had a home, and been surrounded by those that loved and cared for him. In sickness nursed by a devoted mother and kind sisters, and all his wants provided for by an indulgent father; now he is to leave his old home—to expatriate himself from kindred and friends, to seek a new home in a world unknown and untried. The time has come, and he must again take leave—for aught he knows, a last and final leave of his childhood home, and be borne away from all that is near and dear to him in life—these are "trying moments."

A little further, and there are moments of still greater trial than these if his aspirations lead to eminence or distinction. The goal of ambition being a knowledge of the science and practice of law—after

having passed through years of adversity and sacrifice, burning the midnight oil in laborious research and study.

We will not stop to recount the moments of trial which come and go with the days, weeks, and months, and often years which intervene between the new fledgling of the bar and his *first case*. They are negative in their character, and require only patience, perseverance, industry, and a moderate share of good common sense to overcome them all; for, at some stated period, after putting up his "shingle" the first client makes his appearance and states the facts which are to constitute his *first case*. This long looked for, important personage having introduced himself and stated his case, and desiring "advice;" to know what his remedy is—it may be said presents to the new novice the "moments of trial"—but it is of another time, and a different occasion I would now speak.

After having successfully overcome each difficulty in its progress—the *first case* has so far been presented that nothing remains but the "summing up" and to make his plea to the jury." His opposing counsel for hours, has dealt in eloquent appeals to the jury—has dwelt long upon the great injury and injustice attempted to be practiced upon his client, and has left them to hear what may be said in a cause so manifestly unjust. The time has now come when he must stand up before the court and jury—surrounded by a promiscuous crowd of idle, curious, criticizing spectators. All eyes are directed to the spot where he sits, expecting to see him rise and make his *debut*—borne down by the weight of anxiety and excitement consequent upon the occasion, the many pointed, convincing arguments and appeals which had crowded themselves upon his mind, all suitable to the case, have now vanished from his mental vision. But he cannot longer sit—he must rise—he does rise, and though he knows

not what to say, would speak, but is denied the power of utterance. One expedient, and but one, stands between him and failure—ruin; it is a glass of water—he seizes it and while slowly emptying its cooling contents, seeks to compose his thoughts and remove the cloud from his mind. It is his last auxiliary—the terrible, death-like stillness must be broken—these, these are “trying moments.”

And now, kind reader, I leave these “reflections” to be extended, if desired, by your own reflections drawn from your storehouse of observation and experience. The world is full of “trying moments;” they are to be found everywhere, more perhaps in its unwritten, than in its written history. He who would win the prize and experience the exultant joy of victory and triumph—he who would attain to position, honor, wealth, fame, or any of the unnumbered, priceless objects which excite the honorable ambition of the wise and good, must pass through “moments” aye, oftener “hours” of trial; to say nothing of the years of study, toil, and privation which goes before. Let not this truth, however, deter one aspiring spirit from entering the field of contest, but be like unto the sturdy oak; which, striking deeper and deeper its roots, as the storms grow stronger and more violent, it grows and continues to grow taller, until it becomes a majestic tree, and is universally recognized and known as *King* of the forest.

LENAUD.

DAISYBANK.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Little more than two years ago, as I sat in the school-room at noon, a note was handed me. This was on examination day. Upon opening it I read the following:

Dear May:

I know your vacation is near, and you faithfully promised me to spend the time at Daisybank. Cousin Byron has arrived from the East, and is to stay with us this summer. He looks just like that *harp* some little Carlos, who went to Celeste's dancing school, when we did, in the old garret on Washington street, in '53. Oh! you'll admire him so much—he is altogether so charming! So, my dear, throw aside equations and French rules, and come without fail.

FLORENCE.

I hastily replied:

With all my heart. Tell Ben Browning that I'm coming, and that I wish to ride that magnificent black horse of his, “Lassie.” I think I'll like Byron—but not if he isn't as proud as Caesar. You know I always despised a tame, obsequious man.

MAY.

Two mornings after this, I was seated in Col. Ellet's carriage and on my way to visit Florence, my school-mate, who had left us one year before. I had been to see her two or three times during that time, as we were inseparable confidants. We followed the road to San Mateo, and beyond, where we turned off among the hills for several miles, till we came into the little valley, or rather cañon, where a beautiful white cottage appeared, the only one to be seen, and soon I jumped from the carriage and was cordially welcomed by my friends.

Daisybank is situated near the farther end of the cañon, on the high, and in spring time, always daisy-covered bank of a beautiful streamlet “meandering at its own sweet will,” and selfishly taking care to always glide from side to side, where the most lovely flowers grow, and where the most graceful shade-trees bend low.

Florence and I christened the place Daisybank, and the brook Afton—for we always loved that streamlet and its name, of which Burns so tenderly speaks. Then there was a big, noble oak tree, that we called “Washington.” Surely, if there was ever an earthly paradise, this was

one. Behind the house, the bank sloped far down to the water; then up rose a high, gradually sloping mountain, the side of which was covered with luxuriant foliage, and trees, and mossy stumps, and winding paths. Then such sweet singing birds, so many tiny nests, and squirrels, and creeping vines, and dainty hanging mosses. On the left was an even meadow full of trees and flowers, and green grass. And there that roguish stream gurgled and laughed o'er its pebbles; and beyond were more hills. In front, a well cultivated garden spread out, and beyond that the most beautiful, lazy, rolling hills, velvet-covered, and among which were the oldest of tumbled together rocks, and ups and downs, ever found—a capital place for hide and seek by moonlight. Then the cottage was almost smothered with honeysuckles, Madeira vines, and Australian creepers; sweet roses peeped in at the windows, and the multiflora covered the large bay windows of the library. There was a pretty parlor, a fine library, with vrey comfortable lounges and good books, and an airy dining hall, that opened its wide French windows on the brook-side; and large chambers with white curtains. Oh, it was just my idea of a fine country home! There was not the waft of a breeze that was not sweet—not a laugh or expression from the heart that was not of gladness, and in harmony with the songs of the birds, that looked like winged flowers among the green foliage.

How many such homes there are in California, that thousands know not of. Oh, those lovelier-than-Italian sunbeams do not all dance merely upon torn up golden mountains, and upon hearts whose only prayer is for the precious metal. No, God bless us! there are homes where they shed their heavenly light on flowers of purity, sweetness and contentment, and as the wanderer leans on the gate and "brings his thoughts from their

wanderings," he exclaims, "Oh, home! so much like home! dear, bygone days!"

"'Tis too bad, May, that Byron has gone off hunting; but yet I am glad, for I want you all to myself a while."

So we talked and laughed, and towards evening we made a wreath of wild flowers and followed up the hill-side, behind the house, to place it at the head of her little brother Eddy's grave. I well remember the dear blue eyes that had gone to sleep in the Lamb's bosom, since I first went to Daisybank.

As we returned to the house, I saw a shadow moving on the hill and soon old "Rover," the dog, came up, and following was Mr. Byron Reeve—a handsomer man, by far, than any that I have since seen—to whom I was duly introduced, and at whom I slyly peeped from under my hat. He then turned and left us, politely excusing himself. I had only a glimpse of him—but I will not say what my first impressions were.

"That's my knight! Is not he brilliantly magnificent?" said Florence, enthusiastically, as he left us.

"Decidedly, brilliantly dark," I replied.

"That is just why we golden-haired girls like such—dont we know? I'd like to see the blue-eyed man that we'd admire—would'nt you, May?"

"Guess that is because we are contrary—nevertheless 'tis true. It is nonsense to hear school-girls talking of beaux, anyhow," said I.

"Is it? We'll see. I imagine you have as susceptible a heart as any one. Why, did'nt we used to cuddle down in a corner of the school-yard at recess, and study the 'Lady of Lyons?'—(dont you remember what fun we had in making the gestures in—'Would'st thou have me paint the scene, etc.?) and devour 'Byron' and 'Moore?' and dont we know as much sentimental poetry as any body? Oh, I'd laugh if you were to feel a wild-

beating in your bounding heart, pretty soon!" and we passed into the house.

CHAP. II.

That evening we sat on the piazza and sang, whilst Mr. Reeve accompanied us on the guitar. Then Ben Browning made his appearance and played a real lively old darkey tune—one of those which you cannot help timing with your foot—and "Jim" danced such a plantation jig that made us laugh wildly.

Byron Reeve was from Georgia—but had spent much of his time in traveling when he could get the means, not being a man of wealth. He had gained for himself in the Eastern States quite a reputation as a fine writer.

Col. Ellet, his uncle, being a practical old gentleman, and more of an enthusiast over a new cargo of goods consigned to his care than over any brilliant poetical effusion emanating from a noble and toiling brain, soon denounced him as an idle young rogue, throwing away his life, and that he ought to isolate himself from society, instead of living in fresh air where the glorious beauties of nature lay before him—where his brilliant fancy could wing its flight; and, catching the music of the passing breeze and the mystic words of the monitor flowers, weave them into beautiful notes that would live for ages, cheering the weary and keeping young the joyous hearted—he ought to stand in a dark corner, behind a desk, and scribble from morning until night.

The next morning at breakfast, putting my hands before Florence's blue eyes, I said, "What news from dreamland, little lassie?"

"Only of you and your voice, and, consequently, as Ben Browning would say of you, of all that was charming and delightful, you little mouse!"

"What was *your* dream?" she asked, as we walked up the daisy bank.

"Oh, an exquisitely beautiful one! I

dreamed that I had roses in my hair, and that I was rambling in a lovely Persian grove, redolent of everything that is charming. Sweet spices grew there, and orange-blossoms drooped near my cheek, and the pearl-spray from fragrant fountains lit upon my brow, and white lilies bent lower as I stepped nearer, and mossy tangles hung on the rough rocks of a waterfall, over which a beautiful rainbow hung, as if an angel's wing had swept the air. A mellow light glanced through the trees, and the velvety turf was studded with rare and delicate flowers! Oh, such a lovely spot I never before, even in dreamland, beheld! But yet, that was not what caused the great beauty and love in my heart; 'twas the companionship of one whose every word was music and poetry, such as I had never before known. Though strange, bright birds sang the sweetest lays, yet I listened only to the music that came from his eloquent lips.

"Now, whom think you it was? Ah, you would never guess! None other than the Persian bard, Hafiz. He sang of the dew-drop that kissed the petals of the rose, of the breeze that stole the breath of the sweet white narcissus, of the dropping water that came like tinkling bells to the ear, of the music of the human voice, of the tender glance of the eye, the wild throbbing of the heart, and of the beauty, love and immortality of the soul. Was it not charming?" I asked.

"Indeed, indeed it was! but I hope you didn't enjoy that promenade with the old bald-headed Hafiz?"

"Not at all! for he had the form, voice and features of your cousin Byron."

"He had!" she said, half jealously.

"Yes, and here is the mystery. During this visit to dreamland, I heard constant music; and after I had awakened, still heard the sweetest music of birds, far off, trilling and singing. I listened

to it for half an hour, for I am sure the music continued for that length of time."

"Oh, you are a romantic, superstitious little goose, May! birds singing half an hour in the night! I'm sure you were never more deceived. I guess you have such a musical birdie in your heart that you hear its echo at all times. I think you must be poetical, for don't you remember what a wise old gentleman said to a young man when he asked if he thought him a poet? 'Tell me your dreams, if they are all full of beauty and sentiment, then you do not mistake your calling,' or something of that kind. So I'll go and break a spray of wild laurel to crown your brow."

"Very well, but I cannot help thinking of that mysterious music," replied I.

"Are you so sure? we'll both listen to-night; but I fear no lovely dream will come to wake the fairy-minstrels. I don't know but what they hold their midnight revels in the damask roses at my window. We'll see."

By this time we had wandered over the hill and down the other side, near a clear, beautiful lake, almost smothered by the graceful foliage that margined it. As this was as near the "Como" of our imagination as any thing we had seen, it was so called — Como in miniature. We sat down on a grassy plot beneath a big tree, overlooking the waters, and quietly chatted. Soon as I jumped up, a voice familiar said, "Voyons donc, Mesdemoiselles! ne vonges pas!"

"Nous voila donc, devant le grand Horace Vernet! Eh bien! Allez toujours, nous y voila!" for upon looking on a little rise to the right of us, I beheld Mr. Reeve with a sketch-book, and we sat still for some time, weaving delicate wreaths from the petals of the wild larkspur that lay in our laps.

"Please to give my nose a Grecian turn, Mr. Artist, as almost every painter flatters!" said I.

"And I command that my face be Madonna-like, after the old Spanish Murillo!" followed Florence.

"Very Grecian and Madonna-like you young sauce-boxes are, with golden ringlets and gipsy hats!" answered the sketcher.

"Does he paint?" I asked.

"Very little, but sketches a great deal, a kind of a Jack at all beautiful trades."

"Including love-making?"

"Of course not, little monkey," said she, putting her hand over my mouth for fear he would hear.

Sure enough, as we peeped over his shoulder, there we were; pretty good likenesses, with "Como" in the front and the tree in the background. Florence bent near enough his cheek to have kissed him, and then very impolitely whispered, when I, fearing I was Mlle. de Trop, went back to the tree, and taking her little copy of "Keats," read. They walked further off, Florence merely turning and saying, "Excuse me, May dear, be there in one moment." I smiled and nodded my head, but very many moments fled, and no young lady returned. There they stood away at the foot of the hill.

I started for the house, and as I came over the hill I was met by Ben Browning, who was just going home.

"You startle as prettily as a fawn, Miss May! How beautifully blue your eyes are this morning," said he, as he looked in my face.

"You are not only a flatterer, but are vain," returned I. "And why? because you are looking at yourself in my eyes."

"And you are not only vain, but proud of their blue."

"Tis only the shade of these violets and lark-spur that are looped in my hat-strings."

"Here, then! I presume as I hold these wild marigolds to my cheek that mine are yellow; or, as I pass through a waving rye-field, they are green; or

among the roses of Florence's balcony, they are damask."

I laughed at the idea, for his were so black.

"If that be true, Miss May, always wear lark-spur or blue-bells near your cheek."

"And you, flattering!" I replied, and leaving him abruptly, ran down the hillside to the house, where I was met by Mrs. Ellet, who said,

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Over by 'Como,' reading 'Keats,'" replied I.

"And what is Florence doing?"

"I left her there, studying Byron very assiduously—perfectly enraptured!"

"And do you not like Byron as well as 'Keats'?"

"Oh, yes, there is more *real life* about the former; still, I am not as enthusiastic an admirer of him as is Florence;" and from my wickedly innocent face she suspected nothing, as she understood that Byron Reeve had gone off on a hunting expedition, no doubt supposing the port-

folio to be a 'shot-bag; whereas he had been sketching Florence, the idol of his dreams, and doubtless murdering the beautiful productions of his renowned namesake. Therefore she only added—

"Ah, my pets are very sentimental this morning."

Perhaps I admired "Browning" most—but, to tell the truth, I didn't, for he had no poetry in his soul—at least, he never breathed it to me. Now, if he could have said something as pretty as this—

"Say over again, and yet once again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem a cuckoo-song, as thou dost treat it;
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed!
Beloved, I, amidst the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry, speak once more—thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance! only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul!"

But I was not at all fascinated.

[Concluded next month.]

Our Social Chair.

MAN, as we have before remarked, is considered the only animal that can really laugh, and of course he never would have been gifted with this power if it was not designed that he should use it. We love to see a man laugh, sometimes—not one of your little *smirks*, but a downright regular *horse laugh*—a laugh which shakes the cobwebs out of his soul, and sends the blood tingling to the ends of his fingers. Every such laugh adds to the sum total of his existence. Heaven deliver us from a man who never laughs; we suspect him at once, and avoid him as we would a grizzly bear.

There are some well bred people who think it clownish to laugh—they smile

sometimes—a sickly smile, which dies from want of blood, before it is fairly born. There are others, who, like the old covenanters of Cromwell, go about with sour faces, thinking it an unpardonable sin to crack a joke, or laugh at others who do crack them. Life is a very serious burden to themselves and to all about them.

There is another class of non-laughers, who carry too much dignity to laugh. They would like to do so, but then it would lower their dignity. Behind a hay stack they might indulge in a vociferous roar, but before folks, oh! never.

Not that we would always have a man grinning like a monkey, but the gravest man is by no means always the wisest. The

owl is perhaps the gravest of birds, and the stupidest. A donkey carries a grave face, and has a great deal of professional dignity, but nobody thinks any more of him for that. Doctors and undertakers are excusable for not laughing—they deal in gravesubjects: folks also with heavy heads, for they cannot appreciate the ridiculous. Schoolmasters needn't laugh, for everybody laughs at them. But common people ought to laugh and grow fat. Laugh—in company, and out of it. A merry laugh is better music than a piano. If you are melancholy, laugh to drive the blues away. If you are gay, laugh because you want to laugh. If you have white teeth, laugh to show them; if you have none, don't pucker up your mouth to hide the loss.

If you have nothing better to laugh at, laugh at this: It is a rich specimen of the art, and the *bona fide* production of a poetical young man "down east"—we know the parties, and vouch for it. Clark, of the *Knickerbocker*, wanted these verses, but he could'n't be accommodated. Here they are; let them tell their own lemancholy story, *verbatim et literatim*:

Written on the sad accident that occurred in Pittsfield, N. H., July 4th, 1853, that brought one of our number to the grave.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

- 1 One more in hand I take my pen
To compose a few lines again
Now look these o'er with tender care
That you may read with equal share
- 2 Perhaps this will make you weep
To think of one that in death doth sleep
To think how soon he was born away
His lifeless body cold as clay
- 3 In the morn was sprightly as any one
At ten o'clock the scene began
It was on the fourth day of July
That one was call'd for to die
- 4 He went out for to celebrate
But how unhappy was his fate
He lingered along in pain and woe
And did expire about two
- 5 O what a wicked life he's run
And what becomes of such a son
That has not made that blessed choice
Nor harkned to the saivours voice
- 6 He has gone we cant tell where
Perhaps he is in misery there

- There to live and always reign
And never to return again
- 7 He did not think being called so soon
But his morning sun sot at noon
And left him in a dismal light
Thus he has gone from our sight
 - 8 Only think of the dreadful woe
That we know not of here below
But how unhappy he must be
To dwell in hell eternally
 - 9 Perhaps the father tried all his might
To train him up as he thought right
But there was something lacking here
That would make him happy in that sphere
 - 10 Now the father has something to reflect
To think how he indulged the son [upon
Perhaps now he would ben here
If it had not ben for the father dear
 - 11 But he had no thoughts of this
That morn was so happy in bliss
But now you can plainly see
Your son has gone far from the
 - 12 Hes left his friends kind parents dear
To mourn the loss of a son so near
Oh they may look with weeping eyes
But the last view in the grave he lies
 - 13 There he must lay and turn to dust
Never more in his fathers trust
There he must lie all silent around
Untill the last trump doth sound
 - 14 Then he must come forth again
Whether he be happy or in pain
If he is sentenced to heaven or hell
None earth knows nor can tell
 - 15 The fathers love the eldest one
Was snatched by death and gone
Hes gone never more to return
Has left his friends in grief to morn
 - 16 Think how soon he was call'd and went
All owing to the sad accident
That happend in the morning of life
That put him in the deepest strife
 - 17 Now dear brothers be not mistaken
For one of you number shurely is taken
One that you loved while here below
Now has gone and left you in deep sorrow

A friend from Shasta relates the following amusing little incident that occurred in that town, and which is well worthy of a place in this Social Chair:

A bright eyed little three year old, was with her father a few days ago on a visit to the Rev. Mr. S. When they were seated at the dinner table, and the minister had begun to

ask a blessing, it being the first thing of the kind she had ever seen or heard, she sat still, struck with wonder, her eyes riveted on the speaker. In the evening, when they were again sitting around the table, and the good old man was engaged in again asking a blessing, her father happened not to be still at the moment, when she remarked to him, in an audible whisper, "pa, pa, be still, the man is going to talk to his plate again."

J. C. C.

BETTING ON A CERTAINTY.—Forty years ago, when nabobs from and in British India were as plentiful as fillibusters are now a-days—when men in that oriental paradise were paid like princes, and spent it like asses, gambling of course was common; but even that was nothing to the constant habit of betting on every possible or impossible thing. Every opinion or statement, if disputed, was backed by a bet, sometimes to an enormous amount. Of the extent of it the following truthful anecdote is an illustration:

M——, a civilian, in Calcutta, high in office, kept a sumptuous table. At dinner, at eight o'clock in the evening, a guest of his—Major Gordon—who was staying with him, remarked, "M——, this table is a little too high, thirty inches is the maximum height for a comfortable dining table." "It suits me very well," said the host, "and, moreover, I am sure it does not exceed thirty inches." "Oh, but it does," quoth Gordon. "I assure you that you are mistaken," said M——. "I wish I was as sure of one thousand mohurs" (\$8000), rejoined Gordon. You had better not bet, for you would lose.." "I am so certain that I'll bet you a thousand."

"Done."

"But I tell you I bet *on a certainty*, so if you like to take it, well and good; but I tell you plainly I bet *on a certainty*."

"Never mind, I am equally sure; so done," said M——.

A rule to measure the table was sent for.

"Now," said Gordon, "if you take my word, we want no rule; you know you

would bet, though I told you I had a certainty; the fact is, I thought the table too high, and I measured it this morning after breakfast." "I know you did," coolly replied M——. "How so?" "I was in the next room, and saw your reflection in the mirror through the open door as you measured it; so I sent for a carpenter after you went out, and cut three-quarters of an inch off each leg!"

A FEW weeks ago, a couple of produce dealers from Contra Costa, arrived at the Broadway wharf, in this city, after having indulged together a little too freely at the bar on the ferry boat, while crossing the bay. Now it so happened—as it has often done before—that the effect of liquor upon the one was to make him more good natured and jovial than when sober; while upon the other it produced the opposite effect, for he became quarrelsome and insulting, and ultimately sent the former a challenge. This was promptly accepted, and by the custom of "the code," the party challenged—whom we will call B—had the choice of weapons.

Now as B. was a man of generous impulses; and moreover, enjoyed a good joke as well as most men, although possessing as much true bravery as any man, he informed G.—who was somewhat of a bully, and consequently a coward—that he would send his friend to him to make all the necessary arrangements for their duel.

G. went away in a very melancholy and uncomfortable mood, seriously pondering upon the loss his family would sustain in case of his fall, which was not at all improbable, since B. was always cool and self-possessed, and moreover was an excellent shot. These thoughts sobered him a little; and just as he was reproaching himself for his egregious folly in provoking the quarrel, and for placing the circumstances of his family, and his own life in jeopardy, his second walked in and informed him that he had met B's second, and that every thing was arranged for their hostile meeting, and that he wished his principal to

walk down with him immediately to the end of Clay street wharf, where the duel was to take place.

The first impression of G. was that the place chosen was not altogether suitable; but as his thoughts were mainly with his family, they did not recur to that subject again, or even to suggest an enquiry, as to the kind of weapons to be used. In fact, he heartily wished himself out of it, and but for the laughter and scorn he must provoke, he would even now have apologized rather than fight.

As all the party were near neighbors and friends, who knew G's quarrelsome disposition when in liquor, and wishing to break him of his chivalric impetuosity, taking the cue from B., they readily agreed to have the duel, and dispense with balls in the weapons. It was also otherwise arranged that in order to turn the whole more completely into ridicule, and at the same time restore the parties to good humor, so soon as B. had fired off his balless pistol, he should renew the fire with eggs!

As G. was entirely in the dark upon this arrangement, when his antagonist resorted to this mode of combat, he was taken by surprise, but finding that a similar style of warfare was very handy at his side, partly instigated to it by his second, he returned the fire, when each presented such a ludicrous appearance, covered with egg shells and their contents, that one spontaneous laugh broke from the seconds, in which both the principals most heartily joined, and as the ill feeling was now at an end, they shook hands and were as good friends as ever. Thus ended a bloodless duel, to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

CAPTAIN EVANS was an old naval veteran of sixty-seven; he had lost an arm and an eye years and years before at Navarino, which last action settled his understanding, both legs being carried off by a chain shot. Cork legs were coming into fashion. Capt. E. had a pair of the first quality made for him: he had a false arm and hand; into the latter he could screw a fork or a hook

as occasion required, and being gloved, the deficiency was not easily perceived. As increasing years rendered him infirm, his valets took advantage of him, so that he wrote to his brother—a Somersetshire squire—to send him up some tenant's son as body servant. "No matter how stupid, if but honest and faithful," he wrote.

His brother was absent, and sent to his steward to select a lad. This the steward did, but merely mentioned that Captain Evans was infirm, not apprising the lumpkin of his new master's deficiencies, and sent him to London at once, where the Captain lived.

At ten at night, he arrived, and was immediately shown to Captain Evans' sitting room.

"What is your name?"

"My name be John, zur."

"Well, John, my rascally valet is absent again without leave; help me to bed, as it is late, and then you can go down to your supper."

Adjourning to the bedroom, the old gentleman said,

"John, unscrew my leg."

"Zur," said John.

"Unscrew my leg; this way, see.

John did so, tremblingly.

"John, unscrew my other leg."

"Zur," said John.

"Unscrew the other leg, sir"

John did so, now, in a state of bewilderment.

"John, unscrew this arm."

Trembling still more, to the Captain's great amusement, he obeyed.

"John, put this eye on the table."

John took it as if it would have bitten him.

"Now, John—no I won't take the other eye out—lift me into bed."

This done, the waggish Captain continued, "John, beat up the pillow, it is not comfortable."

It was done.

"Beat it up again, sir: it is quite hard."

Again John shook up the pillow.

"That won't do; John, I can't get my

head comfortable. D—n it, John, *unscrew my head.*"

"No, by G—d, I'll unscrew no more;" and John fled from the room to the kitchen, swearing his master was the d—l, taking himself to pieces like a clock.

As Christmas and New Year come round, think of this, ye lonely bachelors :

Every heart must have a shrine,
Worshipping with love divine;
Souls must ever blend in one,
As the brooks together run.

Stars that shine upon the river,
Waken answering star gleams ever;
Wild flowers, where the fountains flow,
Kiss the flowers which sleep below.

Thus do mortals ever find,
Answering soul and kindred mind;
Feelings blending into one,
As the brooks together run.

As the good natured epistle that follows is brief, as well as sprightly, we shall allow it to speak for itself:

LETTER TO MINERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15, '59.

My Dear Brothers :—

The sweet summer months are passed again, and we have not spoken to each for such a long, long time, I almost fear that you've forgotten little sister May. So soon? But I have not forgotten you, and the old *Magazine* is still one of my best friends, because it speaks so kindly of you.

Do you wish to know where I've been? Well, I'll tell. You are acquainted with "Bessie," who writes so sweetly, are you not? I visited her during the summer. She lives in a little fairy cage, just fit for two such wild birds as she and I were. You remember some gentleman writing to the "*Golden Era*" and saying that "Bessie" had such a *grave-yard kind of a face*, and was never known to smile. *Wall!* if I didn't laugh! Guess he saw the wrong lady. Wish I could peep in her face now, and say, "*look in my roguish eyes, Bessie!*" just to see her spring up and laugh. Why,

we skipped through the flowers, and under the grape and rose covered bowers, like mad-caps. And then such romps, and jokes, and joyous laughs, and songs, and flowers! Dear me! Guess I'd know a *grave face* sooner than most persons!—couldn't live a week where there is such a preventive to mirth. Bessie's nothing but a fun-loving girl, in disposition. When that gentleman comes where I am, I'll just draw my round cheeks down in the shape of an angle, and look as though I had no friends. Wouldn't his description of me be funny enough. If he should, he had better recollect that I have a great many *big brothers* in the mountains, who, I'm sure, would take my part. How could Bessie be unhappy, with such a home, with its thousands of roses, and fruit trees, and birds?

Whilst I was there, every morning a bird came and sang on a rose bush over my window, at dawn. Bless its sweet song! the music is yet in my heart. Thus do these soothing minstrels contribute to our happiness.

I hope that you are very happy, brothers, and that success may come from your honorable labor. Do not forget me, and remember that you have at least one friend in San Francisco.

Where are those brothers who used to write me, Joe and Frank, or Doings? Have they gone away?

Best wishes—best love, and good night, from yours, affectionately,

SISTER MAY.

The Fashions.

Head Dresses.

There never was a time when head dresses were as much worn as they are now. No woman of fashion is seen without them at any hour of the day; nor is this article confined to the simplicity of construction and material, either in quantity or quality, as has often been the governing principle heretofore. Capes are considered the most distinguished ornaments, and many of them, on account of the trimming, cost as much as the dress bonnet, and require nearly as large a base to hold them, but as this article of dress admits of more variation from established rules than any other, every milliner will understand as much from the hints above given as is required for practical purposes.

Bonnets,

Are very useful as well as stylish this

winter, and the tendency to droop the crown less, adds still more to comfort. Velvet, mixed with white chip, and even tulle are very fashionable,

Dresses.

The tight sleeve is most assuredly more stylish and fashionable for promenade and morning dresses than any other; they are not made so very tight to the arm as when they were in fashion in 1848, and have been adopted very readily, not only for the sake of change, but for the merit they have of being warm. The waists, most of them, are plain and high, laced in the back; bows and rosettes down the whole front of the dress where the skirt is plain, have a charming effect, especially for the new style of woolen material, with silk stripes or ribs. We have not space for more this time on the subject of fashion, unless to remark, that with all our heart, as with our best wishes and feelings for your welfare and prosperity, we waft all our dear readers a "Happy New Year's" greeting, and should there be amongst you any who are in want of such articles as cannot be procured in the "mountain towns," we offer our services (gratis) should you consider our taste a criterion for you, from a bridal suit to a plum cake: direct to Fashion Department of Hutchings' California Magazine.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24th, was generally observed throughout the State.

Three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in this city, between 7½ and 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, Nov. 27th.

The Sonora arrived, Nov. 27th, from Panama, with 1047 passengers and 1012 packages of merchandise.

On the 30th Nov. the Uncle Sam arrived with 735 passengers and the U. S. mails.

The Orizaba sailed Nov. 30th, instead of the 21st—owing to her detention at Panama, and consequent late arrival in this port—with 113 passengers.

On the 1st ult. the wages of the laborers on the Government works at Fort Point, were reduced to \$1 90 per day.

A rich decayed quartz vein, of small size, was struck by Indians on the ridge between Hunt and Murphy's Gulches, Calaveras county. It paid as high as \$30 to \$40 per pan.

ELBRIDGE GERRY PAIGE, the large-hearted and gifted author of the deservedly famous "Patent Sermons," most of which

were originally published in the *Golden Era*, under the *nom de plume* of "Dow, Jr.," breathed his last on the evening of the 4th ult.

The Golden Gate and Uncle Sam steamships sailed for Panama on the 5th ult.; the former with 352 passengers and \$1,409,821 in treasure; and the latter with 493 passengers, the U. S. mails, and \$73,520 in treasure.

The Collector of the Port of San Francisco confiscated 148½ carats weight of smuggled diamonds, and which were sold at auction for \$46 50 per carat.

Hay is selling at \$80 per ton in Trinity; and at \$100 per ton in El Dorado county.

The San Francisco Branch Mint closed on the 9th ult., for the purpose of making its customary annual settlement.

An extensive lead mine has been discovered on a tributary of Carson River, near Virginia City.

On the 10th ult. an election was held for Senator, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and San Mateo, when the following votes were polled: for Peachy, 3,178; Hathaway, 1,892; Pierson, 1,401.

Col. J. J. Musser was elected delegate to a seat in Congress from Nevada Territory, vacant by the death of Hon. James M. Crane.

Two Russian steam corvettes, the "Novick," Fedosky, and "Rynda," Andruf, arrived in our harbor, Nov. 11th, from Hakodadi, Japan. They each carry 10 guns, 14 officers, and 163 men.

The Golden Age arrived from Panama on the 12th ult. with 953 passengers and 1264 packages of freight. Time made was 20 days and 16 hours, from New York to San Francisco—the quickest on record.

On the 14th ult. the Orizaba arrived, with 540 passengers, the U. S. mails, and 300 packages of freight.

Nearly 500 Pitt River, Hat Creek, and Sierra Indian prisoners, captured by Gen. Kibbe, passed through this city on their way to the Mendocino Indian Reservation.

At the close of the annual examination of the San Francisco High School, on the 14th ult., the following scholars formed the first graduating class, in the public schools on the Pacific:—Misses, Adelia B. Kimball, Virginia R. Rabe, Mary Casebolt, and Emma J. Swasey; Masters, David R. McKee, Patrick Barry, Frederick Elliott, John Carroll, James R. Estill, Henry Gibbons, Jr., and Robert Wilson.

The new California built war steamer, Saginaw—the first ever built here—made

her trial trip on the 15th ult., and with fifteen pounds of steam sailed twelve miles per hour.

Collections in the various churches of this city, for the Protestant Orphan Asylum, were made on the 11th and 18th ult., amounting to \$1,146.

The price of a through passage to New

York, on the Sonora, was, 1st cabin, \$132; second, \$107 70; steerage, \$47 50, on the 20th ult. By the Orizaba, promenade deck, \$137 50; saloon, \$107; steerage, \$49 50. The former carried away 253 passengers and \$1,812.536, and the latter, 208 passengers, \$25,000 treasure, and the U. S. Mails.

Editor's Table.

66



MERRY Christmas to you! God bless you!" But merry Christmas has come and gone,

you say, and brought with it holy recollections of home, and friends; and carried with it many fond hopes of the future! How many a lonely cabin, half buried in the snows of the Sierras, was lighted up with memories of homes far away; and how many hearts were made glad as they gathered around the happy firesides, on the other slope of the continent, and turned fondly to the golden land, breathing fervent prayers for the safety of some wandering father, or son, or brother?

"A happy New Year!" to one and all, we give from our heart's holiest thoughts and prayers. There is no phrase in the English language more musical than this, when it falls from the lips of those who love us? The music of a well known voice is sweeter than the whisperings of an Æolian; and when the greeting comes from even passing acquaintances, it sends a glow over the affections, quickens our sympathies, makes our hearts lighter, and our smiles more cheerful, and strengthens the ties which unite us to our fellow mortals, who, with us, are drifting down the stream of time.

Even the stranger's voice falls pleasantly upon the ear at such a time. Fortunate is it for us, that, in this country of hurry, excitement, anxiety, reverses, and restless changes, we have the holidays—seasons of relaxation for the overtaxed brain—loop-holes of escape from the toilsome round of daily life, when the mind can forget the bitterness of disappointment, and the heart

go forth to pluck the flowers of friendship, and from our souls we thank God for it.

"A happy New Year!" How many pleasant memories does the wish awaken, how many familiar faces does it call up from the mists of the past. The old years die, but the joys they gave us—their loves, their hopes, their cherished hours—are ours forever. They never die. The happiest moments of our lives, live through all eternity.

"A happy New Year!" Our Chair becomes a sledge, and at the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, away we are dashing across the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, and the broad plains, faster than ever the Esquimaux dogs dashed over the snows of Greenland with Dr. Kane. Away we go, under those wintry skies, where the old year has been wrapped in a shroud of snow, and consigned to the fetters of an icy tomb. The storm-winds of the North howl his death dirge, and Nature's tears are frozen in icicles over his grave. Far behind us, the mild breezes of the South and West, even to the Pacific, are softly sighing his requiem, and the New Year is strewing flowers over his tomb. There, the New Year comes like a blushing maiden, with sunny smiles and airy step; but, over those granite hills of the East, a lusty youth, full of vigor, bounding over deep snows, laughing at the biting frosts, and gliding over the sealed rivers and congealed lakes. The merry music of the sleigh-bells is welcoming in the New Year, and light sledges are chasing the frosty hours over the hills and through the vallies. It is a star light winter evening: the air is clear as a bell; Orion, the Pleiades, Ursa Major, come trooping up the heavens, their bright eyes trembling with delight; the hard

beaten road is of dazzling whiteness; the snow groans and rumbles beneath the runners; and a snug sleigh, silver bells, warm buffalo robes, a muff encasing a pair of hands, whose touch is like an electrical machine; a snug hood, barely revealing cheeks upon which the warm blood blushes and glows like the Northern Lights flashing over the skies, and a voice more musical than ten thousand strings of sleigh-bells, and more than all to think—oh! here we go plunging into a snow bank!

“A happy New Year!” Ye of the frozen North and sunny South, turn back and read if Christmas memories touch any old heart-chord of love and sympathy. May the New Year come to each like those pleasant memories of the past, and when it shall depart, may its memories be treasured up with delight in the casket of the heart. Ye you are happy, may you all be happier still. Ye who have known disappointment, who have seen the brilliant hopes of youth fade away into viewless air, who are sick at heart when you look to the future, may God give you the strength you need. Ye who feel that your life is slowly ebbing away, that the New Years of the future will be few, that ye must leave this beautiful world, with your life half lived; ye who lie awake at night and only pray to God to take you home where the throbbing heart shall cease to pain, gather your thoughts about you, and learn to die like men. The years of destiny shall open to you a nobler life. Let us all love each other more, and thank God for another “Happy New Year.”

THE annual examination of the public schools, in all the principal towns and cities of the State, was held from the first to the fifteenth of the past month; and by the reports received, must have given general satisfaction. Those of this city were thoroughly conducted by various examining committees of the Board of Education, and although scrutinizing care and great impartiality were manifest, the pupils, as a whole, acquitted themselves with laudable proficiency. The article on schools, in our last number, will give the statistics.

That of the High School, which was continued for four days, was particularly interesting, not only from the gratifying success of the students in the numerous and difficult branches that form the course of this institution, but from the fact that eleven of the class that entered three years ago, graduated and received their diplomas;

being the first class of graduates from the Public Schools on the Pacific coast. On this occasion, each of the graduates read or delivered an original composition, that would have done credit to the students of colleges, of greater age, with much more lofty pretensions. The teachers of all the public schools of the city closed the arduous labors of the session by a joyous social reunion at Musical Hall; and the students of the High School gave a select, though large, private subscription party, in Turn Verein Hall, at the end of the examination. Both were well calculated to unite each other in a closer bond of union.

While upon the subject of schools, we wish to call the attention of the Board of Education to the lamentable deficiency of a large majority of the pupils, in the beautiful and useful art of caligraphy; for while it is matter of proud congratulation that nearly all of the “higher branches” are well taught and studied, but few can write a passably decent hand. This is much to be regretted, and should be promptly corrected. We would also suggest, that with one or two happy exceptions, the *physical education* of both sexes is not sufficiently cultivated; although we presume the Board, admit that a well-developed and healthy body is essential to the possession of a clear and vigorous mind, and is, moreover, one of the best assistant teachers they can employ.

To Contributors and Correspondents.


G.—Next month.

T. B. P.—Send us something that will make the heart beat quicker, nobler and better, then we will publish it and thank you.

C. M.—The present American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, passed June 13th, 1777; “That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

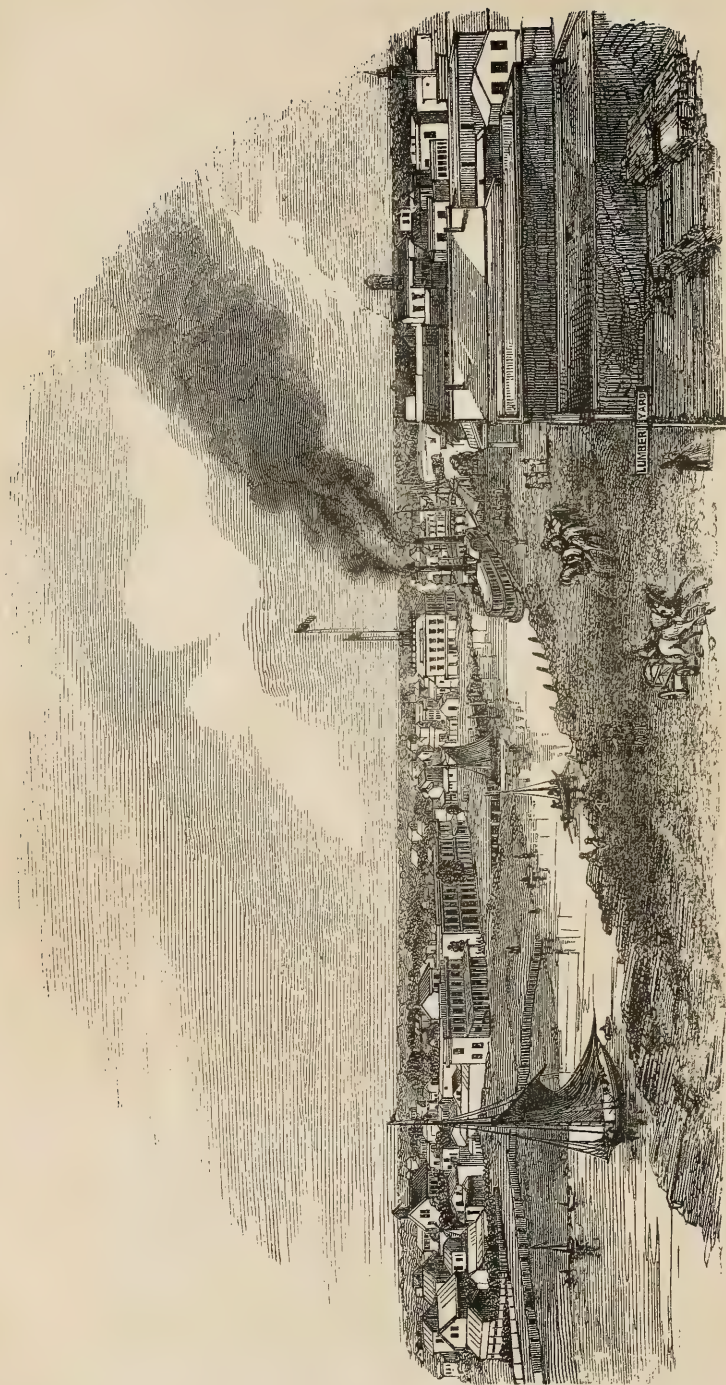
A. W.—Certainly, with pleasure.

T. M.—We should think as much; but if it cost you no trouble to write, (which admission is not very complimentary,) we regret that we cannot say as much for the reading of it, or in the attempt to discover any portion of that excellence which you mention. Declined.

S. J.—Give us your  We take delight in welcoming an earnest and large-souled thinker back again to our columns. A corner is always, and most cordially, at your disposal.



CITY OF STOCKTON.



HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1860. No. 8.

BLESSING THE MINE.



THE ENRIQUETA QUICKSILVER MINE, ON THE MORNING OF DEDICATION.

THE interesting dedicatory ceremonial of Blessing the Mine is a custom of long standing in many Catholic countries, where mining is carried on, especially among those people who speak the Spanish language. Without it, workmen would feel a religious dread, and consequently a timid reluctance to enter upon their daily labors, lest some accidental mishap should overtake them from such an omission. After this has been duly performed, great care is taken to erect a shrine, be it ever so rude, at some convenient point within the mine, to some favorite tutelary saint or protectress, whose benediction they

evoke. Before this shrine each workman devoutly kneels, crosses himself, and repeats his Ave Maria, or Paternoster, prior to entering upon the duties and engagements of the day. At this spot candles are kept burning, both by day and night, and the place is one of sacred awe to all good Catholics. The blessing and dedication of a mine is, consequently, an era of importance, and one not to be lightly passed over, or indifferently celebrated.

On the morning of the day set apart for this ceremony, at the Enriqueta or San Antonio quicksilver mine, the Mexican and Chilian señores and señoras began to flock into the little village at the foot of the cañon, from all the surrounding country, in anticipation of a general holiday, at an early hour.

Of course, at such a time, the proprietor sends out invitations to those guests he is particularly desirous should be present to do honor to the event; but no such form is needed among the workmen and their friends or acquaintances, as they understand that the ceremony itself is a general invitation to all, and they avail themselves of it accordingly.

Arriving in procession at the entrance to the mine, Father Goetz, the Catholic curate of San Jose, performed mass, and formally blessed the mine, and all persons present, and all those who might work in it; during which service, a band of musicians was playing a number of airs. At the close, fire-crackers and the boom of a gun cut in the ground, announced the conclusion of the ceremony on the outside; when they all repaired to the inside, where the Father proceeded to sprinkle holy water, and to bless it.

These duly performed, they repaired to the village, near which is the beautiful residence of Mr. Laurencel, its proprietor, where, in a lovely grove of sycamores, several tables were erected and bounteously covered with good things for

the inner man. "Here were feasted nearly two hundred guests, of both sexes, with choice viands, in magnificent profusion, while native wines, and other light potables flowed in abundance. A large number of specially invited guests were at the same time hospitably and courteously entertained within the house by Mr. Laurencel, his lady, and her household. After dinner, there was music and dancing upon the green, exhibitions of skillful horsemanship, and a variety of amusements, which were participated in by the assembled company with the utmost zest, and were kept up, we understand, until a late hour. The day chosen for this festival was the day of San Antonio, the patron saint of the mine, and the birthday of the little Enriqueta, Mr. Laurencel's daughter, the more immediate patroness of the same."

Recently, while on a visit to San Jose, I visited the newly discovered mines of quicksilver, situated about twelve miles southward from that city.

Our road led across the valley to the south, until arriving at the Los Capitancillos Creek, whence it followed that stream for the remainder of our journey. Upon the banks of this creek, we were told, a tribe of Indians flourished in the early part of this century. They were governed by three chiefs known among the Spanish as the Capitancillos, from whence the stream took its name.

From here the broad valley we had followed stretches away to the eastward, whilst that of the Capitancillos, through which our road lay, tends towards the mountains in the south, narrowing gradually, till it winds around the western extremity of the hills in which lie the three mines of Guadalupe, Enriqueta, and New Almaden. Ascending the valley of the stream, we passed the works of the Guadalupe mine, and some two miles further on arrived at the Enriqueta.

Here we were hospitably received by the enterprising director, Mr. H. Laurencel, from whom we chiefly derived the following particulars.

Veins of quicksilver were long since known to exist in these hills, but owing to the difficulty of finding sufficient quantities of ore to render mining remunerative, nothing of importance was attempted. In November last, Mr. Laurencel employed a party of Irish and Mexican miners to prospect it more thoroughly, and several places were found to be of good promise, and opened. One was called the Providentia mine, another was placed under the protection of Saint Patrick, and at length, in January last, the present Enriqueta Mine was found and immediately opened. During the winter and spring quite a limited number of men carried on the work, but the labors of these few were sufficient to prove that there existed a large deposit. In the beginning of June the work was advanced upon a larger scale, and preparations were made to put up the proper machinery for reducing the ore. Everything was done with dispatch, and on the spot where stood a forest in June, we saw now an establishment so far advanced as to promise to go into operation, producing quicksilver, early in September; good proof of the energy and activity of our California miners.

The system adopted for the reduction of ores, is, I understand, the same that was employed by Dr. Ure, many years since, at the mines of Obermoschel, in the Bavarian Rhein Kreis, and which has proved to be much superior to the systems in practice at the Almaden Mine in Spain, and the Idria mine of Austria.

What the production of this mine will be, is impossible to foresee; but quite a little mountain of ore, already taken out, and what we saw in our descent into the mine, looks well for the future prospect. A large number of Mexican miners were

at work, and as we passed their different parties, I broke from the rocky walls a number of pieces, which, on coming to the light of day, proved to be rich ore.

The location of the Enriqueta Mine is one of considerable beauty. A picturesque valley below, with the winding stream of the Capitancillos, and pleasant groves of oaks and sycamores, looks up on one hand to the hill where the mine is perched, some three hundred and forty or fifty feet above, and on the other to the rugged mountain, rising to the height of between three and four thousand feet. The mine employs about one hundred laborers of all classes; the families added would make a total population already of about four hundred persons. A little village has sprung up near the works, containing many neat cottages, a hotel, and several stores. Two lines of stages run daily between the mine and the city of San Jose.

While here I visited also another spot of considerable interest—a gigantic oak, standing upon a prominent spur of the mountains on the south. It measures some thirty-six feet in circumference, and is, I doubt not, the largest of its family in California. From its commanding position and size, it is visible at a great distance, still towering high, when all the trees around it are dwarfed into the appearance of mere underbrush.

In leaving the Enriqueta Mine, I was more than ever reminded of the immense mineral resources of our State, and of the industry of our people. The works of years of older countries were here the labor of a few short months only.

The county of Santa Clara will find in this mine a new source of wealth, and must rejoice at the diligent prosecution of an enterprise so important. As an old miner, I was gratified at what I saw. What the California miner needs is cheap quicksilver; but, as long as its supply is limited, it is kept up at exorbitant prices

With an increased production and a healthy competition, we may expect soon to see it at such a price as will render it hereafter a small item only in the work-

ing of the quartz mines, so important a source of wealth and prosperity to California. A. E.

SCENES IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

BY J. LAMSON.

THE HARDCRABBLE DITCH.

The above name is no misnomer; no mere fanciful cognomen, without sense or meaning, and adopted without reflection, or consideration of its import. The beauty and euphony (!) of the word may have had, and doubtless did have its influence with the proprietors in selecting it as the title for their ditch and company, and which possesses a significance and expressiveness which every miner well understands.

The owners of this ditch have large tracts of mining claims at Emery's Crossing in Nevada County. A company was formed for the purpose of supplying these claims with water, and the owners of the claims made various proposals to take stock in that company, which were all rejected. So they resolved to construct a ditch for themselves.

It is not my present purpose to give a history of the ditch, with all the trials, vexations and difficulties encountered in its construction. Suffice it to say, that, long before the completion of the work, obstacles were continually met and resolutely overcome.

Both ditches were commenced at nearly the same time, and both were obstinately carried forward to their completion. It was a contest, however, in which one party or the other was destined in the end to suffer a signal defeat. One ditch would supply every demand for

water, and therefore both could not be supported. The former company had money at their command, while the Hardscrabble party were compelled to rely mainly on their credit, and their own bone and muscle. Their adversaries believed they must soon yield the unequal contest, and in this belief they obstinately rejected every proposal for an accommodation, and for a union of the two companies, until the Hardscrabble party found it no longer for their interest either to offer or to accept of any terms. Both ditches were completed, but as the Hardscrabble Company were the only miners to be supplied with water, the opposing ditch, as might have been easily foreseen, proved a total loss to the proprietors, and has since gone to decay. Such instances of unyielding obstinacy and wilful blindness, in the expenditure of money, are not unfrequent in the mines.

The principal proprietors of the Hardscrabble Ditch are Charles Whittier, William Reynolds, and Robert West. They commenced their work in February, 1856, and completed it in September of the same year, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. The ditch takes its supply of water from the Middle Yuba, four miles above Emery's Crossing, where it ends. The river here, like most of the mountain streams of California, is but a series of wild rapids in a deep cañon. In a distance of two miles, the ditch acquires an



THE FLUME OF THE HARDCRABBLE DITCH.

elevation of ninety-eight feet above the river. Here the flume, as seen in the engraving, crosses the river. It is twenty-four inches wide, twenty inches deep, and ninety-eight feet high. It is supported by a frame, the posts of which rest upon an arch of strong lattice work, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, the lower portion of which is elevated about twenty feet above the river at low water.

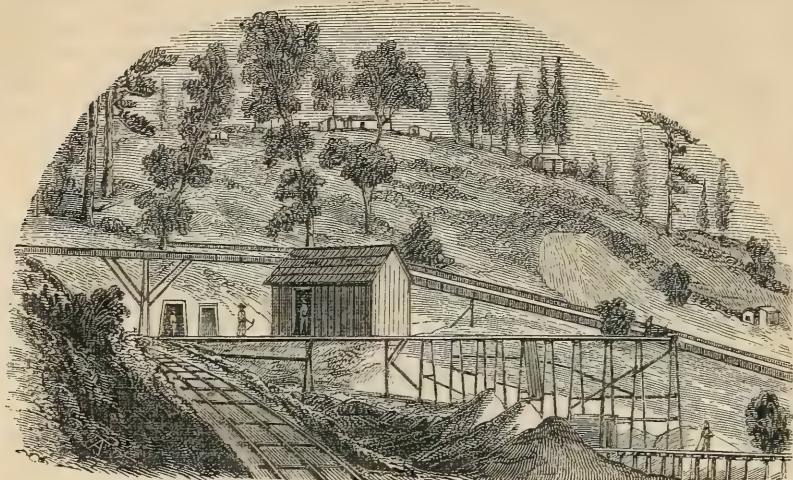
The figure seen upon the flume is Robert West, better known as "Bob." He is the ditch tender; that is, he has to pass and repass along the ditch every day, examine its condition, and make the necessary repairs. It is not every one who can cross that bridge without feeling a slight degree of trepidation; but Bob, having served an apprenticeship before the mast, traverses the narrow plank that covers the flume with the same feeling of security that he would tread the deck of a ship, and often carries heavy loads over it upon his shoulders. On one occasion he transported a small cooking-stove in this manner to his cabin at the head of the ditch. Crossing the river safely, he

had nearly reached his cabin, when, unfortunately coming in contact with a branch of an oak which overhung the ditch, Bob lost his balance, and was pitched headlong into a bed of rocks some six or eight feet below him. Luckily, in the fall, his head intervened between the stove and the rocks, by which the iron utensil was preserved from destruction, while the head, which seemed to have been made of india rubber, received only a slight cut, from which the blood flowed, until the application of a warm quid of tobacco, fresh from Bob's mouth, stanchd the wound, and enabled him to resume his journey, which he accomplished without further mishap.

The proprietors of the Hardscrabble Ditch have reaped a very satisfactory harvest from their investment, and acquired a handsome and well deserved competency by their laborious industry, perseverance and frugality.

THE ROANOKE TUNNEL.

A large portion of the mining, in Placer county, is done in tunnel diggings.



ROANOKE TUNNEL, PLACER COUNTY.

At Iowa Hill, Roach Hill, Monona Flat, and many other localities, the hill sides are perforated in all directions. Occasionally, the tunnels are run so near the surface, and in such numbers, as to render it unsafe to build a house of brick, or other heavy material, over them, from its liability to sink and fall to destruction.

On exploring a tunnel at Roach Hill, the Roanoke, in company with J. W. Myrick, one of the proprietors, I discovered a peculiarity which I had not observed elsewhere, though it may often occur. Having passed in about twelve hundred feet, we came to a perpendicular passage, sixty or seventy feet high, at the head of which the lead was struck, and followed by horizontal drifts. A portion of the passage was occupied by a ladder, for the use of the workmen; the other part was boarded up, in the shape of a long box, to receive the dirt, which is brought to it in cars, upon a rude railway. This box is called a mill. A space is left beneath the box of a sufficient height to run a car under, and a gate is raised, by means of a bar, when the dirt runs down, and the car is loaded with very little labor. The gate is then

shut, and the car is run down the inclined plane to the end of the track, at the mouth of the tunnel, and "dumped" into a heap below. A reservoir, supplied by a ditch, furnishes water to wash the dirt. The water is applied by means of a hose, and the heap of dirt is gradually washed away, and carried down a long sluice, in which the particles of gold are retained, while the earth passes off.

When the car was loaded, Myrick and I placed ourselves on a step in the rear, and crouching down, in order to avoid contact with the roof of the tunnel, which varied from four to six feet in height, we held, or rather hung, by the back of the car, when Myrick loosened the brake and we started off. The inclination of the track was so great, that we went onward with great velocity. In less than two minutes we passed out of the tunnel to the end of the track, and discharged the load. These journeys are not wholly without danger; for, should an axle break, or a wheel run off the track, as often happens, the consequences might be fatal, and are always serious.

THE WOLVERINE TUNNEL.

Soon after my visit to the Roanoke Tunnel, I made a subterranean journey *through the mountain*, entering the Pacific and Queen City Tunnel, on the east side, and coming out through the Wolverine Tunnel on the west. I followed a man with a car for about nine hundred feet, when we came to a mill, similar to that described in the Roanoke Tunnel, and from which the car was to receive its load. Here, taking a lighted candle in my hand, I ascended the shaft by a perpendicular wooden ladder, seventy feet high, at the head of which I was met by a sturdy looking miner, who conducted me to the diggings, where a party of men

were at work. The passage, for a distance of fifty or sixty feet, was very low, narrow and crooked, and we groped our way through it on our hands and knees, when we came to a downward pitch of several feet, when the tunnel assumed its usual height, and we once more stood erect. A little further on, a gate was placed across the tunnel, marking the boundary between the dominions of the company on the east side, and those of the Wolverine on the west. We opened the gate, and found ourselves in an old passage, through which we made our way over heaps of earth and stones. I observed that many of the timbers that supported the sides and roof of the tunnel were crushed and broken, by the great



WOLVERINE TUNNEL, PLACER COUNTY.

weight of the superincumbent earth, and that posts, of great size and strength, had been added, in order to preserve the tunnel. Having passed all these difficult and dangerous passages, we came, at length, to a tolerably lofty and well preserved portion of the tunnel, when my guide left me to pursue my way alone.

A great many lateral drifts ran off from both sides of the main tunnel, some of which had been worked out and deserted, and others were new and in good preser-

vation; and the picks and shovels, scattered about them, denoted that they were still occupied and worked. But I was much surprised not to see a single human being, nor hear a human voice in the tunnel, which, with the exception of my own footsteps, and their reverberations, was as silent as the grave. Once, however, I fancied that I heard a low, distant sound behind me, like the rumbling of a car, which might have been brought out of one of the lateral drifts I had passed.

I stopped and listened for its approach, with some degree of anxiety and trepidation, well knowing that if I were overtaken in that narrow passage, escape would be impossible, and the result would be—a fine item for the newspapers, to wit:—

“Terrible Casualty in a Tunnel.”—The body of an unknown man picked up, horribly mangled, &c.—bones crushed, &c.—run over by a loaded car, &c., &c.—carman’s head smashed, &c.—car, happily, uninjured—no dirt lost!”

My destiny, however, was not yet accomplished. My apprehensions were not realized. I continued my walk, by the light of my candle, until a faint glimmering ahead betokened my approach to the mouth of the tunnel. Quickening my pace, I soon emerged from this subterranean passage, and stood once more in the light of day, breathing freely the pure mountain air, but covered with a profuse perspiration, the effects of my walk and of the confined atmosphere of the under-ground work.

I now discovered the cause of the absence of laborers in the tunnel. Some one of the company had sold his claim. Such an event is almost always the occasion of a treat, which the seller is expected to give. Business had been suspended for this purpose, and here, in a shop belonging to the company, were assembled a party of twenty or thirty Germans, making merry in true German style over a keg of lager beer. The beer, for greater convenience, was drawn into a bucket, as it was required, and, with a tin pint cup, each one helped himself with wonderful freedom. I was immediately led up to the bucket, and a pint of the beer offered me, of which I was not reluctant to partake. I did not tarry long with them, but returned by a trail, over the mountain. The distance through the mountain is nearly a mile, and the total length of the lateral tunnels, or drifts,

probably exceed another mile. A little hamlet, consisting of twenty or thirty small houses, cabins and shops, occupied mainly by miners, has been built up around the mouth of the tunnel. These little mountain homes, scattered promiscuously along the hill side, overlooking a deep ravine far beneath them, and these again overlooked by the mountains which rise above them, form, altogether, a highly romantic scene.

UP THE HILL TOGETHER.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Up the hill together,

When our lives were young,
Hand in hand we wandered on,
And merrily we sung;

Sitting in the orchard,
'Neath the linden tree—
There you first spoke words of love—
Words of love to me.

Up the hill together,
In our wedded pride,
Hand in hand we wandered on,
Our children by our side.

Seated in our cottage,
Listening to their glee,
I was happy then, and you
Was all the world to me.

Up the hill together,
When the moon was high,
Plodding on our dusty way,
Wandered you and I.
In the sultry vineyards,
When the days were long,
How we toiled and cheered each other
With our harvest song!

Down the hill together,
Cheerfully we'll go;
Many loved have gone before us,
Sleeping there, below.
Sleeping in the valley,
They their race have trod;
We will join them o'er the river,
On the hills of God.



THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

It will be remembered that some of the heart-sickening details of this terrible massacre have appeared at different times in the public journals of the day. By the kindness of a friend we are enabled to place before the reader two illustrations of the scenes, and in connection therewith a brief narrative of that fearfully cold-blooded slaughter. Perhaps we ought here to remark that the numerous statements are so very conflicting that we find it next to impossible to give a succinct and reliable history of the sad event; but from the various sources from whence information has been received the following will be found nearly to approximate to correctness.

"A train of Arkansas emigrants, with some few Missourians, said to number forty men, with their families, were on

their way to California, through the Territory of Utah, and had reached a series of grassy valleys, by the Mormons called the Mountain Meadows, where they remained several days recruiting their animals. On the night of September 9th, not suspecting any danger, as usual they quietly retired to rest, little dreaming of the dreadful fate awaiting and soon to overtake them. On the morning of the 10th, as with their wives and families, they stood around their camp-fires passing the congratulations of the morning, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambush, and at the first discharge fifteen of the best men are said to have fallen dead or mortally wounded. To seek the shelter of their *corral* was but the work of a moment, but there they found but limited protection.

"To enable you to appreciate fully the danger of their position, I must give a brief description of the ground. The

encampment, which consisted of a number of tents, and a *corral* of forty wagons, and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the southwest; overlooking them on the northwest, and within rifle-shot, rises a large mound commanding the corral, upon which parapets of stone, with loopholes, have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end. Having crept into these shelters during the darkness of the night, the cowardly assailants fired upon their unsuspecting victims, thus making a beginning to the most brutal butchery ever perpetrated on this continent.

"Surrounded by superior numbers, and by an unseen foe, we are told the little party stood a siege within the corral of several days, sinking their wagon-wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children. A large spring of cool water bubbled up from the sand a few yards from them, but deep down in the ravine, and so well protected that certain death marked the trail of all who had dared approach it. The wounded were dying of thirst; the burning brow and parched lip marked the delirium of fever; they tossed from side to side with anguish; the sweet sound of the water, as it murmured along its pebbly bed, served but to heighten their keenest suffering. But what all this to the pang of leaving to a cruel fate their helpless children? Some of the little ones, who though too young to remember in after years, tell us that they stood by their parents, and pulled the arrows from their bleeding wounds.

"Long had the brave band held together; but the cries of the wounded

sufferers must prevail. For the first time, they are (by four Mormons), offered their lives if they will lay down their arms, and gladly they avail themselves of the proffered mercy. Within a few hundred yards of the corral faith is broken. Disarmed and helpless, they are fallen upon and massacred in cold blood. The savages, who had been driven to the hills, are again called down to what was denominated the 'job,' which more than savage brutality had begun.

"Women and children are now all that remain. Upon these, some of whom had been violated by the Mormon leaders, the savage expends his hoarded vengeance. By a Mormon who has now escaped the threats of the Church we are told that the helpless children clung around the knees of the savages, offering themselves as slaves; but with fiendish laughter at their cruel tortures, knives were thrust into their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their throats cut from ear to ear.

"To-day, I ride by them, but no word of friendly greeting falls upon my ear, no face meets me with a smile of recognition; the empty sockets from their ghastly skulls tell me a tale of horror and of blood. On every side around me for the space of a mile lie the remains of carcasses dismembered by wild beasts; bones, left for nearly two years unburied, bleached in the elements of the mountain wilds, gnawed by the hungry wolf, broken and hardly to be recognized. Garments of babes and little ones, faded and torn, fluttering from each ragged bush, from which the warble of the songster of the desert sounds as mockery. Human hair, once falling in glossy ringlets around childhood's brow or virtue's form, now strewn the plain in masses, matted, and mingling with the musty mould. To-day in one grave, I have buried the bones and skulls of twelve women and children, pierced with the fatal ball or shattered

with the axe. In another the shattered relics of eighteen men, and yet many more await their gloomy resting-place.

I have conversed with the Indians engaged in this massacre. They say that they but obeyed the command of Brigham Young, sent by letter, as soldiers obey the command of their chief; that the Mormons were not only the instigators but the most active participants in the crime; that Mormons led the attack, took possession of the spoil; that much of that spoil still remains with them; and still more, was sold at the tithing office of the church.

Such facts can and will be proved by legal testimony. Sixteen children, varying from two to nine years of age, have been recovered from the Mormons. These could not be induced to utter a word until assured that they were out of the hands of the Mormons and safe in the hands of the Americans. Then their tale is so consonant with itself that it cannot be doubted. Innocence has in truth spoken. Guilt has fled to the mountains. The time fast approaches when justice shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

On sending a statement to Utah Territory, in April last, Brigadier General Clarke directed the officer in command, Major J. H. Carleton, 1st Dragoons, to collect and decently to bury the remains of the victims of the Mountain Meadow Massacre.

Arriving at Mountain Meadows, Maj. Carleton found that the General's wishes had been in part anticipated by Captain R. Campbell, 2nd Dragoons, who, "on his way down," says Major Carleton, "passed this spot, and before my arrival had caused to be collected and buried the bones of twenty-six of the victims."

Major Carleton continues: "On the 20th instant, I took a wagon and a party of men and made a thorough search for others amongst the sage bushes for at

least a mile back from the road that leads to Hamblin's house. Hamblin, himself, shewed Sergeant Fritz, of my party, a spot on the right hand side of the road where he had partially covered up a great many of the bones. These were collected, and a large number of others on the left hand side of the road, up the slope of the hill, and in the ravines and among the bushes. I gathered many of the disjointed bones of thirty-four persons. The number could easily be told by the number of pairs of shoulderblades, and by lower jaws, skulls, and parts of skulls, etc., etc. These, with the remains of two others, gotten in a ravine to the east spring, where they had been interred at



THE MONUMENT.

but little depth—thirty-four in all—I buried in a grave on the northern side of the ditch. Around and above this grave, I caused to be built, of loose granite stones, hauled from the neighboring hills, a rude monument, conical in form, and fifty feet in circumference at the base and twelve feet in height. This is surmounted by a cross, hewn from red cedar wood. From the ground to the top of the cross is twenty-four feet. On the transverse part of the cross, facing towards the north, is an inscription carved deeply in the wood:

"VENGEANCE IS MINE: I WILL REPAY
SAITH THE LORD."

"And on a rude slab of granite, set in the earth and leaning against the northern base of the monument, there are cut the following words:

HERE

120 Men, Women, and Children,
WERE MASSACRED IN COLD BLOOD, EARLY
IN SEPT., 1857.

They were from Arkansas.

"I observed that nearly every skull I saw, had been shot through with rifle or revolver bullets. I did not see one that had been 'broken in with stones.' Doctor Brewer showed me one, that probably of a boy of eighteen, which had been fractured and split, doubtless by two blows of a bowie knife, or other instrument of that character.

"I saw several bones of what must have been very small children. Doctor Brewer says, from what he saw, he thinks some infants were butchered. The mothers, doubtless, had these in their arms, and the same shot, or blow, may have deprived both of life.

"The scene of the massacre, even at this late day, was horrible to look upon. Women's hair, in detached locks, and in masses, hung to the sage bushes and was strewn over the ground in many places. Parts of little children's dresses, and of female costume, dangled from the shrubbery, or lay scattered about; and among these, here and there, on every hand, for at least a mile in the direction of the road, by two miles east and west, there gleamed, bleached white by the weather, the skulls and other bones of those who had suffered. A glance into the wagon, where these had been collected, revealed a sight which can never be forgotten."

The Mormons set up the plea that some of this party poisoned a spring, by which several persons and some stock fell victims. But that so large an amount of poison could be in the possession of an emigrant train is most improbable. On

the other hand it seems scarcely probable that plunder alone could be a sufficient inducement to the murderers to sacrifice so great a number of human lives. Indeed, the *cause* of this wholesale slaughter is to this hour shrouded in mystery. Major Carlton most probably knows it better than any other man, and we much regret that we have not his entire and candid report. That it was committed by Mormons, aided by Indians, there can be no doubt. Judge Cradlebaugh thus brings the matter home to them in his charge to the Grand Jury of Provo City, in March last:

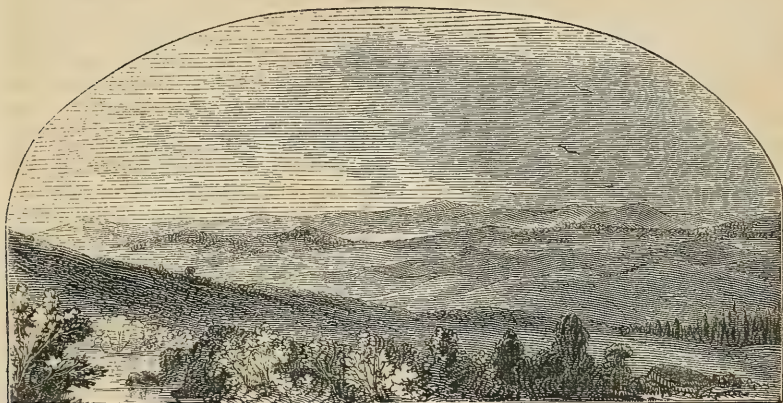
"I may mention to you the massacre at the Mountain Meadows. In that massacre a whole train was cut off, except a few children, who were too young to give evidence in court. It has been said that this offence was committed by the Indians. In committing such an outrage, Indians would not so discriminate as to save only such children as would be unable to give testimony of the transaction in a court of justice. In a general slaughter, if any were to be saved by Indians, they would have been most likely those persons who would give less trouble than infants. But the fact is, there were others there engaged in that horrible crime.

"A large organized body of white persons is to be seen leaving Cedar City late in the evening, all armed, traveling in wagons and on horseback, under the guidance and direction of the prominent men of that place. The object of their mission is a secret to all but those engaged in it. To all others the movement is shrouded in mystery. They are met by another organized band from the town of Harmony. The two bands are consolidated. Speeches are made to them by their desperate leaders in regard to their mission. They proceed in the direction of the Mountain Meadows. In two or three days they may be seen returning from that direction, bearing with them an immense amount of property, consisting of mules, horses, cattle and wagons, as the spoils of their nefarious expedition. Out of a train of one hundred and forty persons, fifteen infants alone remain, who are too young to tell the sad story. That Indians were engaged in it there is no

doubt; but they were incited to engage in it by white men, worse than demons.

"I might give you the names of the leading white persons engaged, but prudence dictates that I should not. It is said that the Chief Kanosh was there. If

so he is amenable to law, and liable to be punished. The Indians complain that in the division of the spoils they did not get their share—that their white brothers in crime did not divide equally with them, but gave them the refuse."



CLEAR LAKE, FROM THE RIDGE NEAR THE GEYSERS.

CLEAR LAKE.

The above excellent sketch of this mountain-bound sheet of water, has been kindly furnished us by Mr. Geo. Tirrell, an artist of great merit, who has spent nearly three years in picturing on canvas the beautiful scenes of California. As we never had the pleasure of seeing this remarkable lake, and as it has been well and fully described in our cotemporary, the *Hesperian*, we take pleasure in transcribing the article entire:

This beautiful Alpine sheet of water, overshadowed and hidden, so to speak, by surrounding peaks of the coast mountain, is one of the many inviting localities of our State, and deserves, as it is destined to be, far better known than it is at present. To the tourist, in search of the picturesque and sublime, the lakes of Switzerland could not present a more attractive feature. It is about fifty miles from Napa City, in a direction a little west of north. The route from the latter place to the lake, passes over alternate ranges of mountains and interven-

ing valleys, presenting a variety of scenery that would well repay the journey, even without the crowning view of one of the greatest natural curiosities of California. Clear Lake is an enormous fountain, having no supply tributaries, save the numerous springs, many of them boiling hot, rising on its margin and perhaps welling up from its bottom. A small river runs from it called Cache Creek, which, after pursuing a southeasterly course about fifty miles, enters the Sacramento Valley, and is lost among the lagoons that border the river. The lake is near the axis or divide of the coast mountains, on their eastern slope, and has an elevation of twelve or fourteen hundred feet above the sea level. The shape is irregular, and extends N. W. from its outlet, in length, about twenty-five miles. The breadth is variable; in traversing the lake from the outlet of Cache Creek, the shores alternately widen and contract from one to three miles, until, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, it is suddenly narrowed to less than half a mile; beyond this, the shores recede away from each other, to meet again in the distance, inclosing a circular basin of twelve miles in diameter; this portion is

known as Big Lake, in contradistinction to the part east of the strait, which is called "Lower Lake." On the south side of the Big Lake is Big Valley, a fertile plain of considerable extent, bounded on the south by a mountain ridge that divides it from the waters of the Pluton river, tributary to Russian river. The portion of the lake east of the straits, is crowded by the mountains, which spring up from the water's edge. Towards the eastern extremity, however, they recede, and a valley is formed that extends five or six miles beyond the lake, down Cache Creek. The peculiar, sinuous shore line, gives rise to numerous little bays and harbors, where the light canoes of the Indians are anchored, when their dusky owners rest from their work of catching fish, or killing wild fowl, with which the water abounds. Several beautiful little islands, elevated but a few feet above the water, shaded with broad-spreading, ever-green oaks—of the extent of from one to fifteen acres, add much to the picturesque effect. To these secluded spots the Indians of the neighboring valleys have retreated; and the wreck of a tribe that, but a few years ago, was counted by thousands, now finds ample room for its diminished numbers on these isolated specks of land. They are a harmless and inoffensive people, and seem to have no difficulty with the whites. They live abundantly on fish and fowl, and the only dread they seem to have, is that they may be forced to go to some Government Reservation.

On the north side the mountains rise from the immediate margin nearly the entire length of the lake, leaving only a narrow pathway near the water. A few little valley coves of exceedingly fertile soil, lie hid in the folds of the mountain, and open to the lake their only outlet. The largest of these is called "Loon Valley," and contains about fifty acres. With this exception the north shore is bold and precipitous. The water has a depth of fifty or sixty feet to within a few yards of the land, all around the northern side; towards the eastern extremity there are, however, several little bays with shelving shores and bottoms. In one of these bays, numerous springs of boiling hot water make their way up through the fissures of the smooth rock bottom, extending from the margin of the water to a distance of two or three hundred feet into the lake, spreading along

the shore to twice that distance, and forming one of the most delightful bathing places imaginable. You can have a bath of almost any temperature, by getting nearer or farther from one of the hot jets. Some caution is, however, requisite, as I found to my cost, by placing my foot, when wading about, over one of these jets. Several such places are observable, where hot water, accompanied with gas, issues from round openings in the rocks. In one place in the centre of the lake, I found gas bubbles, in large quantities, constantly agitating the surface, over an extent of hundreds of acres. The water was seventy-five feet deep, and although the surface presented no increase of temperature, I imagine the bottom was a locality of hot springs, such as I observed along the shore in shallow water. Some of these springs seem to be pure water, others are highly impregnated with mineral matters. The whole neighborhood abounds with mineral springs, generally hot, and the volcanic aspect of the country gives reason to believe that subterranean fires are yet active at no great depth below.

THE CITY OF STOCKTON.

This flourishing commercial city is situated in the valley of the San Joaquin, at the head of a deep navigable slough or arm of the San Joaquin river, about three miles from its junction with that stream. The luxuriant foliage of the trees and shrubs impress the stranger with the great fertility of the soil; and the unusually large number of windmills of the manner of irrigation. So marked a feature as the latter has secured to the locality the cognomen of "the City of Windmills."

The land upon which the city stands is part of a grant made by Gov. Micheltona to Capt. C. M. Weber and Mr. Gulnac, in 1844, and who most probably were the first white settlers in the valley of the San Joaquin; although some Canadian Frenchmen in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. spent several hunting seasons here, commencing as early as 1834.

In 1813 an exploring expedition under Lieut. Gabriel Morago visited this valley, and gave it its present name—the former one being “Valle de los Tulares,” or Valley of Rushes. At that time it was occupied by a large and formidable tribe of Indians, called the Yachicumnes, which in after times was for the most part captured and sent to the Missions Dolores and San Jose, or decimated by the small pox, and now is nearly extinct. Under the maddening influence of their losses by death from that fatal disease, they rose upon the whites, burned their buildings and killed their stock, and forced them to take shelter at the Missions.

In 1846, Mr. Weber, reinforced by a number of emigrants, renewed his efforts to form a settlement; but the war breaking out, compelled him to seek refuge in the larger settlements, until the Bear flag was hoisted, when Capt. Weber, from his knowledge of the country, and the devotedness of those who had placed themselves under his command, was able to render invaluable aid to the American cause.

When the war was concluded, in 1848, another and successful attempt was made to establish a prosperous settlement here, but upon the discovery of gold it was again nearly deserted.

Several cargoes of goods having arrived from San Francisco, for land transportation to the southern mines, were suggestive of the importance of this spot for the foundation of a city, when cloth tents and houses sprung up as if by magic. On the 23d of December, 1849, a fire broke out for the first time, and the “linen city,” as it was then called, was swept away, causing a loss of about \$200,000. Almost before the ruins had ceased smouldering, a new and cleaner “linen city,” with a few wooden buildings, was erected in its place. In the following spring a large proportion of

the cloth houses gave place to wooden structures; and, being now in steam communication with San Francisco, the new city began to grow substantially in importance.

On the 30th of March, 1850, the first weekly Stockton newspaper was published by Radcliffe and White, conducted by Mr. John White.

On the same day the first theatrical performance was given, in the Assembly Room of the Stockton House, by Messrs. Bingham and Fury.

On the 13th of May following, the first election was held—the population then numbering about 2,400.

June 26th, a Fire Department was organized, and J. E. Nuttman elected Chief Engineer.

On the 25th of the following month, an order was received from the County Court, incorporating the City of Stockton, and authorizing the election of officers. On the 1st of August, 1850, an election for municipal officers was held, when seven hundred votes were polled, with the following result: Mayor, Samuel Purdy; Recorder, C. M. Teak; City Attorney, Henry A. Crabb; Treasurer, Geo. D. Brush; Assessor, C. Edmonson; Marshal, T. S. Lubbock.

On the 6th of May, 1851, a fire broke out that nearly destroyed the whole city, at a loss of \$1,500,000. After this conflagration a large number of brick buildings were erected.

In 1852, steps were taken to build a City Hall; and, about the same time, the south wing of what is now the State Asylum for the Insane, was erected as a General Hospital; but which was abolished in 1853, and the Insane Asylum formed into a distinct institution by an act of the Legislature. In 1854 the central building was added, and in 1855 the kitchen, bakery, dining-rooms and bath-rooms were also added.

On the 1st of February, 1856, another

fire destroyed property to the amount of about \$60,000; and on the 30th of July following, by the same cause, about \$40,000 worth of property was swept away.

Of churches there is an Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Catholic, Methodist Episcopal South, First and Second Baptist, Jewish Synagogue, German Methodist, and African Methodist.

There are two daily newspapers published here, the "San Joaquin Republican," Conley & Patrick, proprietors; and the "Stockton Daily Argus," published by Wm. Biven. Each of these issue a weekly edition.

Of Public Schools, there are four—two Grammar and two Primary—in which there are about two hundred scholars in daily attendance, and four teachers, one to each school. There are also four private Seminaries—Dr. Collins', Dr. Hunt's, Miss Bond's, and Mrs. Gates'.

Stockton can boast of having the deepest artesian well in the State, which is 1002 feet in depth, and which throws out 250 gallons of water per minute, 15,000 per hour, and 360,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, to the height of eleven feet above the plain, and nine feet above the city grade. In sinking this well, ninety-six different stratas of loam, clay, mica, green sandstone, pebbles, &c., were passed through. 340 feet from the surface, a redwood stump was found, imbedded in sand from whence a stream of water issued to the top. The temperature of the water is 77° Fahrenheit—the atmosphere there being only 60°. The cost of this well was \$10,000.

Several stages leave daily for different sections in the mines.

One of the principal features connected with the commerce of this city, is the number of large freight wagons, laden for the mines; these have, not inappropriately, been denominated "Prairie Schooners," and "Steamboats of the Plains." Some of these have carried as high as 32,000 pounds of freight.

LARGE MULE TEAM, GOING OUT OF STOCKTON, OFTEN CALLED "PRAIRIE SCHOONERS."



AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 312.]

CHAPTER IX.

The escape from New York.

"Getting the boats out, being well aware
That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee."

BYRON.

LEAVING Major Williams and the patrician officer to their unenviable reflections, let us return to William Emerson, whom we left parting with Harrison at the end of the lane, described as being in the rear of his garden.

Retracing his steps to the gate opposite the back entrance of his own house, he was admitted into the enclosure by his negro Sam, who, carefully securing the bolts, ushered him into the kitchen of the shipwright's house. Here he found awaiting him, Reid, the mechanic himself, and two others. The elder had the appearance of a fisherman, which indeed he was, and one of the many spies at that time in the interest of the continentals. Stephen, who was a Swede by birth, and by the royalist party regarded as a reckless, devil-may-care fellow, seemed perfectly indifferent as to who ruled the revolted colonies, so that he but found a ready market for his fish. In the latter part of their surmise, they were tolerably correct, but in the former they were completely at fault. Avarice was his leading characteristic. Beneath a rollicking exterior, he concealed an amount of cunning that completely deceived the British officials. He had Sir Henry Clinton's permission to follow his avocation within certain limits; and, although he never passed the prescribed boundaries, he had managed to establish a constant communication with certain of

the American authorities. The payment he received was large, and his fox-like cunning had heretofore blinded suspicion, so that he was rapidly acquiring the means of independence.

The other person was a young American, a warm personal friend of Emerson, who was evidently impatient.

"William," said he, "I have been anxious for your arrival, and feared something had occurred to detain you. Here is Stephen, too, who says he wishes to speak to you privately; you had better go into the other room with him for a few moments, for I, too, must then claim your attention."

"Yes, sir, and as I am in a hurry, I wish you would come at once," and leading the way into an adjoining apartment, the fisherman carefully closed the door. "Now, sir," continued he, "have you brought the money agreed upon?"

"Yes," answered Emerson.

"Then, on this Testament swear that, under no circumstances, you will ever tell from whom you received this paper."

Emerson hesitated. "But my friends who are here, how can I keep it from them?"

"Mr. Emerson, a secret, when more than two know it, is never safe; you may make what statement you choose to them, but you must swear not even to hint that you got it from me, either now or hereafter; if not, I keep it and you keep your money, that's all.

Finding that he could in no other way obtain what he desired, William made the necessary asseveration.

"There is the pass," said Stephen, "you had better let your friends think you brought it here with you. Ah! I see that it is more than you expected; I suppose that you would not grudge another hundred dollars."

"No, no, I will not; here is the money," and he placed six hundred dollars in the hands of the fisherman, who, with

a hasty good-night, passed through the kitchen and into his boat at the river's side.

"You have not a moment to lose," said Emerson's friend, as soon as Stephen was fairly gone; "Reid, here, says the flood tide makes in immediately; fortunately, it is very dark, and he has made every preparation. You must be far above Harlem to-night, for if you are in New York to-morrow, you may be sure that you will be a prisoner. What on earth made you tell Dutch Stephen to come here?—we were in continual fear of something betraying our plans."

"I was compelled," answered Emerson, "to tell him to meet me here, for he positively refused to come to my house, although I had business with him, so I named this, as the only place I could see him before I left."

Reid, the shipwright, now proceeded to explain the arrangements which he had made for the departure and escape of young Emerson.*

"The boat," said he, "is ready under my boat house; she is full of water, as I explained to you she would be; a piece of iron ballast is fixed in her bottom, to steady her, and cork all round the gunwale, to give necessary buoyancy; a small paddle will enable you to scull into the centre of the stream, but this you must do very watchfully and slowly. In sculling up stream, as opportunity offers, make towards the Jersey side. Taking the flood with you, you will have it for six hours, till nearly daylight. At first dawn, your safest plan is to land, before you can be seen by the British man-of-war in Tappan Bay."

Hastily attiring himself in a rougher suit of clothes, Emerson proceeded to the boat house, in company with his friend

and the shipwright, who carried a dark lantern.

This boat house was built over a sort of dock, in which was floating a small ship's boat, sunk nearly even with the water's edge. Lashed over her were two or three large branches of trees, such as Harrison had seen Sam carrying into Reid's premises.

At the distance of a few yards, the whole apparatus would have the appearance of a floating tree, or portion of one, drifting with the tide. Emerson, on embarking, had consequently to immerse the lower half of his body in the water, with which the boat was filled; and, mild as the season still was, this was by no means agreeable.

A signal from Sam, who was outside, that the young flood was now running, and that no boats were within sight, was responded to by a fervent farewell, and the removal of the lantern. The shipwright then gently opened the water gate of the boat house, and Emerson, with a few cautious strokes of his sculling paddle, was floating on the bosom of the Hudson. The night was intensely dark, and in a few moments no trace of him was visible to his friends.

Twice was he nearly discovered. First, by a party of officers, coming on shore from the transport recently arrived. They approached close enough to pull a handful of leaves from the branches, and to speculate how far the ebb tide had brought it down, before the flood reversed its progress. Secondly, by one of the man-of-war guard boats. "What is that?" cried the midshipman, holding up a lantern he had in the stern-sheets. "Only part of a tree, blown down by last night's gale, I suppose, sir," said the stroke-oarsman, brushing the leaves with the end of his oar. Thanks to the thickness of the foliage, and the dimness of the light, the young officer was easily satisfied; and great was the relief of the

* NOTE.—The method of escape from New York, precisely as here described, was an actual occurrence in 1778, Mr. John Newton, Jr., being the gentleman, who reached the Highlands in safety.

fugitive on hearing the welcome order, "Give way, my lads."

At the end of three hours, despite sundry drams from his brandy flask, Emerson became so benumbed that he determined to bear it no longer. Carefully releasing the branches of the trees, he pushed them over the stern of the boat. He now fixed on the washboards, supplied by the thoughtful Reid, and which fitted tightly, and commenced bailing the boat out. This occupied him a considerable time, but it being completed, he commenced pulling towards the west side of the river. He judged himself by this time, to be above Manhattan Island, and on recognizing the land, as he approached close to the Jersey side, he found that he was even higher up than he expected.

Laying in his oars, he opened a tin box, secured upon the foremost thwart of the boat, and took from it dry clothes, stockings and boots. Having thoroughly dried himself with a rough towel, he donned these, recommenced rowing briskly, and soon restored circulation to his benumbed limbs.

For three hours more he continued pulling, till he had, with the aid of the tide, reached the lower end of Tappan Bay; when re-crossing the river, just as the dawn was broadening into daylight, he landed a short distance below Tarrytown.

Threading his way carefully, to avoid, if possible, interruption, and to pass more to the eastward, he accomplished about four miles, and approached a farm house to seek refreshments.

Here he suddenly encountered a lieutenant in command of a troop of British horse, who authoritatively and rudely demanded his business, name and destination.

"My name, sir," replied he, "can matter but little to you; my destination and business you can enquire at your

leisure, though perhaps more politely, from the writer of this."

With these words, Emerson handed the officer the paper he had received from the spy fisherman.

"I did not wish to be rude," said the lieutenant, as soon as his eye fell on the well known signature of the British commander-in-chief; "his excellency, I observe, does not mention your name in this, possibly for good reasons; but I should like to be satisfied as to your having honestly obtained it—in a word, if it refers to you at all."

"You can easily ascertain that," coolly answered Emerson, "by detaining me, and sending to New York; but if you do so, the responsibility of my delay, on the business described there as urgent, will rest with yourself."

The Englishman pondered a moment or two, and handing back the paper, said:

"Well, if anything is wrong, it is Sir Henry Clinton's own fault. I shall not detain you."

CHAPTER X.

Death.—Separation.

"Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

[SHAKESPEARE.]

A few miles west from the mouth of the Croton river, where the hills, which mark the approach to the Highlands, render the scenery so beautiful, stood an old farm-house called Bokelen. It had formerly been the residence and property of a Dutch emigrant, called Van Bokelen, but had many years before been purchased by Mr. Reid, the husband of Agnes' maternal aunt, her mother's half-sister. At his death he bequeathed it to the widow, but to revert to their two sons on her demise.

The farm, which was extensive and valuable, had originally borne the name of its first proprietor; but the *Van* had

gradually been disused, and it was, as we have said, now known as Bokelen.

Mrs. Reid's family differences were but further proof of the horrors attendant upon civil war; though herself an ardent loyalist, her two sons had both joined the American army, and might at any moment, be brought in hand to hand contest with her brother, a Major in the British army.

The position of her sons, and her close relationship to Major Walters, were, however, safeguards to the farm; and, consequently, none of her stock, or produce, had ever been molested by the foraging parties who so frequently drove off the cattle of those farmers who were of the opposite party.

The neighborhood was, as is known, by sort of common consent, considered a kind of neutral ground. Occasionally, nevertheless, the ill-disciplined American auxiliaries, called the *Skinners*, or the equally ill-regulated British mercenaries, known as the *Cowboys*, robbed and pillaged the community in a manner which no regular troops, properly officered, would ever be guilty of.

It was the afternoon of the day after the departure of Agnes from New York, that the horses of the escort which she had accompanied were picketed in the yard of Bokelen farm.

Captain Campbell, the commander of the troop, was issuing instructions to his men for the night, and also performing those duties which should, strictly, have devolved upon his junior, whom his thoughtfulness had, on this occasion, induced him to excuse. Five or six American officers, who were to be exchanged about ten miles off, were lounging around the premises, passing the time by discussing the all-engrossing topic of the day, until the supper; in preparation, should be announced.

In an upper room, looking towards the west, was a venerable and aged man, the

sands of whose life were evidently nearly run. The bed on which he lay was drawn towards the window; and, propped up by pillows, he gazed upon his beloved daughter, as she knelt beside him with her hand clasped in his.

Near the bed stood George Harrison and William Emerson, (who, after his escape, had reached Bokelen the previous day), and also Mrs. Reid and a servant.

On a table, near by, was bread and wine, and beside it a clergyman in his surplice.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

After this chapter had been read, the communion was taken by all present, and then the sick man was, at his desire, left alone with his children and Harrison.

Turning himself towards George he addressed him:—"This letter from my daughter," touching one on the bed, "informed me two days ago of your love for her—on my son's arrival yesterday he told me much of you, much in your favor. To thwart the dearest wishes of my daughter is not in my nature. Consent to her marriage, whilst this unhappy war continues, I cannot. You are engaged on the side of our king, whose cause both my son and daughter are opposed to. From such a union nothing but misery could result. For myself, my end is approaching, I feel that I never shall see yonder sun set again. If you will promise not to wed her until this contest is ended, Agnes has my freest permission to then do as she pleases. I have full confidence from her right principle that she will not marry you should you prove unworthy. I would I could live to know you better, but such is not God's will, nor can I discuss further the difficulties surrounding you, for I have not strength. Do your duty as a man and a christian, and put

your trust, in this issue, in His hands, before whom I shall shortly appear. Till there is peace in this oppressed land, you must remain my son's foe, but I am sure you will prove a noble one, or you never could retain my Agnes' love. My hope is that you may manage an exchange to some regiment in another part of the world, where you may await the coming of far better days. One word more: my daughter is wealthy, her mother left her so, and she will inherit more at my death, for Congress has as yet left me my estates, although a royalist. Should the King's colonies be recovered on this continent, she may be reduced to poverty, from the commission of some overt act which in one of her sex is uncalled for. Use your endeavors to dissuade her from this for her own sake. A woman to my mind should eschew further interference in civil warfare than is shown in acts of sympathy and love. *That is her fitting sphere."*

The promise required being given by Harrison and joined in by the sobbing Agnes, Mr. Emerson sunk back exhausted on his pillows, and George, pressing his hand gently and affectionately in both of his, in earnest of his sincerity and gratitude, slipped quietly from the room, fearing that the excitement, if longer continued, might snap the thread upon which the old man's life was hanging.

The invalid shortly fell into a dose, from which, in two hours, he awoke only to breathe his last. The exertion had overtaken his feeble powers, and ere the early time for family prayers, strictly adhered to by Mrs. Reid, had arrived, her brother-in-law was "*where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.*"

Sad, indeed, was the parting between Harrison and his betrothed the following morning, when his escort resumed their march. It was probably for years, possibly for life, and both had to summon

their nerve and strength to the utmost. With a whispered promise, which for an instant even illumed Agnes' face with a hopeful smile, and one fond, endearing embrace, he darted from the house and mounting his charger followed the troop, which had deployed through the gate. In two days he was again in New York.

[*To be continued.*]

ALONE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

All, all alone !

My heart beats echo in my room,
The night-sky wears a sullen gloom ;
Cold rain-drops beat the window pane,
And mock me with their dismal strain ;
The storm-winds, sweeping in wild wrath,
Go howling on their viewless path ;
The very fire within the grate
Seems glowing with hot eyes of hate,
Until upon my desolate soul
The black clouds of despair unroll ;

The tempest shrieks in every moan

"All, all alone."

All, all alone !

No mother's voice in gentle tone,
No brother, ever greets me here,
No sister's smiling face is near,
No school-day friend to make me young,
No voice to sing the songs we sung,
No deep eyes gazing into mine
As in the days of "auld lang syne !"
No heart to beat time to my own—

My heart is cold as pulseless stone ;

All, all alone.

I dream again !

I hear no more the dismal rain—
I draw the curtain o'er the pane ;
I see a cheerful fire-lit room,
Sweet smiles of love have banished gloom,
She sits by me, my own true wife,
My nobler self, my better life.
No wild unrest, no gnawing care,
My life is all one daily prayer,—

It might have been

All, all alone.

It cannot be,
 There is no dream like this for thee;
 Be still, proud heart, and learn to bear,
 Prometheus-like, thy sad despair;
 Draw back the curtain, let the rain
 Come dashing through the window pane;
 Gaze out and brave the storms of fate,
 The sun may shine, but all too late,
 I only hear the storm winds moan
 All, all alone!

Thanksgiving Eve.

SPONGES, THEIR VARIOUS FORMS AND GENERAL HISTORY.

BY PROF. T. R. JONES.

It is impossible that any person, however thoughtless and unaccustomed to observe the works of Creation, can look around him, even during a morning's ramble through the fields, without being struck with the number of living beings that offer themselves to his notice, presenting infinite diversity of form, and obviously adapted, by their construction and habits, to occupy various and widely different situations. The careless loungers, indeed, untaught to mark the less obtrusive and minuter features of the landscape, sees, perhaps, the cattle grazing in the field; watches the swallows as they glance along, or listens with undefined emotions of pleasure to the vocal choir of unseen feathered songsters; and, content with these symptoms of life around him, passes unheeding onwards. Not so the curious and enlightened wanderer, inquisitive to understand all that he finds around him: his prying eye, and mind intelligent, not only can appreciate the grosser beauties of the scene, and gather full enjoyment from the survey, but perceive objects of wonder multiply at every step he takes—the grass, the trees, the flowers, the earth, the air, swarm with innumerable kinds of active living creatures—every stone upturned reveals some insect wonder; nay, the stagnant ditch he knows to be a world wherein incalculable myriads pass their lives, and every drop to swarm with animated atoms, able to proclaim the *Omnipotent Designer* loudly as the stars themselves.

Is it upon the sea-shore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling

wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tells of wonders indescribable—brings corallines and painted shells, and thousand grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found—that creatures there exist more numerous than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction, and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare.

And yet how few, even at the present day, turn their attention to this wondrous scene, or strive at all to understand the animal creation—to investigate the structure and contrivance that adapt each species to perform certain important duties—to perceive the uses and relations of each group—to contemplate the habits and the instincts that direct the different tribes—and, lastly, to trace out the means whereby the mighty whole, formed of such diverse parts, is all long preserved in perfect harmony!

The study of Natural History and of Animal Physiology is confessedly one of the grandest as well as the most difficult of sciences. To understand the laws whereby even the human body is built up, lies not within the power of human industry or human research; much less to comprehend the lengthy series of creation that extends from man, the most exalted form of living beings, down to the apathetic sponge, which, fixed upon a rock, seems equally deprived of sense and motion. But because we are, and ever must be, unable to grasp the full extent of so magnificent a subject in all its details, let us not despair of gaining much important knowledge from its contemplation, whilst, as is our present purpose, beginning with the first appearances of life, we endeavor, step by step, to trace out the most conspicuous forms, the attributes and distribution of the animals inhabiting our globe, marking their progressive advancement in intelligence and happiness, and exhibiting the development of their faculties from the simplest to the most perfect conditions under which they exist.

Preparatory to entering upon a journey so extensive as this, it is, however, necessary to pause for a few moments, in order to investigate its limits, and, standing, as it were, upon some elevated spot, endeavor to map out as far as we

can the regions over which we are about to travel.

But a serious question presents itself for solution even as we make this preliminary survey. What is an animal? Amongst all the forms of organized or inorganic substances how are we to define precisely what an animal is, so as at once to identify it as such and distinguish it from a mineral or vegetable? Linnæus, the founder of our science in modern times, thought that, by an axiom in every way worthy of the mind that gave it birth, he had fully and completely settled this important inquiry. The celebrated axiom of Linnæus, as the reader may probably remember, was this:—*"Stones grow, vegetables grow and live, animals grow, live, and feel!"* To be capable of feeling, therefore, was the characteristic chosen by this illustrious naturalist whereby to distinguish an animal from any other organized substance. But, alas! we shall soon find, as we contemplate the humblest forms that are now admitted into the animal creation, an entire absence of this characteristic, as far, at least, as we have the means of judging. How are we to prove, for instance, that *Sponges*, while in their living state, possess sensation? You may tear them or cut them; bore them with a red-hot iron; attack them with chemical stimuli of any kind; yet, lacerate and torture them as you will, they will never shrink under the inquisition, or confess by the slightest tremor that they are possessed of feeling, or capable of sensation. On the other side, look at the vegetable kingdom. See we not that many plants appear to feel the solar influence, turning their flowers to the beams of the sun, or directing the fibrils of their roots in search of nourishment? Does not the sensitive-plant shrink at the slightest contact? If we are to judge of the possession of the power of feeling from the movements caused by external impressions, there are members of the vegetable world that have far more claim to the title of animals than many of the humbler creatures now unhesitatingly classed by the Zoologist as belonging to his department of creation.

To possess the faculty of moving from place to place has been said by some authors to be the peculiar attribute of an animal. The plant, they say, is rooted and fixed; the animal is endowed with

locomotion, and able to rove about in search of food. But even this distinction, we shall hereafter see, fails in very numerous instances. In the animal series there are living beings that are immovably attached to some external object during the whole period of their existence, and seem to be as devoid of locomotive power as any vegetables. Again, on the contrary, there are plants that evince this faculty, and are, to a certain extent, capable of changing their situation; consequently, this second characteristic is as insufficient as the former.

Perhaps the best definition of an animal that has yet been offered is, *that animals are possessed of an internal receptacle for food, wherein they collect the nutriment destined for their support*; in other words, that animals are provided with a stomach, while plants are only permeated by tubes, through which the nutritive juices flow equally to every part. But, unfortunately, in the very first class of animals that awaits our notice, the SPONGES, there is no internal reservoir of aliment whatever, nor anything that can be compared to a stomachal cavity; so that our attempts at discrimination are once more baffled.

Chemistry has been appealed to, in order to solve this important question. We are told that animal substances contain an abundance of *Azote*, or *Nitrogen*, in their composition, while vegetables do not furnish that element:—that the existence of the azote in question causes animal matter to emit a smell like burned horn when fire is applied, a circumstance that is said to be sufficient to identify it. This, to say the best of it, is but a clumsy distinction, and, moreover, is open to fatal objections; for there are vegetables that contain azote, and that, perhaps, as abundantly as many animals. In the midst of these difficulties, modern science has had recourse to an entirely new line of investigation, which, doubtless, will ultimately yield important results connected with so intricate an inquiry. This is based upon the different appearances presented by the *tissues* or component structures of animals and vegetables respectively when they are accurately examined under high magnifying powers; and, as an instance of the success that may be anticipated to result from this line of research, as well as of the near approximation between the ani-

mal and vegetable kingdoms, even in outward appearance, one example will be sufficient for our present purpose. The *Corallines* are, for the most part, decidedly animals, and many of them, as we shall hereafter see, animals of very complex organization; but several of these, *e. g.* *Corallina opuntia* and *C. officinalis*, which, from their almost exact resemblance to Zoophytes, were supposed to have the same structure, and were unhesitatingly admitted by Cuvier into the animal series, have been found, by examining them with a microscope, after the hard calcareous matter is dissolved out of them, to belong to the vegetable world; inasmuch as they are composed of vegetable cellular tissue, which, having a peculiar arrangement, is readily distinguishable. Thus, therefore, when we are better acquainted with the microscopic appearances of the different tissues that enter into the composition of organized substances, important facts, calculated to throw light upon the subject we are now discussing, may reasonably be expected.

But we must advance a step further yet, before we have fully laid before the reader the difficulties that attend this piece of investigation. It has recently been stated, and apparently upon good foundation, that there are organized forms that are vegetables at one period of their existence and animals at another. Many of the *Confervæ*, for example, are equally claimed by Zoologists and Botanists; and some among these, as the *Oscillatoria*, are said to be possessed of locomotion in one stage of their growth, while in another they are fixed and motionless. So nearly, then, do the animal and vegetable worlds approximate, remote and separate as they appear to be when examined only in their typical forms. Light and darkness are distinct from each other, and no one possessed of eyesight would be in danger of confounding night with day; yet he, who looking upon the evening sky would attempt to point out precisely the line of separation between the parting day and the approaching night, would have a difficult task to perform. Thus is it with the Physiologist who endeavors to draw the boundary between these two grand kingdoms of nature; for so gradually and imperceptibly do their confines blend, that it is at present utterly out of his

power to define exactly where vegetable existence ceases and animal life begins.

Having confessed our ignorance of any characters that essentially distinguish an animal from a vegetable, we are reduced to the necessity of conventionally allotting to the Botanist a certain share of the organized creation, whilst, as Zoologists, we take to ourselves the contemplation of the remaining portion: our next inquiry must, consequently, be concerning the point at which the division is to be made.

It appears that, by the almost universal consent of modern Naturalists, all those marine and fresh water productions called SPONGES have been grouped together in one extensive class, and assigned to the share of the Zoological student as the lowest beings to which the name of animal is rightly applicable: how far they are entitled to the appellation, we must, therefore, now proceed to inquire.

All sponges are inhabitants of the water, and for the most part they are marine. Some forms encrust the surfaces of rocks, on which they spread themselves like a soft and living carpet; others, attached to stones, or coral branches, swell into large and shapeless masses: some, exquisite in texture, fix themselves upon the roofs of ocean-caverns, and thence hang down like living network in the tranquil sea; or, moulded into cups and strange fantastic arborescent shapes, exist abundantly in every climate.

The common sponges, with the appearance and texture of which, when in a dried state, every one is familiar, we shall, on that account, select for special description, as being well calculated to illustrate what is known concerning the history of the entire class.

The sponge of commerce (*Spongia officinalis*) is entirely composed of a most intricate interlacement of horny filaments, between which water passes freely through all parts of the spongy mass. When highly magnified, the manner in which these filaments unite in every direction with those around is distinctly seen, and show that its entire substance is made up of countless minute intercommunicating cells, circumscribed on all sides by the horny meshes.

The horny network is, however, only the framework or skeleton upon which the living portion of the sponge is supported and spread out. Whilst the

sponge is alive, or recently detached from the rock on which it grew, every filament is found to be coated over with a glairy albuminous film, almost as liquid as oil or as the white of an egg, and it is this semi-fluid film which constitutes the living portion of the creature; being endowed with the power of absorbing nourishment from the surrounding water, and, as it grows, of forming for itself a horny support which it arranges in definite and beautiful forms, characteristic of the species to which it belongs.

If the living sponge, thus constructed, be examined while in its native element, it is seen to be possessed of faculties and capabilities of a most extraordinary and inexplicable character. It was, I believe, Professor Bell who, many years ago, first announced in a paragraph in Nicholson's Journal, that, when the sponge is watched in its natural condition, its substance is seen to be permeated in all directions by strong currents, the course of which may easily be made apparent by diffusing a little powdered chalk, or other opaque particles, through the surrounding water.

Professor Grant has more recently and more minutely examined this part of their economy; and it is, indeed, principally to his patient observations that we are indebted for such a history of sponges as induces modern Zoologists to classify them as members of the animal creation.

By a careful examination of living sponges, the last mentioned observer ascertained that the water wherein the sponge is immersed is perpetually sucked into its substance through the countless minute pores that cover its outer surface, and as incessantly is again expelled through other and much larger orifices, that are placed at distant intervals upon prominent portions of the body of the sponge. The water sucked in by the general porous surface is gradually collected by some inherent and vital power of the sponge, into larger and still larger channels, and at length is forcibly ejected through wide openings.

(The account given by Professor Grant of his first discovery of these entering and issuing currents is extremely graphic. Having placed a portion of live sponge (*Spongia coalita*) in a watch-glass with some sea water, "I beheld," says he, "for the first time the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting

forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation I was obliged to withdraw my eye, from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction or diminish the rapidity of its course." In observing another species, (*Spongia panicea*), he is still more exact in describing so interesting a phenomenon. "Two entire portions of this sponge were placed together in a glass of sea water, with their orifices opposite to each other at the distance of two inches; they appeared to the naked eye like two living batteries, and soon covered each other with the materials they ejected. I placed one of them in a shallow vessel, and just covered its surface and highest orifice with water. On strewing some powdered chalk on the surface of the water, the currents were visible to a great distance; and, on placing some pieces of cork or of dry paper over the apertures, I could perceive them moving by the force of the currents at the distance of ten feet from the table on which the specimen rested.")

In a singular form of sponge (*Leuconia compressa*) the process is somewhat modified. This species, which is fusiform and hollow, receives the surrounding water through innumerable pores distributed over its outer surface, which, after percolating the substance of the mass, escapes into the internal cavity, whence it is ejected in a large stream from the wide orifice situated at one extremity.

We are here naturally curious to inquire, what is the cause of this constant flow of water through the sponge? That the currents in some species are thus conspicuous, has been testified by several observers; but we are even now entirely ignorant concerning the motive power employed to produce such a circulation. Some of the older Zoologists tell us that the substance of the sponge, when microscopically examined, is found to present contractions and dilations in some measure comparable to those of a living heart, whereby the gushes of water are produced; but more recent and accurate observers have satisfactorily proved that no such contractions are perceptible.

Ciliary movement, a phenomenon that we shall minutely investigate hereafter, has been suggested in explanation of the circumstance, but the most powerful glasses do not reveal to us the presence of those wonderful vibratile filaments known to produce similar currents in other animals.

It is doubtless from the water, that, in the manner above described, traverses every part of its interior, that the sponge derives the materials for its nourishment. Particles of organized matter are thus continually introduced; and probably the living film, that coats every portion of the extensive surface presented by the intricate skeleton or framework, may be endowed in some mysterious way with the power of digesting such nutriment and of converting it into its own substance. Let us, however, complete the general history of sponges before we direct our attention to particular members of this strange class of living beings. During certain seasons of the year, on making a section through the substance of some sponges, as Dr. Grant informs us, innumerable small granules of gelatinous matter will be seen sprouting in all directions from the living film that invests the horny skeleton; and these granules or globules speedily increase in size, until they form minute masses of jelly, which in shape and size are comparable to pins' heads. At length they become detached from the nidus where they grow, and, escaping into some of the currents issuing from the sponge, they are whirled away and projected into the sea.

The globules referred to, or *gemmules* as they are technically called, are, in fact, so many young sponges, which, having sprouted as buds from their plant-like parent, are to be conveyed to a distance and disseminated through the surrounding ocean. But how is this to be accomplished? The adult sponge, from whence the gelatinous gemmules are derived, is cemented to the rock, fixed, and, as we have seen, absolutely motionless and devoid of contraction, and consequently incapable of carrying the offspring from place to place, or of assisting in effecting their dispersion. The young sponges, therefore, the gemmules themselves, must be endowed with some means of locomotion, and gifted with powers of which the animal that gave them being is totally destitute; accord-

ingly, instruments of progression have been supplied to the nascent sponge of a most wonderful and mysterious character. Before breaking loose from the gelatinous substance of the parent, these gemmules are found to assume an ovoid form; and, while the narrow extremity of each is still attached, the opposite end is seen to be covered over with innumerable microscopic filaments, resembling hairs, of infinite minuteness, but every one instinct with life and capable of rapid motion. These hairs, or *cilia* as they are termed, moved by some innate power, vibrate continually; and in this way, by the co-operation of thousands of almost invisible oars, the gemmule is torn from the substance of the sponge where it was formed, and, having been driven into the surrounding water, shoots like a microscopic meteor through the sea to a considerable distance from the place of its birth. Having, at length, arrived in a locality proper for its future development, the little gemmule settles down upon the surface of some rock and spreads out into a film; its wonderful apparatus of oars soon disappears, and, deprived of all power of locomotion, it gradually spreads, begins to form within it the *horny* or other framework peculiar to its species, and soon presents the same appearance, and arrives at the same dimensions, as the original from whence it sprang. (It would seem, however, from the observations of Dr. Johnston, the accurate and learned author of a History of British Sponges, that the ciliated gemmules described by Dr. Grant are by no means met with in all species, although he admits the accuracy of Dr. Grant's views with respect to some. Dr. Johnston has likewise well described the way in which sponges are developed from the gelatinous globule whence they originated, a process that appears to be effected in the following manner:—The little sponge, according to Dr. Johnston's account, begins as a spot-like crust of uniform texture, porous throughout, and nearly equally so; yet even in this primitive condition, there is a perfect circulation established, a current which seeks the interior, and another which flows from it to mix with the circumfluent medium. As the sponge grows in extent and depth, the space for imbibition is enlarged; and the centrifugal water in its efflux, flowing at first into one, and then into more currents, these gradually make for them-

selves channels in the cellular texture, the fibres of which are pushed aside, and prevented by the continuance of the stream from again encroaching on its course. The channels increase in number with the continued growth of the sponge; and, as it cannot but happen that they shall occasionally open into and cross each other, we have a wider canal formed by the additional flow of water into it. Such of these canals as reach near the surface soon effect for themselves a wide opening there; for the issuing current continually pushes against the superficies of the sponge which opposes its efflux, and gradually thins and loosens its texture until this ultimately disappears, leaving a wide orifice or *osculum*. This is frequently a simple circular hole, but often, on looking within the outer rim, we notice in it from two to five lesser *oscula* united together, which are the openings of so many canals that have united there; and sometimes we find spread within the osculum, or over its mouth, a network of finer texture than the rest of the sponge, but otherwise of the same nature and composition. The form of the *oscula*, through which the currents issue from the interior of the sponge, depends entirely on the texture of the species and on the force of the effluent currents. If the texture be loose and fibrous, it yields easily, and the *oscula* are level or nearly so; if more compact, the skin is pushed beyond the surface into a papillary eminence; and, if too firm and dense to yield to the pressure behind, the *oscula* fall again into a level condition. They are also liable to be modified in some degree by external circumstances; for the littoral sponge, which, in a sheltered hollow, or fringed pool, will throw up craters and cones from its surface, may be only perforated with level *oscula* when it is swept over and rubbed down by the waves of every tide.)

From the received history of the common sponge, as given above, there would appear to be little difficulty in admitting beings so organized to appertain to the animal series of creation; but, even granting some of the highest forms to be entitled to the name of animals, it is by no means easy to admit that all the substances called sponges are equally worthy of the appellation. There are, for example, what are called "*gelatinous spon-*

ges," that do not present the reticulated structure we have alluded to, but, when examined under the microscope, rather resemble the tissue of plants; and, on the other hand, there are sponges, the reticulations of which are so delicate and so widely apart, that it would be difficult to imagine them at all capable of producing currents such as those above described. Such forms, most probably, ought to be regarded as members of the vegetable kingdom.

In the sponge of commerce, and other allied species, the entire framework, as we have seen, consists of a horny substance, which, from its flexibility and resiliency, becomes extremely useful to mankind, and is an important article of commerce; but there are various other kinds of sponge, that are utterly worthless in a commercial point of view, having their skeletons supported by silicious or calcareous particles, produced from the surrounding water, and deposited in a crystallized form throughout the substance of the sponge, imbedded in a tough fibrous material that binds them together. On destroying the soft portions of such sponges, by burning them, or by solution in a corrosive acid, these crystals are easily obtained in a separate condition; and, if examined under a microscope, will be found to present definite shapes, which are occasionally characteristic of the species of sponge to which they belonged. All of these silicious sponges have the spicula diffused through its substance, which are found to assume the appearance of spines radiating from a common centre. In other species the spicula are merely straight or curved needle-like bodies, or they have heads like pins, or resemble minute rows of beads; but, whatever their form, it is more or less constant and invariable, in so much that, to use an expression of Professor Grant, a few of them brought from any part of the world upon a needle's point would enable the Zoologist to identify the species to which they originally appertained; an assertion, however, that must be received with very considerable limitations.

The presence of silicious spicula thus diffused abundantly through the entire substance of sponges possessing a skeleton of this description, unimportant as the circumstance may seem at first sight, enables the Geologists to give an unex-

pected, but very satisfactory, explanation of the origin of those detached and isolated masses of flint, which in various chalk formations are so abundantly met with, arranged in regular layers through strata of considerable thickness. The mere assertion, that flints were sponges, would no doubt startle the reader who was unacquainted with the history of those fossil relics of a former ocean; but we apprehend that a little reflection will satisfy the most sceptical of the truth of this strange announcement. Imbedded in the substance of the chalk, which, during long periods, by its accumulation had continued to overwhelm successive generations of marine animals, the sponges have remained for centuries exposed to the water that continually percolates such strata—water which contains silicious matter in solution. From a well known law of chemistry, it is easy to explain why particles of similar matter should become aggregated, and thus to understand how, in the lapse of ages, the silicious spicula that originally constituted the framework of a sponge have formed nuclei around which kindred atoms have constantly accumulated, until the entire mass has been at last converted into solid flint. We are, moreover, by no means left to mere conjecture or hypothesis upon this interesting point; nothing is more common in chalky districts than to find flints which, on being broken, still contain portions of the original sponge in an almost unaltered condition, and thus afford irrefragable proof of the original condition of the entire mass.

From the history of sponges we thus learn the following important facts, connected with and elucidating subsequent parts of our subject:—A film of gelatinous consistence, possessing no stomach and spread out upon a framework of its own construction, has the power of nourishing itself and of separating from the sea, in which it is immersed, particles of a horny, calcareous or silicious nature, and of building up by means of these materials a peculiar structure called a sponge.

With these facts before us, relative to the capabilities of living matter, we are prepared to investigate the next forms of creation that nature offers to our inspection.

GOOD NIGHT.

I.

Good night, good night, where'er thou art,
Or on the land or on the sea,
Some Angel whisper to thy heart
A sad but sweet "good night" for me.

II.

Swift, swift as speeds the morning ray
Far from its birth-place in the sky,
A herald swift of coming day,
So rapidly my thought will fly.

III.

And thou wilt hear it, soft and low
As by a zephyr breathed to thee,
And feel within thy heart's warm glow
Full many a sweet "good night" to me.

IV.

Sweet, sweet thy sleep, and pleasant dreams,
While Fancy with its angel flight,
Still whispers of the heart that beams
With love for thee,—good night! good night.

STAGING.

BY DOINGS.

Whip! snap! crack! and away we go; an outside seat with a jolly driver—fresh mettled horses—good road, and a clean bracing air. What is finer? Where is the man who doesn't feel ten years younger and ten times richer than he really is? But—there's a *but*—whip, whip, whip all day, heavy roads, tired and worn out stock; mud and water, broken down bridges, and the hill-sides gullied out—then where is that individual who doesn't feel old—very old; and poor—most poor? Still, it's all right, travelers shouldn't expect good roads and summer weather out of season.

There are, however, very many who travel and are never satisfied unless the day is fine and the road is good—unless the stage goes right straight along to the

journey's end—the public houses must be “first class,” the servants attentive, and in short everything must go like clock work—at any little accident they growl and fret, and say its “just their luck.” Now I wouldn't give a cent to travel that way; when the stage breaks down or is otherwise detained, or I find the hotel to be a “fried steak” house, with inattentive servants, or none at all, why then I take a philosophical view of things, and if nothing serious has occurred, I am rather inclined to be pleased, and look upon the casualty as an episode calculated to break the monotony, to establish a friendly feeling among fellow travelers, to furnish subjects for conversation, and to make impressions upon our minds not easily erased by time. For instance, suppose a case—I am one of, say a dozen stage passengers just embarked for an all day journey, no one ever saw the other before, there is nothing in common for us to talk about; for a time the weather answers a very good purpose, but soon conversation lags and finally dies out, the silence being only occasionally disturbed by some remark or query, which may or may not be answered; everybody wants to say something, but don't know what to say, and so we ride along like automatons until a “look out!” from the driver recalls us to action, but ere we have time to perform his bidding over goes the coach and out we go, all rolling down the hill together; fortunately no one is injured, though each when rolling expected nothing less than a broken head or limb; but after picking ourselves up very carefully, stretching each arm and leg, feeling every portion of the body and finding all perfectly sound, we smile as we brush the dust or mud off, and then with a good will “right” the coach, gather the distributed baggage, pack it and ourselves in the stage again, and away we go as good as new, laughing over our mishap, congratulating each other, and each one

relating to the other and to all the precise way in which he went out of the stage, and exactly how he rolled down the hill, and how he felt when under way; thus a general topic for conversation is open in which the most of us join and keep up to the end of the journey; or, if this does not last, it leads to some other. That dull, morose individual seated away back there in the corner, growling because his hat is stove in, we take no notice of, unless to laugh and poke our fun at.

Nor is this all, it may be that six months or a year, or more, after the occurrence I meet with a gentleman whose countenance is familiar—I look at him—he looks at me—we advance, take each other by the hand, and even then each is ignorant of who the other is, or where he has seen him. Then the following conversation takes place:—

“I can't place you just now, sir, but I know that I have met you before!”

“Neither can I place you, yet I am confident that I know you; my name is Smith.”

“Smith!”—meditatingly repeating it; “S-m-i-t-h—yes, I think I have heard the name, but I can't recollect you even now. My name is Brown.”

“Brown”—repeating slowly—“Brown, Brown—No sir! I don't remember the name—oh! ha, ha, ha! now I know all about it”—and here he laughs again—“you and I were fellow passengers from—to—and don't you remember the stage capsized and we all rolled down hill together.”

“Why, bless me! yes, ha, ha, ha! so we did, all roll out and down the hill, and no one hurt—no wonder we didn't remember each other by names we never knew;” (here we are both supposed to laugh.) “don't you recollect that fellow, &c. &c.” We now talk it all over, laugh again, then talk about ourselves, and what particular business we are engaged in, and it may be that I have made a very valuable ac-

quaintance, one that I shall have reason to be proud of, and one who I never should have known but for the turning over of that stage.

I hope that no one after reading the above will be mean enough to say, or even think, that I advocate the upsetting of stage coaches! I most positively declare that I am not in favor of it! 'tis a very dangerous amusement, and not safe! I only wish to prove that advantages may arise from accidents, and that it is best, as was Mark Tapley, to be jolly under all circumstances.

It is not often that we find a stage load of passengers dull and prosy; there is generally some "odd stick," some joker, some singer, some good talker, or, an inquisitive fellow; some old lady who wants to know all about you, and where you come from, and what you intend to do. There is generally something to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly—when the roads and weather are good.

Railroads and steamboats are all very well if a person wants to be rushed through on business—but for comfort and pleasure give me the old Coach, when the day is fine, and the road hard, when the teams at the changes come up fresh, and the horses go to their collars with a will and make the bounding stage rattle over the solid ground—when the boxes talk, and the passengers converse, and the driver feels in a jolly good humor—oh, then give me the old Stage Coach; and for music, the crack! crack! crack! of the merry lash, and the whir-r-r-r-l-l-l-l of the flying wheels.

DAISYBANK.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

[Continued from page 329]

CHAPTER III.

THAT night Florence told me all—her great heart full of love for Byron. How her parents thought him a worthless

young man, without ambition, and had even forbidden their walking out together. How anxious they were for her to marry no one but a wealthy man. I knew she was sincere when she wept and told me she could never, never love any one else. Very beautiful she was—a tall girl of sixteen—handsomely formed, and a lovely, expressive face; full of winning ways, a lover of the beautiful and good; besides which, she was an accomplished musician and well educated generally.

In the middle of the night I awoke and heard the same singing of birds. I touched Florence, and we both listened long. It was something too sweet for us to fear, and when we spoke of it the next day, they only smiled and said few young misses were favored with echoing serenades during their wakeful moments.

A few days afterwards, Col. Ellet informed the family that Mr. Murray, a wealthy San Francisco merchant, an acquaintance of theirs, would spend some time with them. It was well understood that he was to win the hand of Florence.

"He came—he saw," but——

"Now, dear, do please keep him away from me. You know I dislike him so much!"

"Certainly I will, Flor; but I promised to ride this week with Ben Brown."

"No matter, take both—or——. I'll ride Lassie and you take my Mab."

Sure enough, Mr. Murray came. He rode a fine horse, and giving the bridle to Jim, was ushered into the house, whilst I lingered behind and said, "Jim, tie that animal up to General Washington's elbow, and put the hay just near enough to gratify his sense of smell."

"Now — now, Missy May, dat's jist wicked, case ye see dis aint no common animal; jist breaks dis chile's heart to see a good hoss 'bused. 'Spose I'ze gwine to tie dat hoss's tail up in a knot, kase you sez so, Miss, so Massa Ellet

scole awful? Dis chile not gwine to git in no sich scrape, sure."

"Oh, you honest old Mr. Ebony! don't you wish you were w-a-y down in ole Virginny, whar dey has de corn huskins and de hoe-cake?"

"Oh, dem was good ole times, Missy. I misses de ole dances in Massa's barn, and 'specially de coon huntins; oh, dats a bressed country—duzent no do, Ize got to be more abolition-like in Californy—if twas'ent for Massa Ellet, huse so kind, tink I'd jine 'em."

"You're as good an old soul as ever Ned was, Jim, and some day you shall go back and hunt the coon and cut the pigeon-wing with Dinah, so you shall! There, now—don't forget to tie the horse's tail, though—spoil everything if you do."

Well, we had some fine rides—I often managing it so that Byron and Florence rode side by side, whilst Mr. M. and I dashed down through the cañons. Florence said I was treating Ben Browning in an exceedingly bad way, when I was only obliging her. I didn't love Ben then, at all, because he wore such brown boots! if he did have a proud arched in-step—and such a sunburnt nose, and was not poetical; all he could do was to jump into his saddle as easily and as gracefully as a prince, and talk intelligently, and always kindly—that's why I didn't like him, too; he wouldn't be the least bit obstinate, or argue with me, so we had to always be so tamely friendly—no make-ups, and consequent think-more-of-each-others. He was too practical, and decidedly unromantic. Just brave enough, and with just the eyes to have been a knight, hundreds of years ago; but now, of course,—degenerate times—we need no *brave* devotees, only those who can sit in slippers and build airy castles, and live in them, if possible, without getting up. He never thought of presenting rose-buds and winningly saying, "like

thee," or "at thy feet," or "sing again and again?" Of course I didn't like him very much,—that is, affectionately—and now he's over the waters and I think of him sometimes—and, if I wasn't too proud, might say, "I wish, oh, I wish he'd come!" I say it all to myself sometimes, with tears in my eyes, when I remember.

He had purchased a piece of land about a mile from Daisybank a year before. His house was on a hill above the meadow that spread out by the Afton. Old trees and dark forests were behind, and from the front piazza we could see over the flower-covered miniature prairie, and here and there among the foliage the streamlet like a silver ribbon winding about the foot of the hills that arose from its other bank. Here Ben lived in "Browning Hall" with every comfort that a young bachelor could desire. An old man by the name of Basset headed the establishment. It was acknowledged by all of the neighbors that Ben was possessor of the best horses and guns, and was the surest shot about that valley. Besides enjoying luxuries he was a laboring man, consequently his property was increasing in value.

CHAPTER IV.

About a week after Mr. Murray's arrival, on one evening, little Charley, the brother of Florence, came running into the sitting-room, and said—"Guess what I know! I heard sister say last night that she would never marry any one but Cousin Byron!" Charley was sent to bed without supper—except a big piece of bread and butter which I slipped through the window. They didn't know that I had trained the youngster half a day for that scene, on promise of making him an octagon kite on the morrow, which was faithfully done. Consequently, Mr. Murray left soon—bless his accommodating spirit!—and that's what we said then,

neither pathetically or parenthetically, but loud and joyous, when away from the house—the old trees will testify to the truth of that. Col. Ellet was enraged, but did not treat his daughter as less kind fathers might have done. He well knew that Byron Reeve held the heart of Florence as more precious than anything on earth—but was by no means (for selfish reasons) pleased with any such arrangement; whereupon it was gently hinted that he might as well depart.

My vacation was drawing to a close, in a few days I was to leave Daisybank, refreshed and happy.

“Oh my heart will break! I’ll never be the joyous girl I was—I wish he had never come. He is going away and you too, and no one will care for me but Ben Browning. Why didn’t you treat him more kindly—he’s so noble, and thinks so much of you.”

“He never told me so—particularly.”

“Then it is because you are sarcastic and proud—he’s afraid.”

“Oh, he’s a brave soldier indeed.”

“Do you know Florence, I have ascertained from whence our mysterious music came?”

“No! Do tell me.”

“Your cousin Byron, instead of being so idle, has spent nearly the whole of every night in the library, writing a book. You know the canaries are kept in there at night, and thinking by his light that it was day, they sang. So all of that poetry is spoiled, because the mystery is solved. He told me everything to-day; his book is finished, and will be published immediately on his return to the eastern States. He thinks it will be popular and is sanguine in his hopes of success. By the bye, Mr. Murray, on his departure, asked me for a flower, and I rolled up a big red poppy in a paper, and forbade his opening it before getting home. Wasn’t that good?—there’s nobody here that we want him to remember.”

“Oh, what will you do when you meet him in the city? I’m afraid he will not like you. You are foolish to make enemies in that way.”

“No danger, I’ll laugh him out of it. We’ll be better friends than ever. I am so glad about Byron—I’m sure he will succeed, and that you will yet be happy.”

“Yes, you always, as Jean Paul says, look at the south side of events.”

“Oh, I guess so, and you know I was always the best guesser in school. You know that I’ve guessed out of difficulties in “relations” over and over again, when you little simpletons sat biting your fingers—so you’ll hope, of course. There, now, kiss me, and say you are a stupid little goose to feel so badly.”

“Oh, but if you were not going, dear May.”

CHAPTER V.

The beautiful days at Daisybank passed away, and with many kind words and partings, and a bouquet gathered at “Browning Hall,” by Ben—its flowers containing mystic language—I bade good-bye to that fairy spot, and those I loved there.

Byron, accompanied by Ben Browning, left soon for the east.

Six months passed, and Col. Ellet, failing in his San Francisco business, disposed of Daisybank, and took his family to New York, where they lived very retired.

Last summer, Florence’s aunt took her with her to a fashionable watering place, where she was very much admired. Still, she had not forgotten Byron, and frequently heard from him through me. After she had been there a short time, one evening, when standing alone on the piazza, a lady and gentleman promenaded back and forth past her, and at the sound of his voice her heart almost stood still; then the lady called him Byron! Could it be he? was he there, and married?

She watched them enter the hall, and, as they passed the window, she knew his face. She went to her room and wept, and long were the hours before she slept. The following evening, dressing herself in her most becoming and beautiful way, taking extra pains with her toilet, she said to herself:

"There, I know I look beautiful, to-night, and I'll let him know that I yet have pride." She entered the hall, and very brilliant she looked, as she gracefully leaned upon the arm of her cousin Lewis.

Mr. Reeve was there also. He soon saw Florence, but did not, for a long time, allow her eyes to meet his. He was alone. He also thought that she was probably married. He left the room, and, the following morning, called upon her, when everything was explained satisfactorily. The lady was the young sister-in-law of Byron. He saw that she had grown much more lovely and interesting; and she thought him as noble as ever.

He was now well off; his book had succeeded finely, and his father having died had left him several thousand dollars.

* * * * *

I lately received the following note from Florence:—

Dear, dear May:

I am the happiest bird in existence! I go about carolling all day long, and my heart is overflowing with joy. Byron and I are to be married next month. We shall spend the winter in gay Washington, as he is obliged to be there when Congress is in session. But, most joyous to me is it, that Byron has sent word to a friend to purchase Daisybank, and we will return to dear California by April or May—the loveliest season, you know. I told him I could never be as happy in any place as there, and he likes it fully as well. Sweet, beautiful days that you and I have spent there! We'll live them over and over again, darling, for you shall be with us most of the time.

And more good news—hold your heart—with us will come as *distingue*, and

proud, and good-hearted a gentleman, as chivalry can boast of. Who is it? Ah, must I tell? Know then he comes to seek a fair maiden, at whose shrine he long since bowed, and who then charmed the peace-bird from his breast—'tis the lord of Browning Hall!

A heartfull of love from your happy
and constant FLORENCE.

ELLE ME VOIT.

BY J. P. CARLETON.

Elle me voit—where'er I stray,
'Tis a fancy of my own;
On land or sea, by night or day,
She follows, and—I'm not alone.

Elle me voit—how sweet to deem
I meet her glance in every star;
How sweet, in crowds, to nurse the dream,
The blissful dream—she is not far.

Elle me voit—whene'er I quaff
The wine-cup, in an hour of glee,
I seem to hear her ringing laugh,
And smile to think she pledges me.

Elle me voit—in gay saloons,
When mingling in the merry dance,
She flits before, to joyous tunes,
And turns on me that magic glance.

Elle me voit—when on my bed
I throw my weary limbs along,
Her spirit hovers 'round my head,
And soothes me with her ærial song.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

"Did you see uncle, this morning, Frederic?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, the same old story."

"Oh, dear! no hope for us there, I suppose. You will still persist in going to America?"

"Yes, Rosana; for I cannot hope to get into business here, without money or friends. And another thing, my love, that old, miserly uncle of yours is insufferable; he will never open his stingy fist to help us, however urgent our necessities may be—I see it plainly. A man, of his wealth, that will sit down to a crust of bread and a little dried fish for his breakfast, as he did this morning, when I called upon him, it is useless to importune or solicit further. Believe me, I am almost ready to curse myself for stooping to ask assistance of one so degraded as he is. God knows I would rather starve than ask for myself; but, oh! for you, my darling, suffering wife, and my little Amelia, I would perform a more unenviable task than even this. Your sensitive nature, my dear Rosana, can take in at one view my humiliation. When I adverted to my business, this morning, all I received was a torrent of oath and abuses. I could scarcely keep from taking his cursed life, so greatly was I exasperated. His clothes resemble an old beggar's—the heartless fellow!"

"Do not curse him, Frederic; such bitter feelings only enhance our sorrow. We can only lament over the errors of others, but we cannot alter them."

"True, wife, but can I help feeling thus, when I contemplate your privations and sufferings, and his wealth and ability to help us, without feeling it in the least? Can I help cursing him, when I know he is worth half a million? Had he other heirs, I could overlook some of his insults. The old dog!—to wish us to taste of poverty and distress, without the power to extricate ourselves!"

"It is hard, I know, husband, but in our extremity let us not curse him. Let us remember the words of our Savior: 'bless them that curse you.' Did you ask him for the oil mill, dear?" said the humble Rosana, forgetting, for the time, Frederic's insults.

"Yes, I even stooped to this request; but he peremptorily refused it. Do not ask me to go to him again, my dear wife; it is an outrage to my every feeling."

"Oh, dear," sighed the poor invalid wife, "is there no way but to go to America?"

"I would dearly love to spend my remaining days in beloved Strasburg. Do not feel so unreconciled to this move. America is now all our hope, and perhaps a change will do you good. I am sorry it is so repugnant to your feelings to go, but what am I to do?—stay here, and see you starve? I have nothing but discouragement, here; I wish you would go willingly, Rosana. I hear there are good opportunities for a man to grow rich, and I have just money enough to pay our expenses to Philadelphia. Will you, dear Rosana, gratify this cherished wish of my heart, and go to America cheerfully and willingly? I know and feel that you will get well, and that I can find lucrative employment, teaching German and music; and, if the change would only effect a cure for you, it would give me more pleasure than making a fortune."

As Frederic uttered these words of persuasion, he kissed the falling tears from Rosana's cheek. His loving sympathy won the consent of the reluctant wife; his heart leaped for very joy, as Rosana now entered into his plans with willing and agreeable interest.

"I feel like a new man, by your condescension," said he.

In his excited joy, he was walking the room with hurried steps, often casting an inquiring look at his wife, half doubting his senses. Rosana was rocking in her easy chair; her pale, thin hand resting upon the head of a beautiful little girl of four years; her fingers nervously twining the long, black curls that hung thickly around her pretty head and shoulders; a troubled look, as of uncertainty, ap-

peared to discompose her usually serene brow and pale, sweet face; her large, expressive eyes, were filled with unbidden tears, as her thoughts carried her to a land of strangers, sick and pennyless. She could not feel all Frederic's sanguine hopes.

"What if I should die in a strange land? There would be none left to you, Frederick, but little Amelia, and what could you do with her?"

"Do not imagine so much evil, my love. God will be more merciful to us. He will spare you many years to me, I feel confident; now do not let distrust mar your happiness. Be cheerful, and all will be well." And kissing her good-bye, Frederic took his hat, and with brisk and hasty steps, went out and procured all the necessary papers for himself and family to leave for America. He also procured a passage in a vessel which was to sail in a few days to Philadelphia.

Succeeding in this, with his usual promptness, he retraced his steps, with a cheerful and light heart, to his home, to impart to his wife his success. The first object that met his eye, was his fragile wife, sleeping on a little cot, and the little delicate Amelia kissing her mother's hand in childish love. The traces of tears were still on Rosana's cheeks; and, in spite of his sanguine hopes, dark forebodings would intrude themselves, and mar the bright picture he fain would draw of his future success. Amelia was their only child. Her quiet, gentle nature, and quick sensibility, made her a little idol to both father and mother. When Frederic witnessed her manifestations of love to her mother, he was moved to tears, and, clasping the little darling to his heart, he groaned in spirit. His voice awoke Rosana. Starting to her feet, in an eager tone of voice she asked, "Are we going, Frederick?"

"Yes, my dear; I have made all the necessary arrangements, and we are to sail in five days."

"So soon? Are you not in haste? But, perhaps it is best."

"Yes, my love, it *is* best, as our means are limited."

The time soon arrived; the farewells were taken, with tears of regret, for childhood's home, and its pleasant associations. Poor Rosana thought her leave-takings were over, but, last of all, the miserly uncle came; a grin of delight, or rather, satisfaction, played around his compressed lips, making him more hideous.

"So you are going, Frederic! I hope to hear that you have prospered. A man can make his own fortune, if he will, and I am glad that you are taking such an independent course. Here is a trifle for you," said he, handing Rosana a little well-filled purse. She took it reluctantly, without replying, except with a look of contempt. He took little Amelia on his knee, and put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a gold locket containing his likeness. The locket was a clumsy, thick, heavy case, looking as if it contained a dozen likenesses; a handsome gold chain was attached to it. Opening the locket, he showed Amelia his picture, which he told her had been taken expressly for her.

"Here, child, let me fasten it around your neck; and when you are fifteen years old, you may open the spring back in the locket, and all you find in it shall be yours." Setting the child down, he took leave of Rosana and Frederic; then, turning to Amelia, he said, "Now, child, take care of that locket—remember what I say!"—and turning away, he left them to pursue their journey as best they might.

Rosana looked upon the locket with disgust, as the clumsy thing hung around the child's pretty white neck. Amelia appeared pleased with the old man's gift, and persisted in wearing it. Rosana thought the story of the spring in the

back of the locket a mere farce, so it passed from her mind as an idle tale.

The weather was quite warm and sultry for several days after the vessel left Amsterdam, and grew more so as she plowed her way through the foaming billows. Poor Rosana grew rapidly worse every day, as they advanced on their voyage. Frederic watched her with fearful anxiety; he could perceive that she was worse, but attributed it to sea-sickness. Ever alive to hope, he was sanguine in the belief that she would get well as soon as they reached America. So eager was he to catch a glimpse of the American coast, that he would strain his eyes gazing in its direction, when his better sense told him he could see nothing but a broad waste of water.

"Once there, she will get well!" would unconsciously escape his lips.

Half bewildered between hope and fear, he would stand abstractedly gazing on his beloved wife, while her feebleness gave the lie to his hopes of her recovery. Everything was done by the passengers that could be done, for her relief and comfort. But the fell destroyer, Consumption, was fast finishing his work—much faster than her solicitous friends imagined.

After a rough sea of four days, poor Rosana was quite exhausted. She laid in her narrow, uncomfortable berth, tossing her weary limbs from side to side; her breathing becoming every day more difficult. Her sympathizing friends were startled at her sudden and alarming symptoms, but dared not mention their fears to poor Frederic.

Rosana had suffered in this manner several days, when she called Frederic to her bedside, and making a desperate effort between paroxysms of coughing—"Frederic," she said, "you must now be convinced that all hopes of my recovery are vain. I have but a few hours to live, and I have much that I would like to say

to you. Do not give way to violent grief—it will unfit you to bear the trials that God has seen fit to place upon you. I am ready and willing to die, if it is the will of my heavenly Father. I regret to leave you and my darling child; but you are in the hands of a kind and benevolent God. Do not grieve for me, my dear Frederic, but rather rejoice that I shall be free from suffering. Bring Amelia to me, that I may kiss her before I die."

Taking the child in her feeble arms, her lips moved in silent and fervent prayer, such as dying mothers only offer at the throne of grace; then kissing her, she handed her to her father, saying—"Live for your child, Frederic: leave her not in a cold world alone. I know God will answer my prayers in behalf of my child in his own good time."

Becoming exhausted, she fell into a quiet sleep, from which she never awoke. So gentle was her passage from earth, it was difficult to realize that she was dead. Frederic stood by the bedside watching for her awakening; but alas! all was over with Rosana—her gentle spirit had flown; and he awoke from his deceptive dream in an agony of dark despair. Amelia stood near, watching her father's violent grief in wondering silence.

"My sorrow is too much for me to bear!" exclaimed he, wringing his hands. Many were affected to tears as they witnessed his delirious grief. Sometimes he would doubt the reality of her death, and would kiss her cold, clammy face, until friends would take him away from her corpse. Then he would sit in moody silence, his tears falling like rain.

In one of these paroxysms of grief, little Amelia approached him, putting her infant arms about his neck. She pointed to her mother, exclaiming, in childish innocence,—“See, father, see! mother smiles! You won't cry now, will you? She is easy, isn't she, papa?”

Frederic turned his sorrowing eyes in the direction of his adored wife, and gazed on her sweet face; a smile played on her cold lips. A deep groan was wrung from his broken heart.

Wrapt in his own gloomy thoughts, he was not aware that preparations were being made for the ocean burial of his wife. Late in the evening he was aroused from this stupor by the removal of his idol upon deck. The sailors had sewed her once beautiful form in the folds of a blanket, at once her coffin and shroud. Frederic stood in mute despair; not even a tear moistened his swollen eyes. All were assembled to witness the sad funeral rites. A friend read the burial service, a prayer was offered, a hymn sung, and then in silence the body was launched into the deep. A maniac yell was heard, and Frederic leaped into the briny water. Almost as soon as he touched the surface, a large shark was seen to seize him between his jaws, to the consternation of the shuddering spectators. One glimpse was all they ever had of the maniac husband.

Darkness closed around the vessel, and the passengers retired to their respective berths, each one saddened by the melancholy incidents of the past evening. Morning again dawned, with her silvery light, and the sun rose in all her brilliancy across the calm sea, as if to cheer the sad hearts on whom sorrow had fallen like a pall. But, notwithstanding all nature looked smiling, in her cheerfulness, a shade of sadness rested on every countenance—a vague presentiment of evil, unaccountable to all, and yet universally felt. Few words were exchanged by the passengers; all appeared wrapt in their own gloomy thoughts. Yet, in one thing, they seemed to vie with each other, and little Amelia was caressed and fondled by all.

A few days' sail brought the impatient passengers near the end of their tiresome

voyage. But, when almost in sight of the shore, one evening, a gale sprung up, and at midnight had increased to a perfect hurricane; and, to increase the awful terror of the scene, it was discovered that the vessel was on fire! The red blaze swept everything before it, driving the frantic passengers of the fated ship into the waves, that seemed waiting for their prey, and but few escaped a watery grave.

[*To be continued.*]

WRITTEN FOR THE BURNS ANNI- VERSARY.

Celebrated at Sacramento City, Jan. 25, 1860.

BY JAMES LINEN.

Scots! on the Pacific coast,
In a bumper proudly toast,
Scotland's darling pride and boast—
Her own immortal Burns.

Clouds may frown and tempests howl,
And the unco guid may scowl,
But we'll toom the reeking bowl,
On this, his natal day.

Covered be the loun wi' shame,
Wha wad blast his honored name,
Wedded now to deathless fame,
And cherished in our hearts.

Ilk year, when the day comes round,
May Scotchmen at their posts be found,
Still by love of country bound,
And feelings o' langsyne.

Cronies blithe, while here we stand,
Wi' the social glass in hand,
Toast our glorious native land
And a' her sons abroad.

HEARTS.

I.

I wouldn't give much for the heart that is beating
 "Funeral marches" all of the time;—
 Life is quite long enough, although 'tis fleeting,
 To vary the music part of the time.
 Although some notes may be written in sadness,
 To chasten the heart or soften the tone;
 The key note of nature's own music is gladness,
 And he who is wise will make it his own.

II.

I wouldn't give much for the "drum" that is "muffled"
 In the hands of a boy on the Fourth of July.
 I'm thinking of something, that then would be shuffled
 Aside in disdain, or knocked into pi.
 Just think of the heart of the Belle of the Season,
 How it leaped in its freedom of note and of song!
 Such "funeral marches" it beats, I have reason
 To know, are not "muffled"—I've followed too long.

III.

The man who will think that life is all sorrow,
 A pathway of sadness, darkness and gloom—
 Who looks not for sunshine and bright skies to-morrow,
 Because his "to-day" is a mouldering tomb—
 Is a man I wouldn't give much for, I'm certain;
 He's a "supe" in the play, if not in the plot—
 Always is hissed, when in front of the curtain,
 And always is hissing when he is not.

IV.

But give me the hearts, that when aged and weary,
 Still beat to the measure of earlier years;
 That, when life does become outwardly dreary,
 Retain the sweet notes that drown sorrow and fears;
 And when they approach the calm, flowing river,
 Where Charon is waiting—life's duties done—
 Then let their glad notes sound forth to the Giver,
 Their triumphant march for victory won!

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

THIRD LEGEND.

Translated from the German,
 BY F. F. JOHNSON.

Not always was Turnip-Counter in a humor thus generously to repay the injury and damage his mischief had occasioned; far oftener, he acted the malicious imp, rather from habit than otherwise, who cared little whether he ban-

tered the villain or gentleman. He would offer himself as a guide to the solitary traveler, make him lose his way, perhaps, and leave him, with a laugh of derision, on a mountain precipice, or in a bog. The timid market woman he would scare, on the road, in the shape of some monstrous quadruped. In fact, it is well known that the Rysow, an animal in many respects like the leopard, as seen at certain times among the Sudetic moun-

tains, would be nothing else but a phantom of Turnip-Counter. Often, he lamed the rider's horse, so that he would be unable to move; breaks for the teamster a wheel or an axletree, or rolls, from a high place, a boulder down the cañon at his very feet, which would cost ineffable trouble to remove from the narrow road. Then, again, an invisible power defies the exertions of six strong horses, to pull an empty wagon; they can not budge it an inch, and the teamster soon understands from what corner the wind is blowing; although, if he should lose his temper and swear a little at the provoking mountain goblin, a swarm of hornets would soon tickle his horses, and, as an offset, perhaps a substantial thrashing would tickle the groom himself.

With an old shepherd, a plain, honest soul, he had made himself acquainted, and even contracted a sort of friendship, allowing him the privilege of driving his herd to the very edges of the gnome's garden—an attempt that any other person would have paid dearly for. Sometimes the spirit would listen to the old fellow's insignificant exploits, with an interest no less intent than that with which Hans Hubrig's biographer swallowed the joys and sorrows of his hero, as related by the old farmer himself; but Turnip-Counter would not have told them in so insipid a manner. Once, however, old "Nick" stepped on the spirit's toe, for while his herd, as usual, fed upon privileged ground, several sheep broke through the garden fence, and betook themselves to the grass plots, which dotted the garden. This incensed friend Turnip-Counter to such a degree as to let a panic seize upon the herd of sheep, making them run down the hill in the greatest confusion, causing many of them to come to harm; and the old shepherd never recovered from the shock for the rest of his days.

The physician from Schmiedeberg,

jogging about the Riesengebirge on his favorite hobby, botany, also had the honor to amuse the gnome, who, as wood-chopper or traveler sometimes kept him company, and listened to the recital of the wonderful cures of this Esculapius, for whom, in return, he carried the heavy package of samples and acquainted him with many of their secret healing powers. The doctor, thinking himself, in botanics, far above a wood-cutter, took things amiss, put on airs, and hinted that the cobbler had better stick to his sole leather, neither ought the drudge to lecture the physician. "Now, my fine fellow, as thou pretendest to know all about samples and simples, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, perhaps thou canst tell me, wise Solomon, which was first, the acorn or the oak tree?"

The spirit answered: "Doubtless the tree, because the fruit grows on the tree."

"Fool!" exclaimed the doctor; "from what grew the first tree, if not from the seed the fruit contained?"

The woodman replied: "Well, I own this to be a sharp question, and beyond my understanding. However, I, too, have a question to ask: to whom belongs the spot whereon we stand—to the king of Bohemia, or the *sire* of the mountains?" (Such was the appellation bestowed upon the gnome, by the "knowing ones," after they had understood "*Turnip-Counter*" to be worse than contraband in the mountains, as black optics, and blue spots all over their bodies, were consequent upon its use.) The doctor was not long at fault for an answer:

"I am certain this place belongs to my lord, the King of Bohemia; as for Turnip-Counter, he's only a bug-bear to give children fits."

No sooner had these words escaped his lips, than the wood-chopper transformed himself into a horrid giant; who, with glaring looks, and quick gestures, thundered forth, in the doctor's ear: "Behold

him here! Turnip-Counter will let thee know how to remember him," and, collar-ing him, made him perform some feats in ground and lofty tumbling, such as the Devil formerly subjected doctor Faust to in the play, knocked out one of his eyes, and left him for dead on the spot; consequently, the sage, ever afterwards, felt an aversion to hunt for simples among the mountain crags.

If it was easy to lose the Turnip-Counter's friendship, it was no less easy to gain it. A peasant, in the county of Reichenberg, became despoiled of his property in a civil suit; and, after justice had appropriated his last cow in its own behalf, a grief-stricken wife and half a dozen children were left him, half of whom he would willingly have given the court in security for the payment of his debt, instead of the last of his cattle, if it had been so inclined. True, he had a pair of strong arms yet, but it required something more to support his family. How it pained his heart to hear his young ravens cry for food, without having any to satisfy their hunger.

"A hundred dollars," he said to his despairing wife, "would give us a start, and once more we might try to build us a home. Thou hast rich cousins beyond the mountains, and I feel like going to lay our misery before them; who knows but some of them may take pity upon us, and lend us what we stand in need of, for interest."

The wife, although with little hope of success, assented, because she knew nothing better. The husband, before he went on his errand, cheered the mother and children, saying, "Don't cry; something whispers in my heart, that a benefactor will not fail us at the last moment." With a hard crust of bread in his pocket, for dinner, he started. Tired and worn out by a glowing hot sun and the long road, he reached the village in the evening, where the rich cousins resided, with-

out their deigning to acknowledge him or offer him a night's shelter. He stated his troubles, with heart-burning tears; but the mean niggards did not care a fig, and rather insulted the poor man by reproaches and smart sayings. One remarked, "young fellow, save the yellow;" another, "pride before prudence;" a third, "ruings like doings;" and the fourth, "a good smith neglects not to strike the iron while hot." Thus he was scoffed and railed at, called a prodigal and vagabond, and the doors closed upon him. After all, such a reception from his wife's rich relatives, he had not anticipated. Silent and sorrowful he went away, and, without money to pay his night's lodging, sought shelter beside a haystack, in the field, where, restless, he awaited the break of day to start for home. Once more among the mountain glens, despair nearly overpowered him. "I have lost two days' work," he reflected, "and am nearly used up with fatigue, without hope for the better. On my return home, six poor worms will crave food, and I shall only be able to offer them a stone for a loaf of bread! Oh! can a father's heart bear it? Break, poor heart, before beholding such misery." His mind full of dark, wild thoughts, he threw himself beneath a black thorn.

Stood the reader ever on the brink of dire despair? If so, he knows how then and there the maddened brain busied itself, stirring up every nook and corner for a happy thought, that might save him from pending ruin; he understands why the drowning mariner clings to a straw, the hopeless prisoner courts liberty, and he will understand, too, how Veit, among a thousand strange ideas, chose to call on the *spirit of the mountains* for succor, in his present situation. Many were the floating stories, how travelers had found themselves in a precious stew, and also how they got out of many a nice pickle,

through his miraculous agency. Veit was well aware that "*Turnip-Counter*" was not the proper title by which to address so distinguished a lord; yet, knowing no other, what could he do but call, even at the risk of some hard knocks.

"Turnip-Counter! Turnip-Counter!"

He had not long to wait, before a dirty charcoal burner, with fiery red beard, reaching down to his girdle; red, glaring eyes, and a long pole, for a poker, in his hand, stood before him, all ready to tap the insolent scoffer on the head.

"No offence, I hope, Mr. Turnip-Counter?" Veit said to him, quite reckless in his desperate mood. "If I, perchance, called you by the wrong name, listen only, then act as you please."

There was something in the address and troubled features of the man, that did not look exactly like provocation, and

delayed the spirit's intended salutation.

"Worm of the soil," he said, "what art thou about, in disturbing me? Knowest thou that thy neck must pay this insolence?"

"Sir," the 'worm of the soil' responded, "necessity is said to be the mother of invention; it compels me to crave a boon you may easily grant. Pray, loan me a hundred dollars; I make myself responsible to return them, with interest, three years from date; upon my soul I do!"

"Dunce!" said the spirit, "am I a usurer or broker, who lends on interest? Ask thy brethren for the 'filthy lucre' thou art in want of, but let me alone."

"Ah!" responded Veit, "there's the rub! On matters of *mine* and *thine*, the brethren are very thin skinned."

[*To be continued.*]

Our Social Chair.

UPON how many persons does your eye rest, gentle reader, who have lived, and perhaps still live, entirely in the future; to whom the present, with all its sunny seasons, its ennobling aspirations, its serene pleasures, its happy delights, and joy-thrilling emotions, have no existence whatever. The bright sun, the green earth, the fragrant flowers, the golden clouds, the blue sky, the cheery song of birds, and a thousand other external charms for the senses—good and gracious gifts of an all-wise God—have no happiness-creating mission. When this favorite goal is reached, or that plan is fully ripened and developed; when fortune smiles and riches are gathered; at that particular time, there and then, "they intend to enjoy life as they should"! It may be possible that to very many of us may come the accusatory truism,—"*Thou art the man!*"

Now, supposing that nine out of every ten—which is a very moderate estimate—never reach that hoped-for haven, that long wished for oasis in the (to them) desert of life; what is there gained, or rather how much is there lost, by neglecting the perpetually passing pleasures of the present, to live only in the future?

We have but one life to live; let us enjoy it as fully as possible while it flies. We do not mean that we should squander away our means, or time, or health, in expensive dressing or riotous living. Nor do we mean that we should spend that money, which, if properly hoarded, would lay the foundation for future competence; for that would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. But we do mean that we should look out upon the world, and see all its soul-gladdening beauties, that we might drink inspiration from its perennial pleasures; that we should look

on the sunny side of circumstances; that we should perform kindly services to one another; that we should do even our business pleasantly; that we should use our best endeavors to increase the sum of human happiness, by every possible means;—for therein lies our own as well as the happiness of others.

If you hear a good joke, or a bright, joyous thought, communicate it, and you will at least treble your own enjoyment of it. If you look upon a beautiful landscape alone, you do not enjoy it half as much as you would were you in company with some kindred spirit. Pleasures are always doubled by being shared. You know this is true, do you not, reader? "Of course you do!" Ah! we knew you would say so. By way of carrying out in practice that which we have been discussing, we will tell you a pretty good joke we heard the other day, if you will promise to reciprocate, and send us yours for the readers of our Social Chair. Is it agreed? Well, then, here it is:

A gentleman acquaintance residing in Nevada county, who we suppose is often visited by those angelic messengers, known mostly to poets, "the Moments of Inspiration," had the hand of a beautiful young lady at a public ball, during the fascinating mazes of a waltz. Her graceful carriage and pretty face impressed him to such a degree, as to daguerreotype themselves upon his susceptible heart; and the result was, that after the disciples of Terpsichore had taken their departure, he retired to his own room, and, before seeking the solacing comforts of repose, indited a sonnet to the charms of his fair entraller. On the following day he hastened to her presence, and presented the cherished offspring of his enraptured muse. She took it from him tremulously, her cheek suffused with blushes, and innocently asked, "What is this?" "Read it." "I can't," was the confused reply; "I don't know how to read writin'!"

All that we have to add, as a sequel to the above, is, that the young gentleman

must have survived it, from the fact that he still lives.

MR. EDITOR:—Are you good at keeping a secret? If you are, I have a little circumstance to relate to you, that occurred in my family a few days ago, which I think may amuse you. Of course, you will not let it be known, out of the circle of your own personal acquaintance. [No, indeed! *mum's* the word!—Ed.]

John and I have been married six years, and have always jogged on very pleasantly together, till, last fall, John made a visit to your city, and on his return I noticed quite a change in him; he was not so pleasant or confiding as he used to be, and at times was fairly cross. I was wondering what had come over my husband, when, one day, I discovered on a shelf, behind the pantry door, a very suspicious looking bottle; and, on examining it, I found it contained brandy. Then, the truth at once flashed upon me.

I almost cried my eyes out that day and night, and the next morning awoke in no enviable state. I said not a word to John, but kept thinking all the day what to do, to save myself and husband.

I had always kept fly-poison in the house; it was in a bottle precisely like that which contained John's brandy. It was labeled "Poison," in large letters, and John had always a mortal aversion to it, and had said to me many times, "Lizzie, do throw that bottle out of the house. We shall surely, some of us, get poisoned. Nothing is easier than to mistake it for something else, when one goes into the pantry in the dark."

"I'll look out for that, husband," said I. So I put it away by itself, on a high shelf.

But that day I took it down, and seeing the label was easily counterfeited, I wrote one just like it, and pasted it on John's brandy bottle behind the door.

John had been in the habit, for the last two weeks, of going out at night, and not returning till late, and then he always made his brandy bottle a visit, and as I had re-

tired and blown out the light, he did it in the dark.

That night John came in late, as usual. I had retired to bed; the house was dark; I heard John groping his way to the pantry; all was still for a moment, then there was a rattling among the dishes, and John came rushing out, bottle in hand, to my bedroom door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! I say!"

"Well, what is it, John?"

"What is in that bottle behind the pantry door? Speak! quick!"

"Oh, nothing but fly poison!" I drawled out, as if half asleep.

"Fly poison! Why, I have drank it half up!" and crash went the bottle on the floor, while John ran up and down the room, like one distracted. "Oh! good Heaven! I'm *pisened! pisened!*"

I got up, and slowly dressed myself, and went out into the room. John was cutting up all manner of antics, rushing up and down the room, groaning and praying, and plunging his fingers into his throat, to throw up the detested fly poison.

I struck a light, and proceeded to examine the contents of the broken bottle on the floor.

"Be calm, husband," said I, "'tis not poison you have drank; 'tis nothing but brandy; smell of it, and see!" holding the remains of the bottle to his nose and carefully concealing the label; "who ever heard of fly poison being mixed with brandy?"

I then went into the pantry and brought out my bottle of fly poison, with the fearful label pasted upon it.

John opened his eyes wider than ever. "Hang me, if I don't believe I have been dreaming!" said he. "I knew—I was *sure* I felt the label on the bottle I drank from. It seems so now; I must have been bewitched."

"No doubt you were, husband," I said; and with the worst of evil spirits too, thought I, but if they are finally cast out, 'tis no matter.

John did not fairly get over his fright

for a week after, and, though this was three months ago, there has never been a brandy bottle in the house since.

Yours, LIZZIE LIGHTHEART.

Room, gentle reader, room for an Invalid Chair! Let not a cloud rest on your features, ye happy group around the "Social Chair", for fear an old decrepit form comes to repress your mirth. Do the flowers that bloom, the brooks that babble, the birds that sing, or the thousand beauties of the Summer landscape appear less bright or joyful, because some aged tree, whose branches are withered and whose trunk is stricken with decay, stands in their midst? Or does the paralyzed old tree appear strangely out of place in such a happy scene? To an Invalid Chair it appears not, but rather that it throws a tender and subdued effect upon the scene, which entire brightness and bloom might fail to give. So this old Wheel Chair will glide noiselessly on its castors into the *Sanctum*; and when it joins merrily in the chat with the fond garrulity of age, it may be that youthful eyes will glance roguishly at each other, as who should say, "Truly, hath its tongue castors, also?" Or apply to it the poet's words, with sarcastic perversion of text,

"To actions little, *more* to words inclined."

But time will give a better knowledge of its nature; and when you learn that sickness has not made it peevish, nor suffering tainted with cynicism its genial philosophy, perhaps you will grow assured, and lean confidently upon its friendly arm, and listen patiently to its idle gossip, as Invalid Chairs ever like to be leaned upon, and listened to.

But are not Invalid Chairs suggestive of decay and death? Shall we kindly draw a veil over the awakened thought? Let us think. Is it wrong, when the flowers are bright in bloom, to think that the autumn blasts will come, and they will be withered and dead? Or, when the birds are singing, that the winter storm will chill the scene, and they will be heard no more? No; it is all in the kind course of Nature;

when the fruit is ripened, it is meet it should be gathered; and when the birds have cheered a summer season, that they should depart. And why let the thought make us melancholy? Though the same flowers and birds may never come again, yet other flowers will bloom as brightly, and other birds sing as sweetly, to cheer another as fair a season. So we will not be melancholy, when we think that there will come a day when a voice, which, though it was harsh and discordant, and tried the patience of its hearers, had become dear by long association, shall be heard no more; and, surprised at the dread stillness, you shall glance towards the corner allotted to this old Invalid Chair, and see only a void where it once stood—for it will have been gathered to the common resting-place of chairs. And in that day, when some unfriendly tongue shall harshly scan its faults, saying, "It was a silly old twattler, that chattered like a brainless magpie, presuming upon our patient sympathy for its infirmities," will some gentle Griffith find a single virtue to commend, or teach charity toward the memory of Chairs?

THE INVALID CHAIR.

DEAR MR. SOCIAL CHAIR:—Perhaps you will allow a second "Teacher's Chair" room at your ample fire side "for one night only." I dislike exceedingly to be obtrusive, well knowing as I do that there is no possible chance of your finding the "Philosopher's stone" in any of my family.

We are grumblers, sir, by the stern law of necessity; and the sweet angel, contentment, rarely, if ever, hovers over our destinies. You will not wonder, therefore, that upon reading the following in one of our daily papers, not long since, we creaked and groaned in every joint, upset our inkstand, blotted our roll-book, drew a long scowl down over our eye-brows, and wound up by threshing half a dozen unfortunate urchins who dared to laugh at our evident discomfiture. The extract is from a report of a meeting of the Board of Education—that terrible bug-a-boo to all of us who do

not have implicit faith in our own infallibility, and is as follows:—

"*Mr. — introduced a resolution directing the grammar masters not to review their classes excepting upon such days as heretofore designated by this board;*" and then the resolution was explained—probably for the benefit of an enlightened public—as follows:—

"*The object being to prevent the teachers from spending the last five or six weeks of the term in preparing their classes for examination.*"

Now, sir, we consider that too bad by several degrees. In the first place, is the public to be informed that we, the poor, unfortunate teacher's chairs, have no higher aim or ambition than to make puppet shows of our schools, for the purpose of gratifying its (the public's) well known taste for such things? Are parents to be made to think that we stuff and cram the intellectual maws of their children, as market men "stuff" their poultry—just before some feast day, to make up for lost time?

Are the people to think that our pupils are allowed to run at large, picking up a crumb here and a grain there, until the near approach of "thanksgiving"—vacation—and then are shut up and overfed and fattened for the enjoyment or satisfaction of others! If such has been the practice in the past, why has not the Board of Education whose duty it undoubtedly is to look after the best interests of the schools, found it out before? But it is not so.—Coming from whatever source the soft impeachment may, we come down very emphatically upon the floor, and stake the hard earned reputation of years upon its denial.

Again, and in less of the *creaking* tone, (we have seen hard service, kind sir, and rough usage has somewhat rubbed off the polish of our younger days) is it within the province of the Board of Education from their rooms in the City Hall, to govern the public schools, in every *minutia*, better or more successfully than the teachers themselves? Or is there or can there be any one complete system of government or instruction that can be applied with equal suc-

cess to all of the schools of the city, or any two of them? If there be, then is teaching reduced to something *below* a science, and some ingenious yankee might make a fortune by patenting a *machine* that would perform our duties in one tenth of the time and at one half of the expense—besides, a perfect “uniformity” would be secured.

But we contend that the good teacher will constantly encounter difficulties which no foresight or experience could have caused him to anticipate—contingencies which would demand exceptions to any set of uniform rules and regulations. Indeed, the best teacher is he who is in himself sufficient for every exigency of his vocation; who least encumbers himself and his school with arbitrary rules; who governs as a good parent governs, and like him instructs. We think there are such in this city—teachers who know what is for the best interests of the schools under their charge, and who are willing and anxious to labor for it.

We contend also that the *faithful* teacher will *constantly* “review” his classes, every day if necessary, and that they will always be “prepared” for an examination. We put no faith in the “cramming” process, even when it is done for the purpose of forcing pupils to complete a required course in a specified time. Our practice and theory is to teach well what we teach at all, and to review the classes wherever and whenever we think best for them. Are we right, Mr. Social Chair? If so, give us the sympathizing hand of fellowship, and we will return to our duties in the morning invigorated from having met you in a listening humor.

Truly Yours,

TEACHER'S CHAIR No. 2.

WHILE passing an evening at the house of Judge S., the stars were suddenly extinguished by a canopy of clouds, and a merry shower of rain-drops commenced falling. It had long since been “dark under the table,” and Nellie S., a little three-

year-old, was reminded by her mother that it was “time for little folks to retire.” She, however, obtained the privilege of a few minutes delay, during which time she stood at the window, following with her fingers the rain-drops, as they trickled down the panes. Suddenly, she stopped, and, looking up sorrowfully, said:

“The stars are all crying, to-night.”

“And what are they crying about?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she replied, “but I guess,” and here she gave a long drawn sigh, “I guess it is because they were sent to bed so early.”

There was no resisting such an appeal as that, and Nellie was allowed to choose her own bed time that evening.

ONE day the teacher was giving a class of small girls and boys some oral instructions in grammar, and, to illustrate the nature and use of adjectives, gave them the noun “moon” to qualify. “New” moon, said one, “full” moon, another, “silver” moon, a third, and so on, through “shiny,” “bright,” “pretty,” &c., until the list seemed entirely exhausted, and the teacher, herself, could think of no others. Little Tommy R., a roguish fellow, somewhat proud of his smartness, and, withal, quite a favorite of his teacher’s, jumped up and raised his hand.

“Well, Tommy?” enquired the teacher.

“*Honey-moon*,” said Tommy, with a glow of pride, “*I’ve heard my mother tell about it!*”

Tommy took the first prize that term.

A GOOD story is told of old Deacon B., away up in New Hampshire. He was riding along in his old sleigh, one frosty morning, and overtook a tow-headed shaver of some ten years old. Being piously inclined, the old deacon opened his batteries as follows:

“My little man, don’t you think you ought to attend to the conversion of your soul?”

“Hey?”

"Don't you think, my fine fellow, it is time to be thinking about another world?"

"Well, y-e-e-s, father says he thinks it is, for old Deacon B. has got about all of this world."

The deacon clucked at the old mare, and disappeared in a twinkling.

The Fashions.

No change in Bonnets need be expected for two months yet.

Headdresses and dress-caps continue to be as much worn, if not more, than at any previous time. Black caps, trimmed with gay colors, in fringes and flowers, are in high favor for home toilet.

Dresses—Neglige, or Home.

A white ground cashmere, with small spots of embroidery silk, set wide apart, cut *robe de chambre*, bordered with puffed satin, and confined by bows of ribbon, to match the color of the embroidery. Small rounded collar; sleeves wide, Pagoda and slit up underneath; muslin chemisettes, with two fluted ruffles; muslin undersleeves, with cuffs upturned and ruffled. Black cap, trimmed in narrow velvet rosettes.

Ball Dresses.

Pink "taffetas," three flounces of chantilly lace, headed by a narrow bias ruffle of the silk, pinked at each edge; low corsetage, trimmed with chantilly bertha, or, if preferred, a pink fringe, pointed in front, so as nearly to reach the waist, and plain around the shoulders, and black short sleeves with long flowing one of tulle, trimmed with a narrow ruche; headdress of pink roses; necklace of jet, and gold bracelet to match.

Promenade Dress.

Dark green Irish poplin; the skirt is to be made very full. Cloak of black velvet, cut in the form of the talma. Bonnet of black and cherry velvet, trimmed with black lace and red roses.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The P. M. S. Co.'s steamship J. L. Stephens, arrived on the 26th, with 590 passengers.

A German weekly paper, entitled the *California Chronik Belletristisches Wochenblatt*, was commenced in this city on the 1st ult.

According to the Daily National, the total number of deaths, in this city, for 1859, is as follows: under 5 years of age, 629; between the ages of 5 and 10 years, 84; between 10 and 20 years, 49; between 20 and 40 years, 439; between 40 and 60 years, 218; upwards of 60 years, 27; still born, 43; grand total, 1,589.

The total amount of fines by the Police Judge of San Francisco, for the year 1859, was \$20,620 42.

Mr. J. C. Pelton gave a Social Festival in the Hyde Street Public School, San Francisco, Dec. 27th, in honor of the tenth anniversary of the city free schools.

Snow fell at the Mono diggings, during the past month, to the depth of five feet.

The new iron steamship *Champion*, of the Pacific and Atlantic Steamship Co., arrived on the 1st ult., in sixty running day from New York, through the straits of Magellan.

The eleventh session of the State Legislature was opened in Sacramento on the 2nd ult.

The San Francisco Branch Mint was reopened on the 3rd ult., when there was 3,244 29-100 ounces of gold, and 18,348 60-100 ounces of silver deposited, before 2 o'clock, P. M.

Considerable suffering has been experienced at Washoe, from the scarcity of clothing, food, and sleeping accommodations.

A block of silver ore, from the Ophir lead, Washoe, weighing 160 pounds, and valued at \$600, was sent by the citizens of Nevada Territory to the Washington monument.

The steamship *Northerner*, which left San Francisco for Portland, Oregon, on the 4th ult., on the following day struck a sunken rock off Point Mendocino, and became a total wreck, with the loss of 38 lives.

The mail steamer *Cortez* arrived on the 3rd ult., with 550 passengers, 1,253 packages of freight, and 260 bags of U. S. mail.

At the Washoe diggings, twelve feet of the Mexican silver lead, Virginia City, sold for \$12,000.

The steamships *Golden Age* and *Champion* sailed on the 5th ult.; the former with 371 passengers and \$1,777,006, and the latter with 283 passengers and \$94,500 in

gold bars. By the Age, the rates of passage were, saloon, \$150; first cabin, \$107; second cabin, \$60, steerage, \$47 50. By the Champion, first cabin, \$107; second cabin, \$70; third cabin, \$47 50.

A new express has been established between San Francisco and New York, entitled the Atlantic and Pacific Express Co.

On the 9th ult. the Hon. M. S. Latham was formally inaugurated, at Sacramento, as Governor of California; and on the 11th was elected U. S. Senator, by the State Legislature, for the unexpired term of Senator D. C. Broderick.

New gold and silver mines have been discovered at St. Helen's mountain, Napa county.

The P. M. S. Co.'s steamer Golden Gate, arrived on the 9th ult. with 615 passengers. The through trip was accomplished in 20 days and 6 hours, from New York, the fastest time on record.

Eight miles east of Genoa, Carson Valley, a new and rich vein of copper ore has been discovered.

A vein of silver ore has been discovered in Dog Town Gulch, near West Point, Calaveras county.

The first number of a daily paper, entitled the "San Jose Morning Reporter,"

edited by W. F. Stewart, was published by G. H. Winterburn & Co., on the 16th ult.

Strawberries, grown in the open air, have been for sale during the month at Savory & Co.'s stand, in the Washington market, at \$2 per pound.

The President's Message, telegraphed to the San Francisco Evening Bulletin from St. Louis to Maloy's Station, from thence brought overland by stage to Firebaugh's Ferry, and from whence it was telegraphed to this city, was received in 12 days and 17 hours from Washington.

The J. L. Stephens and Cortes sailed for Panama on the 20th ult.; the former with \$1,506,025 treasure, and 352 passengers; and the latter with the U. S. mails and 204 passengers.

The printing telegraph, a combination of the inventions of Morse, House and Hughes, was opened for free exhibition, in this city, on the 20th ult.

Truckee river valley and Pyramid Lake valley, and a portion of Walker's Lake valley, have been set apart as a Reservation for the Pah Utah Indians.

On the 22nd ult. the Chinese, throughout the State, celebrated their New Year with great *eclat*.

Editor's Table.

DURING the present month, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Convention meet by appointment at the State Capital. Their object doubtless is to present some well considered plan for the construction of the Railroad, to the consideration of both houses of the State Legislature. For its success every devotee of California accords his most anxious desire and prayer. The commencement of this great work has too long been delayed; but now we trust it has fully come. The people, with earnest hearts, are relying upon the Convention and the Legislature for such measures as shall place its immediate construction beyond a doubt. May they not rely in vain.

We have just cause of complaint that

our correspondence and newspapers by sea are so long in reaching us from the other side of the continent. The change from the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has been attended thus far with no favorable results, and we fear will not be. It is, however, but simple justice to the last mentioned line to say, that, but for the accident to the North Star a few months ago, the time made would about average that of the former line. Yet, since the transfer, the P. M. S. Co.'s steamers have made by far the best time. We regret that this was not done before, when they carried the mail, as that would have obviated the necessity of a change, and would have had its effect upon the Government when

the last contract was given out. In order to secure the expeditious transmission of California mail matter by sea, we would respectfully submit that a contract for *three months only* should be given, and that line which makes the best average time during that period should have it for the three months ensuing. There may be some difficulty in carrying out this plan, but it would certainly ultimate to the advantage of the public.

One important movement of the Postmaster General in favor of California, is the order recently forwarded for all letters not marked "Via Panama," to be sent overland. This of itself is suggestive of the good-will of the Government towards continuing the Overland Mail service. We will also interpret this as a favorable augury for a Pacific Railroad Bill during the present session of Congress.

THIS month we wish to say a word to our contributors and readers. It has been, and is, a source of disappointment and sorrow, that literary contributions, as yet, in California, cannot be paid for. Our circulation is larger, by far, than any other monthly on the Pacific coast; and yet, as we have but this State, while those at the east have the whole United States, it has been too limited to allow of compensation to writers. We would, however, as ever, gratefully tender our most hearty thanks to those kind friends who have favored us, from time to time, with their valuable and gratuitous articles, assuring them of our hope that the time will come, when it will be otherwise. The extremely low price at which we put the California Magazine, especially as the cost of labor and material is so great, in this State, was with the earnest desire that its very extensive circulation would justify us in rendering substantial proof of our appreciation of the labors of those who favored us with articles for publication. We have been led into these remarks by the frequent inquiry, "If we pay anything for contributions." If our subscribers and readers will double their

number of copies, we can then happily respond to the inquiry, with a most cordial "Yes."

SINCE our last issue, new and extensive discoveries of gold, silver, cinnabar and copper have been announced in various portions of the State; and although many of the statements are no doubt exaggerated, in the main the facts are reliable. These will have their effect in adding to our present solidity and worth as a State. Besides, they will give additional excitement to persons who are of a roving and unsettled disposition; of whom, alas! there are too many among us. And, what is of much greater importance, employment will be given to a number of industrious men, now much in need of it.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

H., Oroville.—No, we cannot.

N. B. T.—The series of articles on the Yo-Semite Valley we shall complete in the next number.

G. A.—Thank you for your good, cordial letter. We shall endeavor to profit by your suggestions.

S.—Some respectable intelligence office would be better.

Ellen B.—Your valentine came too late.

R.—At which end do you wish us to commence the reading of your manuscript?

C.—The whole of your interesting story came safely to hand.

G. R.—If you were to spend as much time on a good prose article, as you do on your poetic ones, you would become one of the first writers of the day; but you evidently have no ear for measure or euphony. Your thoughts are very good, and we shall welcome a prose article from your pen, for we feel perfectly satisfied that you can write one.

Several other favors are received, but too late for examination this month.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1860. No. 9.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

(CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)



THE THREE BROTHERS, 3,437 FEET HIGH.

[From a Photograph by C. L. WEED, for R. H. Vance.]

CHAPTER XII.

*Attempt to Ascend the Great Semi-Dome,
"Tis-sa-ac."*

The absent danger greater still appears;
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.

DANIEL'S CLEOPATRA.

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

ALEYN'S CRESCENT.



As no footsteps had ever trod the hazy summit of the dome-crowned mountain of granite, named Tis-sa-ac, that stands at the head of the Yo-Semite Valley; and no eye had ever looked into the purple depth and misty distance that stretches far away, across the valley of the San Joaquin, from its lofty top; and, as we had visited the valley on purpose to explore some of its unknown and mysterious surroundings, it was very natural for us to feel an earnest yearning to gaze upon the wonders, beauty, and the majesty, that might be visible from so bold and so high a stand-point as this, it being no less than 4,500 feet (some surveyors make it 4,980 feet) above the river, that hurries past its base, and the most elevated of all the eminences around the valley.

"If you feel like making the attempt to climb it," very kindly suggested our excellent and companionable friend, Mr. Beardslee, ("Buck,") "I am ready to accompany you as guide, and will take you by the Indian trail up the mountain, if you say so; but, it is a very difficult and fatiguing undertaking, I assure you, accompanied with some danger."

The reader is, of course, familiar with the fact, that human nature is made up of contrarieties; and that such is the desire, generally felt, to thrust the head into places of peril, instead of avoiding them from sheer love of personal safety, that nothing will answer but to rush straight into danger, instead of from it, and to seek rather than to shun it. As we confess to a share in the common fail-

ing, the very mention of such a word as 'danger' became an additional incentive, and a conclusive argument to the resolve of entering upon the task, and we promptly accepted of Mr. Beardslee's offer. Mr. Wolverton, a gentleman residing in the valley, who accompanied us on the fatiguing tramp up the South Fork cañon to the Too-lu-lu-wack waterfall, very kindly offered again to make one of the party.

As we expected the ascent of the dome, if accomplished at all, would be attended with considerable difficulty, we spent the evening in providing suitable ropes, and other accessories, that might contribute to the success of the undertaking; and in making and painting a suitable national banner, that we intended should proudly float from that exalted position, did we ever succeed in reaching it.

Early the following morning, we were ready for the start. "How delicious is the morning air of the valley!" so truthfully observes Mr. Tirrel. "There seems to be something intoxicating in it. Its invigorating breath—pure as purity itself—sends the quickened life-stream dancing through our veins in successive thrills of delight, until the mere consciousness of existence becomes perfect ecstasy.

"A thin mist was lying upon the valley, and stealing up the mountain sides. The cliffs upon our left were all in deep shadow, the outline of their summits cutting darkly and strongly against the brilliant light of the unclouded sky. Great streams of sunlight came pouring through the openings in the cliffs, illuminating long, radiating belts of mist, which extended clear across the valley, and were lost among the confusion of rock and foliage, forming the debris on the opposite side. Directly in front of us, and about three miles distant, was Mount Tis-sa-ac, the highest mountain



VIEW TO THE NORTHEAST, LOOKING UP THE VALLEY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed, for R. H. Vance.]

in the valley, as well as the boldest and most beautiful in outline. Its base was shrouded in the hazy mystery which enveloped everything in the valley. Numerous little white clouds, becoming detached from this misty curtain, were sailing up the mountain side. Dodging about among the projecting spurs, intruding their beautiful forms slowly into the dark caverns, puffed out again in a hurry by the eddying winds which hold possession of those gloomy recesses, and then resume their upward flight, each following the other with the precision and regularity of a fleet of white-winged yachts, rounding a stake boat, and each eaten up by the sun with astonishing rapidity, as they sailed slowly past the angle of shadow cast across the lower

half of the mountain. High above all this, in the clear, bright sunshine, towered the lofty summit. Every projection and indentation, weather and water stain, fern, vine, and lichen, so clearly defined that one could almost seem to touch its surface by merely extending his arm.

"This mountain divides the upper part of the valley into two parts: the river coming down the gorge to the southward of it, while on its northern side, close against its base, is a beautiful lake of the same name as the mountain, almost a mile in circumference and very deep. Mount Tis-sa-ac is 4,980 feet in height. It is also called "Frances' Peak," in honor of the first white lady that visited the valley; it has also a third name, the "Half Dome," from its peculiar forma-

tion. Its summit greatly resembles a half-dome; one side falling off with a graceful sweep, and the other being a blank wall of rock, extending down fully 1,500 feet, and as plumb as a die. All of the mountain side, below this precipice, is so steep that it would be called perpendicular, in any other place than the valley."

"Is the lunch and the bottle all right?" enquired our guide.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the cheerful response.

"Are we all ready?"

"All ready,"

"Forward."



"BUCK," READY FOR THE START.

As our feet fell on the flower-covered and beautiful, though not very fertile bottom-lands, of the upper part of the valley, and we threaded our way through a labyrinth of oak, pine, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, the mountain walls on either side, threw their awe-inspiring and heavy shadows over us, made our

hearts leap with wild emotion and new pleasure, as though we stood upon enchanted ground, and all the scenes, upon which we looked, the magical creations of some wonder-working Genie.

On our left towered, in majestic grandeur the great Mount *To-coy-ae*, or North Dome—sometimes called Capitol Rock—in whose immense sides a colossal arch is formed, doubtless from the falling of several sections of the rock. This has been designated the "Royal Arch of *To-coy-ae*." This, we believe, has never been measured; but we should judge its altitude, from the valley to the crown of the arch, to be about one thousand seven hundred feet; and its span about two thousand feet; and its depth in, from the face of the rock, about eighty or ninety feet. There is one additional feature here that should not be overlooked, and that is the small streams of water that leap down over it, like falling strings of pearls and diamonds. These add much, in early spring, to the attractiveness of the scene.

On, on we marched, in Indian file, until we were nearly on the margin of the river, when the question was asked, "How are we to cross this dashing and impetuous torrent?" "Oh, we will *coon* it over, on a log," replied our guide, "if we can not do better." When we reached the stream, we found that a small, yet tall tree, had been fallen across it, to form a bridge, over which "Buck" walked with as much composure and *sang froid* as though it had been as broad as the river itself; while the thundering water splashed and surged and eddied, as it swept against the rocks, much to the discomposure of the nervous system of some of us, knowing that we had to follow suit or stay behind. To *walk* it, was an impossibility to us, so we took our guide's advice, and "*cooned*" it—that is, crept over slowly, on our hands and knees.

This accomplished, we soon began the ascent of the mountain, over loose fragments of debris, and among huge masses of fallen rocks, lying at the side of the mountain, and in the bed of a small but very deep cañon; but these were soon left behind, and we had to commence climbing around and over points of rocks, walking on narrow edges, or feeling our way past some projecting point, or tree or shrub; steadying ourselves by a twig,

places to travel over, and in no way inviting to a nervous man, were of considerable assistance in the accomplishment of our task.

After an exciting and fatiguing exercise, of about three hours, we reached a large projecting rock that formed a cave, in which our guide expected to find a spring of water, but in this, from some cause, we were doomed to disappointment, although signs of moisture were still visible. Here we took a rest of a few minutes, and then renewed our efforts to

reach the top of the mountain. A little before noon, this was accomplished.

To our great comfort and satisfaction, a cool and refreshing breeze was blowing upon us as soon as we reached the summit of the mountain; and this was especially welcome, as the heat, on the sheltered side, by which we had ascended, had been very oppressive, pouring down upon us, as it did, from a hot June sun, without the slightest breeze to fan, or shadow to shelter us, as we climbed.

The reader must not anticipate our narrative, by supposing that the dif-

ficult task of ascending the great Dome was now accomplished, far from it; for, although we had reached the top of the elevated plateau, or mountain ridge, to the height of about three thousand seven hundred feet above the valley, the great, bald-headed object of our ambitious aspirations, was still lifting its proud summit more than a thousand feet above us.

When advancing towards Tis-sa-ac, looking out for some point where the ascent could be the most successfully at-



THE "INDIAN TRAIL" UP THE MOUNTAIN.

or crevice, or jutting rock; or holding on with our feet, as well as our hands, knowing that a slip would have sent us down several hundred feet, into the deep abyss that was yawning beneath.

In some places, where the ledges of rock were high and smooth, broken branches of trees had been placed, so as to enable the Indians to climb above them; and then, by removing the means of their ascent, cut off the pursuit of any advancing foe. These, although risky

tempted, we came upon the projecting margin of the immense granite wall of rock we had so often seen from below; and, as we stood upon it, looking down into the far off and misty depths of the valley beneath, with the ribbon-like river winding hither and thither, no language can describe the appalling grandeur and frightful profoundness of that scene.

Steadying ourselves against a stunted pine tree, that had been toughened and strengthened by its perpetual struggles with the tempest and storm of many a year, and which was growing from a narrow crevice in the granite mass on either side, we rolled several large, round rocks, that lay temptingly near the edge of the precipice, into the abyss beneath; when we were surprised to find that many seconds elapsed before they were heard to strike on the bare rock below. It is our opinion that this precipice can not be less than two thousand feet in perpendicular altitude. Here we were enabled to find some flowers of a genus not yet known to botanists, and are consequently new.

Without lingering too long, we again started on our enterprise, and finding that on this, the south side of the Dome, it was utterly impossible to climb up it, we worked our way through a dense, though comparatively dwarfish growth of manzanita bushes, growing at the base of the Dome, (which made sad havoc in our broadcloth unmentionables), and about two o'clock, P. M., reached the foot of a low, flatish dome-shaped point of rock, that lies at the back or eastern side of the great Tis-sa-ac, and which is not seen from the valley.

As we had not found a single drop of water to assuage our thirst, since we left the river, and as the day and the exercise was alike provocative of it; our gratification at the sight of a snow bank, snugly ensconced in the shade, on the north side of the dome, was placed beyond conjec-

ture. We now quickened our footsteps, and soon found ourselves sitting comfortably beside it, taking lunch. Before we were aware of it, "Buck" was among the missing; and, as he was away nearly half an hour, we began to be alarmed for his safety; when, presently, his welcome face and form was visible in the distance, among the pines, holding a tin cup containing water. This was a welcome sight to us, and somewhat accounted for his long absence. Knowing how thirsty we were, his generous nature had prompted him to the search for water, and all the time that we had been resting, he had spent in this philanthropic employment. Many, many thanks to thee, Buck, for thy kindness on this, and many other occasions.

Our guide having reported an abundance of good water, issuing from a crevice in the rock a short distance down the mountain, we repaired thither to finish our repast and take a good, hearty draught, before attempting the ascent. Here we found several new varieties of flowering shrubs, in addition to some bulbous roots, and very pretty mosses.

The inner man being satisfied, the rapidly descending sun admonished us to make the best of daylight to accomplish the task we had set ourselves. Accordingly, we repaired to the lower dome, which is one immense spur of granite, belonging to the great dome; and, as its surface, by time and the elements, was made tolerably rough, there was found comparatively but little difficulty in climbing it, especially with Buck's assistance, who, in order to make his footing sure, had left his boots behind, and could run past us up the bare rocks with the agility of a cat, when he threw down the rope to enable us the more easily to ascend to him.

In this way we soon reached the top of the lower dome, which is perhaps about four hundred and fifty feet above the

main ridge. In some of the fissures or seams of this rock, some low, stunted shrubs were growing. As we were, perhaps, an eighth of a mile from the great dome, when we reached the top of this, the appearance was somewhat deceptive, and we entertained no doubt but the ascent could be made.



ASCENDING THE LOWER DOME.

The reader may judge of our disappointment, when we reached the foot of the great Tis-sa-ac, to find that not only was its gently rounding surface at an angle of about sixty-eight or seventy degrees, but overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite shingles—as smooth as glass—about eighteen inches in thickness, and extending around the dome as far as our eyes could reach. These put every hope to flight, of our feet, or those of any other visitors, ever treading upon the lofty crown of this dome, without extensive artificial adjuncts to aid in its accomplishment.

On the top of this immense mountain of bald rock, one solitary pine is growing; and, although it is barely discernable from the valley, (and not at all from

the lower dome, where we were standing) by the aid of the telescope it is seen to be a tree of a goodly size. Much disappointed at the failure of the principal object of the enterprise we had undertaken, we placed our national banner upon the highest point attainable, in the hope that the day was not far distant when the number of visitors who should annually come to worship in this sublime temple of nature, might create the necessity for the construction of a strong iron staircase to the very summit of Mount Tis-sa-ac, and that from the topmost crown of its noble head, the stars and stripes might wave triumphantly; while the whole of the surrounding country could be seen afar off, and a thousand times fully reward the perseverance and fatigue of the ascent.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Little Yo-Semite Valley.

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart.

STREET.

Above the Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada fall, on the main middle fork of the Merced, there are three other waterfalls, one of which is at the head of the little Yo-Semite valley, about two and a half or three miles higher up that stream; and, as we were now on the ridge, and the descent inclined towards the fall, we proposed to visit it before descending the mountain. To this each readily agreed, and we accordingly started in that direction.

Our way led down the ridge and across its numerous spurs that hem in, or rather that almost monopolize and form the so-called valley, with the exception, perhaps, of from a third to a half mile on the sides of the stream. Numerous clumps of fir trees and pines stand here and there; some on the banks of the river, and some in moist places, that, during a

short season of the year, are shallow lakes. Numerous grouse and mountain quail whirled past us—simply, as we thought, to torment us, for on this occasion, only, we had no gun, as at other times when we had, we found no use for one. By the side of every little hillock, especially at the bottom of the spurs, there were deer trails, deeply worn, and full of recent imprints of their feet; also those of the cinnamon and grizzly bear. On the limited portions of alluvial soil, a thick growth of short, fine grass was growing, resembling the buffalo grass of the plains. On the low ridges or spurs in the valley, there is an abundance of tuft or bunch grass.

The mountains on either side of this valley are, if possible, more singular than those of the great Yo-Semite valley, on account of the formation being distinctly different. For instance, a large and uneven, yet sugar-loaf shaped rock, at its eastern extremity near the falls, has a wide belt of sandstone near its base, and which extends from the one side to the other; similar layers of rock continue, although of different kinds and colors, to the very summit of the rock, while that in the valley below is of granite almost exclusively.

The waterfall at the head of this valley might more properly be denominated a cascade, as the main body of water forming the river rushes down an inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, at an angle of about thirty-seven degrees. The mountains, on either side, being lofty, rugged, pine studded and precipitous, add much to the grandeur as well as beauty of the scene.

Before a sketch of this cascade could be completed, evening had begun to lower

down her shadowy curtain, covering up the numerous beauties of light and shade formed by each huge projecting crag, and we had hurriedly, though reluctantly, to leave this charmed spot, without a good picture of it; not, however, without an inward promise to revisit it, and then take time faintly to delineate its wondrous and pleasing forms.

Night came upon us so rapidly, that before we reached the lower end of this valley, we found it impossible to proceed without difficulty; and when, at last, we arrived at a large pine tree that nature had dropped over the foaming rapids of the river, about a third of a mile from the top of the Yo-wi-ye fall, the darkness was so intense that we could not see it with sufficient distinctness to warrant us in running the risk of crossing.

As the trailless way before us, from



BENIGHTED.

the Yo-wi-ye to the Pi-wy-ac (Vernal) falls, was not only very steep but among large and sharp loose rocks, and over a smooth wet surface of slippery granite; and then, after we could reach the foot of the ladders at the latter fall, we should have to make our way, as best we could, to the hotel, three and a half miles farther, and mostly on a very rough trail, we concluded that, although we had

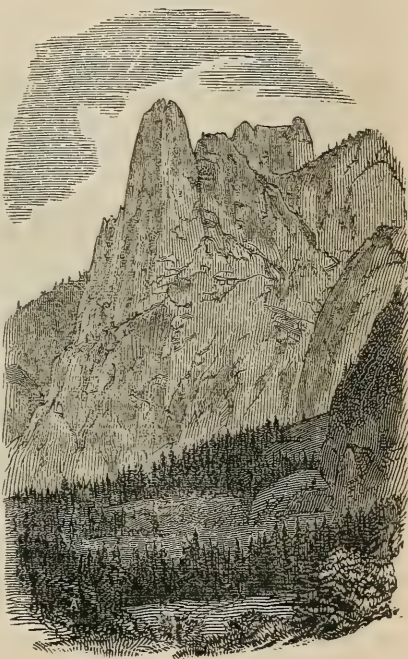
neither blankets or food, it would be far better for us to build a fire and encamp for the night. This we accordingly did, when Buck curled himself up by the fire and in a few minutes was fast asleep, and so remained until nearly morning; when he arose, smoked his pipe, and awaited the breaking of day.

After a night's rest, that might have had much more comfort in it, by the first streaks of morning light we made our toilet, and in a couple of hours found ourselves at the foot of the ladders, where we found some bread and a bottle of wine, but no one that we could ask for it, or to whom we could pay its value; but hunger seldom, at such times, goes prospecting for a conscience, and therefore, without further ceremony, we helped ourselves, and left its full value in coin with a note of explanation. On our way to the hotel we met the ladder-keeper, to whom those viands belonged, and told him what we had done; when he very kindly invited us to return with him, saying he would prepare us a tolerably good breakfast. This, however, we gratefully declined, and shortly afterwards sat down to an excellent meal at Hite's hotel.

Here we wish most cordially and sincerely to tender our thanks to Mr. Hite and Mr. Cunningham, the proprietors of the two hotels in the valley, also to Mr. Geo. Coulter, of Coulterville, and Mr. Galen Clark, of Clark's Ranch, and others, for their numerous courtesies and many acts of kindness extended to us during our visit among them, and to wish them the success that their enterprise so truly merits.

As our stay in the great valley of the Yo-Semite had extended to thirteen days, during which we explored many of its numerous and interesting features; and in gathering some two hundred and thirty specimens of its botany—including trees and shrubs, as well as flowers—

with a reluctant heart we shook hands with our pleasant acquaintances and wished them farewell.



SENTINEL ROCK, 3,270 FEET HIGH.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

After passing Sentinel Rock, a lofty, solitary peak, just opposite the Yo-Semite fall, and between the two hotels; and the picturesque group know as Cathedral Rocks, standing near the Pohono fall, lifting our hat in respectful salutation as we passed Tu-tock-ah-nu-lah, and taking a last farewell of Pohono—the most graceful waterfall in the valley—we commenced the ascent of the mountain, on the Mariposa trail, and on our way to the large groves of mammoth trees on the Fresno, Chowchilla, and upper waters of the San Joaquin. The trail from Hite's and Cunningham's hotel to the Pohono fall, is good; beyond that, as you ascend the mountain, al-



VIEW DOWN THE VALLEY, TO "CATHEDRAL ROCKS."

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed, for R. H. Vance.]

though the trail has been well laid out, it is somewhat rough and steep; yet, as you ascend point upon point, to the height of over four thousand feet, while it is a heavy tax upon the animal, it is seldom, or never, tedious to the rider; the numerous points of wonder and beauty growing upon him as he advances.

The general view of the valley, from Inspiration point, on this trail, is the most beautiful and striking of the whole; while on the side of the mountain you are climbing, numerous sheets of water shoot over in different places. Our way up lay beneath the shadows of tall pines, hemlocks, Douglass firs, and oaks, made vocal with the songs of birds, with the valley in sight for many miles, until we reached the top and sadly said Good-Bye.

Nearly at the summit of the mountain we overtook our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Lamson, and Mr. Cameron, when we all traveled in company to the Big Trees.

From this point our course was around and over several low, well timbered ridges, and across numerous small valleys, down many of which ran several small streams of water, until we commenced the gradual descent of a very long hill to Empire Springs, where we encamped for the night and cooked the game we had killed during the day. The picturesque scene as we lay down beneath the pines, looking at the stars, and the pleasant converse we had together there, will be long remembered. The camping place is good—grass, wood, and water plenty.

About ten o'clock the following morning, we arrived, by a good trail, at Clark's Ranch, where we obtained an excellent breakfast, and after which we visited the mammoth trees; but, as we shall have something to say about these in some future number of the magazine, we will thank the reader for his courteous company through this series of articles, and

wish him the pleasure of a personal visit to this, the eighth wonder of the world.

For the convenience of those travelers who would like to visit the Yo-Semite Valley, by way of Mariposa—which, by-the-bye, is quite as good as either of the others—we append the following table of distances, furnished us by Mr. Clark:—

From Mariposa—

	<i>Miles.</i>
To the spring and camping ground at the head of dug road.....	3½
“ Forbes’, (known as the Hog Ranch) 5½	
“ Magoon’s Ranch,.....	11
“ Branch of Chowchilla,.....	17
“ Clark’s Ranch, (south fork Merced) 25	
Although there are several camping places beyond this, the first good one is	
“ Empire Camp,.....	34
“ Owl Camp,.....	35
“ Mountain Meadows,.....	37
Branches of these meadows are found about every half mile for five miles—water plenty.	
“ Valley, from lower end of these meadows,.....	8
Making the distance from Mariposa — to the Valley,.....	50
To Cunningham’s Hotel,.....	4¾
To Hite’s Hotel,.....	5½

FEMALE EDUCATION

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

Perhaps there is no other single cause that retards our moral and intellectual advancement so seriously, as the present sadly defective system, generally speaking, of female education. Far, far more enlightened is the popular mind to-day upon the subject, than it was wont to be in days that are past; yet there are thousands of well meaning men, even at this present hour, who esteem female education an absurd luxury. They believe that woman was born inferior to man, and intended by nature to thus remain.

I can conceive nothing more to be deprecated than a hypothesis so peremptorily antagonistic to the dearest interests of the human family. I blush to know, and am pained to acknowledge, that the majority of men, even in the latter part of the nineteenth century, consider that woman should be confined exclusively to the kitchen, rather than be qualified to walk through life hand in hand with the sterner sex, as an adviser, an educator, and a progressional benefactress. Shame on the man who can refuse to grant woman her just rights!

Nor is the woman alone the sufferer. A nation mourns the loss of her benign influence. Did the laws of our land enjoin upon every legislator the duty of taking his wife with him to his official post, many an impending danger would be averted; an indescribable amount of national dishonor and shame would be prevented; and, instead of the disgraceful scenes now enacted, a high-toned courtesy and a gentlemanly demeanor would characterize all their deliberations. The bare imputation is a burning shame, that woman’s natural talents are inferior to man’s. They may and do differ in some respects. While man possesses an irresistible executive will, woman possesses those moral, reflective, calm reasoning qualities, which so preeminently qualify her for an adviser on momentous and exciting occasions. But, so methodically is the doctrine of inferiority taught, that the majority of women take it for granted that such is actually the fact; and when, now and then, one of them masters sufficient courage to proclaim to the world that her sex has talents susceptible of cultivation, and rights that should be respected, she is gravely informed by the lords of creation that she is out of her sphere. The unsophisticated mind naturally asks, why this tyrannical course of conduct is followed. I will tell you: it is because it

is popular. *Were it popular to persecute virtue, it would be done by the masses.* We are rather an imitative than reflective people. We worship ancient falsehood, and blaspheme modern truth. Yet, thank God, the universal laws of progression will carry us ahead, in spite of all our exertions to the contrary; and the day is coming when women shall have accorded to them their just rights. Woman, as an educator, and moral reformer, occupies a position triumphantly ahead of the opposite sex; that is, she is thus qualified by nature. But, gentlemen, while you are excluding them from wielding their legitimate influence over the age of manhood, do not forget that it is at the breast that character is moulded, and the most important and lasting impressions received; and, would you have our national government conducted upon sound and enlightened principles, *educate your daughters.* The rising generation on the Pacific shore, is the most vigorous that the world has ever produced.

The native born children of this coast are perfect specimens of nature's grandest perfection; and only require proper culture and development, to dumfound the advocates of standing still. Then let us determine to educate our sons and daughters on an equal footing, and posterity will bless our efforts and emulate our example. But first, let us have a reformation in our present system of acquiring mental culture. Let us have our educational establishments so conducted as to develope, expand, and strengthen every part of the system—physical as well as mental. Let us conduct ourselves like rational beings, and contemplate physical education as an indispensable adjunct to mental culture; then, and not until then, will youth be enabled to leave their academic studies and enter upon life with a certainty to *conquer*, instead of pale, puny invalids, unfit for the practical duties about to be

assigned them. Should a man acquire the combined ability of a Demosthenes and Cicero, at the expense of his health, it would be a curse to himself and useless to others. There is no excuse for those teachers who so conduct their schools as to break down the health of their students, and that it shall speedily be otherwise, is the prayer of a father.

GOD BLESS OUR HOMES!

BY G. T. SPROAT.

God bless our homes forever!
 All lonely as they lie,
 Nestling among the northern hills,
 Or 'neath the southern sky;
 Or where the western forests wave
 O'er prairie, stream and lea;
 Or eastern rivers pour their floods
 All murmuring to the sea.

God bless our homes forever!
 There at the close of day,
 Our blessed mother sits and sings,
 Some old familiar lay:
 Our gray-haired father hears;—why
 His head upon his knee? [droops
 "'Twas the same song he used to sing,
 Our wand'rer o'er the sea!"]

God bless our homes forever!
 There our loved brothers meet,
 And gentle sisters smile at night
 Around the fireside seat:
 How rings each old, familiar voice,
 Dear, dear to him who roams!
 God bless our cherished household
 God bless our native homes! [bands,

WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA.

BY A. KELLOGG.

[We take pleasure in acknowledging our obligations to Dr. Kellogg for the botanical illustrations of the present number, the mechanical labor of his own hands.—ED.]



NO. 1, ITHURIEL'S SPEAR—2, FLOWER OF ITHURIEL'S SPEAR, LAID OPEN—3, ROOT AND LEAF OF SAME—4, THE DWARF KING'S SPEAR—5, FLOWER OF SAME, LAID OPEN—K IS THE GREAT KING'S SPEAR.

Ithuriel's Spear.*—"The leading Fig. in the foregoing group, No. 1, is among the most beautiful of the minor Lilyworts of California. The color of the flower is a deep purplish celestial blue. To the common observer, it bears a striking resemblance to another kindred plant, known as the great King's Spear, or Missouri Hyacinth.† A very little careful examination, however, will enable any one to distinguish between these plants. This is the more important, because the root of the King's Spear is edible; but another plant, very much like it in appearance, (which we may hereafter figure and describe), has a poisonous root. No. 2 is a flower of *Ithuriel's Spear*, laid open, showing the six stamens; *the seed vessel is on the top of a long, curved stem*. On the contrary, in the Great King's Spear, (*Brodiaea grandiflora*), a plant, one to two feet high, with similarly arranged and like colored flowers, the seed vessel is set close down in the bottom of the flower, with scarcely more than an imaginary elevation; this accounts for the base of the flower being broader and more bell-funnel form, whereas *Ithuriel's Spear* is very slender tubed. No. 3 represents the root and leaf of the latter; and "K" the root of the Great King's Spear.

The common name of this liliaceous plant, has, probably an allusion to Milton's great drama, where *Ithuriel* and his celestial companion are sent to search the garden of Eden, and guard the happy pair. At length, as the poem relates the story, the Devil is discovered by moonlight,—

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art" * * *

to fill her fancy with

"Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires:
Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride

Him thus intent, *Ithuriel with his spear*
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness;" &c.

So Satan, it appears, was as much surprised by the touch, as a black powder magazine would be by unexpectedly coming in contact with a spark of fire. This, we are willing to own, is a rather free and literal rendering of the passage, but we would fain hope it has served to throw some light upon the subject.

No. 4 is, probably, a new dwarfish species of the King's Spear. We have described it under the name of *Brodiaea terrestris*. The bulb is solid, of the size and general form of a hazel nut; the flattened base rimed at the origin of the rootlets, and the outer coat shreddy fibrous; it probably varies in different stages of growth. The stem is very short, or entirely under ground—umbel many flowered flower stems (pedicels) two to three inches long—flowers funnel form, the three outer divisions lance-acute; three inner petals somewhat broader obtuse or notched. Stamens, six—three fertile, opposite the inner petals—the arrow-based anther extending a little beyond the abrupt point of the filament, or connective; the antheriferous lobes incurved at the apex. The three sterile stamens, as seen at No. 5, opposite the sepaline divisions, petaloid, emargined, mucronate, infolded longer than the fertile. Flowers pale blue, a deep blue elevated line, along the back, shading to green below. Style quarter of an inch long, subtriangular. Stigma three-cleft recurve, spreading. The radicle leaf long, very narrow, and so closely folded as to appear perfectly round; by age, and drying, it opens out, so as to make apparent its channeled character. A very common bulbous plant in the vicinity of San Francisco, sometimes throwing up a scape a few inches above ground.

**Seubertia laxa*, formerly *Tritelia laxa*.

†*Brodiaea grandiflora*.



AMERICAN COWSLIP.
(*Dodecatheon Meadia*.)

The above is an outline of one of the most common wild flowers of California. It belongs to the natural family of Primworts, or the order *Primulaceae*, the Primrose tribe. The name *primula*, from which this order is derived, is a diminutive of *primus*, or the first, as it is the first flower of spring; indeed, some of

this family, inhabiting Alpine regions, are known to blossom beneath drifts of snow. They might well be regarded as the first in point of prime beauty, and not far from the first in fragrance.

We cannot answer so well for others, but, to our conceit, few flowers have a greater charm than this one, known in

juvenile parlance as Pinky Winky Prim.

As the charmed ear greets with rapture the song of the blue bird, in early spring, so doth the eye sparkle, and the heart of the lover of nature leap for joy, to meet once more this sweet and beautiful harbinger of vernal skies, smiling fields, and all those numberless glories with which buoyant hope adorns the coming year. Let us look, attentively, at this plant for a moment. Have my eyes ever beheld a prettier, prim, more precise, not to say fastidious form, of the appropriately exquisite and gay? Can visions of the imagination invent any inanimate form, to express more perfectly one's *beau ideal* of modest gaiety? Look at the flower, on the left hand side, and tell us if its brilliant, flashing, purple petals, tossed aloft like banners on the breeze, do not speak to you—as well as such forms may—of ecstasy almost o'erleaping restraint amid her bridal glories, the veriest rejoicing of the plant that now it is ready to run its race of usefulness, and to bring forth fruit in its allotted sphere.

These flowers are sometimes white, straw colored, and purple—commonly purple-rose; the leaves are both entire and serrate on the margin, as seen in Fig. 1; No. 2 the seed vessel. The name *dodecatheon* is said to be derived from words signifying a dozen deities; which, we think, is quite honor enough for one common plant.

THE LITTLE KISSING BEAUTY.*

The foregoing figure is an outline of the Little Kissing Beauty, found very abundantly in most parts of California, especially in the valley of the Sacramento. Mr. Hutchings found them on the Mariposa, and has on hand a charming specimen, procured during a recent trip in the country. This purple, or rosy-lipped flower, is quite a favorite of ours,



both on account of the delightful significance of the name it bears, and because it is so pleasantly associated with the vivid California scenes of 1849. It was during this eventful year, in our walks over the hills, in the vicinity of Mormon Island, that we first became acquainted with it. The throat of the flower is light straw color, and beautifully spotted with purple. "A," in the figure, exhibits the *kissing anthers*; "P," the pubescent pistil, with its bifid stigma. "In this order, (Figworts), many species have a stigma (see top of "P") composed of two highly irritable plates, one placed next the back, and the other next the front of the flower. When the corolla first expands, these plates stand apart, and are even turned back a little; but when touched, they collapse suddenly, and with some force." See Henderson, in the *Annals of Nat. Hist.*, Vol. 6th, page 51.

* *Eunanus Doug lasii*.

EFFIE IS DEAD.

WORDS BY J. C. MORRILL.

MUSIC BY JAS. C. KEMP.

Moderato affetuoso con espressione.

Step lightly, breathe softly, Speak not a - loud, She lies there so

meekly in her snow-white shroud; Her eyes once so beaming their lustre have

shed; She lies as if dreaming, But O! she is dead.

We watched her while dying—
Her pulse, faint and low,
Hung trembling a moment—
Her life seemed to flow
Like the ebbing of waters,
Then settled to rest,
And Effie had gone to
The home of the blest.

Sweet music from heaven,
When dear Effie died,
Seemed floating around her
On every side.
The harps of the angels
Breathed softly and low—
A grief in our gladness,
A joy in our woe.

We decked her with flowers
Sweet-scented and fair—
A wreath on her coffin,
A rose in her hair;
We know that their petals
Will shortly decay,
But Effie will float with
Their perfume away.

Step lightly—breathe softly—
Speak not aloud;
She lies there so meekly
In her snow-white shroud!
Her eyes, once so beaming,
Their lustre have shed,—
She lies as if dreaming,
But O! she is dead!

CASE OF THE ARABELLA.

Key West, January, 1857.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

TURNING over my portfolio of notes, collected in many a rambling tour throughout our country, I came to a loose sheet with the above heading. It was the record of one of those incidents that meet many a man in the course of life, sometimes laughed away, sometimes put out of sight by a strong will, but never forgotten, and often slumbering but to start up more vividly in hours of darkness, of solitude and of sickness, scaring him to an agony of mortal terror. How many can truly say they utterly disbelieve all supernatural interference in the things of this life? Do not the astrological columns of our newspapers, our avidity for the marvellous in literature and narrative, the rapid rise in the sect of spiritualists, and kindred facts, speak loudly of our superstitions? Aye, and does not this practical belief, this eternal longing of the human mind, seem to postulate that it is not implanted in us for naught, but that now and then, in fit seasons, and for wise, though, perchance, inscrutable purposes, it shall be satisfied? I am no disciple of spiritualism; its tenets are feeble and paradoxical; but that the grave is an impassable and absolute chasm between the dead and the living, I see no reason, either in christianity, philosophy, or experience, to believe. Instances to the contrary, attested by various witnesses, and on the most unquestioned authority, could be adduced, where the laws of nature utterly fail to explain the observed phenomena. A very curious one is given by Sir Jonas Barrington, from his own experience, in his *Sketches of the Life of an Irish Barrister*.

The incident I am about to relate, though of little interest other than as a

matter of fact, seems to belong to this class. Probably many, now resident in California, will recollect the excitement it caused in Key West, when for weeks it was town talk. At that time, (in January, 1857), it was my fortune to pass several days in this rather uninteresting seaport, awaiting the New York steamer. The season had been a busy one for the wreckers, and a number of disabled and dismantled vessels lay in the harbor. Shortly after my arrival, I was listlessly lounging along the wharf, gazing at the beautiful prospect extended before me, when my attention was attracted by an enormous hulk of many hundred tons capacity, that lay high out of water. The main and mizzen masts were broken, the chains unusually rusty, and its sides seamed and scarred by a thousand conflicts with the waves. Ropes, sail-cloth, and tackling, hung about in intricate confusion.

Turning to a negro, near me, I asked what wreck that was.

"Dat, massa? don't you know dat?" he replied; then, in a low tone, looking timidly around, "dat's de sperrit ship."

"The *what*?" said I.

"De sperrit ship. He's cungered. Debil on board ebry night. Nobody watch him."

"What's its name?"

"De Arrybelly, massa, from Bos'n. Good Lor, massa, sperrit dah ebry night. Ugh!" and he shook at the thought.

Seeing I was not likely to get much satisfaction from such an informant, I dropped my inquiries, determined, however, to renew them at the earliest opportunity. Fortunately, one was not long wanting. I was to dine the next day with Mr. B., a gentleman to whom I had letters, then employed in the admiralty court, and who would probably be well acquainted with whatever stories were rife about the haunted ship. Accordingly, while we were enjoying our Havanas

under the shade of the cocoa palms that surrounded his pleasant cottage, I brought the conversation to the topic that engaged my thoughts.

"Ah!" said he, "you have already got wind of our ghost story, have you? Well, it is decidedly the most singular that ever came under my notice. But, doubtless, you doctors are ready, at a moment's warning, to prove that it all arises from a hallucination, an encephalic sensation, or some such misty cause."

"Not, at least, till after a fair hearing," I rejoined.

"Very well; light another cigar, and I'll give you the evidence in brief," said Mr. B., setting the example. "The *Arabella*, you must know, is an old ship, and probably had sailed many voyages before she was christened with her present name. The first that we knew of her, however, was in November last, when, bound from Boston to New Orleans, she was driven ashore on the outer reef by a violent storm. All the crew were saved, by the exertions of the wreckers, and the vessel and cargo, though considerably damaged, were towed into the harbor, and the work of unloading immediately begun. Until everything of value is brought away and stored, it is the custom to station a guard on board vessels, every night, to prevent theft. On this occasion, as the cargo was a valuable one, we had appointed James R., one of our most sober, honest and trustworthy men, to this post. What was our astonishment, when he came to us, some two weeks before the unloading was completed, and, without giving any sufficient reason, requested to be let off from duty. Finally, after much persuasion, and under promise of secrecy, he made the following statement:

"The third night previous, he had been, as usual, at his post on deck, watching that no canoe came near the vessel, when his attention was arrested by a

noise, as of a weight falling, in the cabin. Supposing something had been overthrown by the rats, he leisurely descended. The cabin he described as spacious, having two doors, one of entrance from the quarter-deck, by a flight of steps, the other at the opposite extremity, opening between decks, and thus giving the run of the whole vessel. He had left his lantern burning on the table. As he entered, he saw by its dim light a female figure pass hastily through the opposite door, into the darkness beyond. Suspecting some scheme of plunder, he instantly seized his lantern and followed, but could find no trace of the fugitive. He then hastened on deck and examined the sides of the vessel. Besides his own boat, there was none near the vessel, nor any rope or chain, by which a person could ascend the sides. Confident that he had trapped the thief, he waited till morning, and then subjected every nook and corner of the craft to a most rigorous search, but entirely without avail.

"The next night he maintained an unusually strict watch, going between decks, into the forecabin and into the cabin, every hour. Some time after midnight, as he had just completed one of these circuits, and was refreshing himself with some bananas in the cabin, he looked up, and there, in the middle of the apartment, within a few feet of him and walking with the same hurried and anxious motion, was the same figure! For a few seconds he was spell-bound by the suddenness and close proximity of the apparition, but quickly recovering himself, sprang to the door between decks, through which, on the previous night, she had passed, and drawing his pistol cried out, 'Stop, or I'll shoot!' No one was to be seen. The large empty space was silent and deserted. Yet, not ten seconds had elapsed. Impossible that she had escaped so soon and so silently. Then, he says, for the first time the idea that it

was a supernatural visitor, entered his mind; but he combated it strongly. Barrels and boxes were subjected to a critical inspection,—to no purpose. He ran over the whole ship; no one was its occupant but himself.

“He resolved to make a trial of one night more, and then either solve the mystery or throw up the appointment. The door, leading from the cabin to midships, he securely fastened; took an extra lantern, saw to the loading of his pistol, and determined to shoot, without a moment’s warning, the first semblance of a human form that appeared. Part of the time he spent on deck, and part in the cabin, now and then looking down the hatchway, into the space between decks, where he had hung the second lantern. The night slowly wore away, without any signs of his unpleasant visitant, and he was in strong hopes that he should see her no more. It was between three and four o’clock in the morning, when, having carefully scrutinized the space between decks, he passed on to the cabin and was just entering, when a slight noise, real or imaginary, caused him to glance behind for a moment. As he turned to proceed, face to face, walking directly towards him from the center of the cabin, and with hands outstretched as the blind, when feeling their way, he met the figure he was expecting. Although he had his pistol in his hand, and had steeled himself with all the determination he was master of, he says a mortal terror overcame him, his strength forsook him, he staggered and sank on the floor, helpless as a child, while the mysterious walker passed out of the cabin to the quarter deck, almost over his prostrate form.

“As soon as he recovered his powers, he took his boat, came ashore, and handed in his resignation immediately. I, myself, questioned and cross-questioned him narrowly, in regard to the occur-

rence, seeking to discover whether he was deceiving me, whether he, himself, was humbugged, or finally, whether he was the victim of an optical delusion.”

“And which did it turn out to be?” asked I.

“Strange to say, I can impute it to neither. Certainly not the first, for it resulted directly to his own loss; nor the second, as, aside from the insuperable difficulty and danger of the undertaking, it could have been no benefit to any one, for nothing whatever has been stolen since the night watch was discontinued.”

“Then, of course,” I interposed, “it was an optical delusion, similar to those which occurred to M. Nicolai, of Berlin, and which he made the subject of a disquisition to the Academy. The annals of medical science abound in examples of the kind.”

“Hold, hold, Doctor,” cried Mr. B., “you are too fast. I have, in some respects, the strangest item yet to tell. The next night, keeping the matter perfectly quiet, we appointed a stupid old Mexican as watch. Early next morning he appeared in a frenzy of terror, crossing himself, praying, and swearing by all the Saints that he would not spend another night on the *Arabella* for her weight in dollars, ‘*por que, O Senor mio,*’ the poor fellow groaned, ‘*esta una bruja en ella, una bruja maldita, Santa Virgin!*’

“The story soon spread, and no one can now be had, for love or money, to stand watch over the fated vessel. There is not a wrecker in Key West—and God knows we have dare-devils enough here—who will set foot on her after night-fall.”

“Did you obtain any at all accurate description of the figure, from either witness?” I asked.

“The Mexican,” Mr. B. replied, “was too terrified and too stupid to give any other account, than, as he was going from the upper deck into the cabin, he met a

white witch—*una bruxa blanca*—who ran towards him with outstretched arms. James R. describes her as of about medium height, clothed in loose, light colored garments; the upper part of her face concealed by "a cowl, or hood, of dark material, that hung down over her shoulders, and the arms in long flowing sleeves, that reached to her wrists. He could see nothing of the face but the lower part, which was deathly white, the thin, bloodless lips, tightly compressed together. But it was her hands that seemed to have impressed themselves most forcibly on his memory. They seemed emaciated almost to transparency, the blue veins, coursing over and between the bones, distinct and plainly visible. The fingers were curved and held slightly apart, while both they and the hands swayed to and fro with that tremulous, uncertain, *feeling* movement, characteristic of the blind."

"Were both the men in good health?" I inquired.

"In perfect health, and have been ever since. James is an intelligent, sober, and industrious man, from the northern States, not inclined to be nervous, and brave as a lion."

"A most extraordinary relation, indeed," I remarked, "and one that certainly falls outside the common and popular explanations of such occurrences. I should like to see these men myself, and examine the ship,—possibly pass a night on board."

"Very well," he replied, "you can do so whenever you wish."

On my return to my apartment, in the "California House," I wrote out my conversation with Mr. B., in as nearly our words as I could recall them, from which notes the present narrative is compiled. Unfortunately, the pursuit of the science for which I was then visiting the Florida Keys, and the early arrival of the steamer, on which I was to take passage, hin-

dered those personal investigations which I should otherwise have made. I have never revisited Key West, nor heard what was the sequel of this strange story, but perhaps some reader of this reminiscence may be better acquainted with the subsequent history of the *Arabella*.

FAREWELL TO THE OCEAN.

BY J. P. CARLTON.

Air,—“Watcher.”

O! great and glorious Ocean,
Once more I say farewell,
I leave with fond emotion
That sea I loved so well.
No more I'll view with gladness,
That sky so bright and blue;
In ecstasies of sadness
I'll bid my last adieu.

Obedient to my duty,
Many a time and oft
I've pondered on thy beauty
While stationed up aloft;
When in the watches lonely,
The silent deck I trod,
My thoughts were on *thee* only,
Thou *Master piece of God*.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

Our Passengers.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a voyage from England to India, before the introduction of steam, was an awfully tedious affair. Despite a splendid table, dancing, reading, amateur theatricals, card playing, and flirtations, not five out of the forty passengers of the good ship *Serampore* but were sick of the sight of blue waters, sick of themselves, and tired, not to say disgusted, with everything and everybody on board, weeks before the welcome sound of land caused a general rush to the poop. It had been in sight from the

mast-head for some time, and was now visible from the deck.

The sun had just disappeared behind St. Thomas' Mount, and the white houses, light-house, and the famed Fort St. George, contrasting beautifully with the luxuriant tropical foliage, were indeed refreshing to eyes so long accustomed to naught but sea and sky.

Colonel Hautiman, of the Madras Light Cavalry, and Lieutenant Sabretasch of the same corps, the only two *Madras* officers on board, pointed out the various points to the ladies, adjusted spyglasses for their fair eyes, expatiated on the dangers of passing through the tremendous surf which perpetually rages, the manner it was done by the natives in those queer looking boats, the certainty of the sharks getting them if capsized, and of the salt water giving them a thorough ducking if not a drowning. But even the horrors of landing, described by the Colonel, could not depress the spirits of people who would almost favor the idea of being digested by sharks, in preference to further confinement in their floating prison.

It was night when we anchored, for in those latitudes the twilight is but brief; but, notwithstanding, several gentlemen came off from the shore, to meet relatives and friends. Captain Botley came first, to claim his two sisters, whom he had not seen for ten years. Captain Botley was not a reflective man, and, forgetful of the lapse of years, he had brought off a dissecting map, two dolls, and a child's wheelbarrow, wherewith to propitiate the favor of the young ladies. Even when introduced to their presence, it was some time before his obtuse understanding could realize the effects of time on the two very lovely girls before him.

In coming on board, Captain Botley had not reflected upon the effects of aquatic motion, and taking hold of the man-ropes too low, and stepping from

the boat to the ship's side at the wrong instant, had plumped into the water nearly up to his waist. "Man overboard—all safe," was the cry, and the gentlemen reached the ship's deck, to hear a voice, sympathetically crying, "Bring him to me—oh, bring him to me."

Miss Rawson, on the poop, had heard the cry, and bending forward she saw him gain the deck—the moon shone on his silver laced cap—of course it was her affianced husband, whose praises she had trumpeted for the whole voyage; she gasped out the words, "Oh, bring him to me," and fainted.

Captain Leechline called for water, and dipping his finger into the tumbler, let drop after drop fall upon the tip of her nose, with mathematical accuracy; it was a very small mark, and a very pretty nose, but he took his aim scientifically. Bless your soul, it was no use; she remained gracefully reclining on his arm, drawing long sighs, and gurgling in her throat, in a state of syncope. "Call the doctor," quoth the skipper, losing faith in his dropping operation, "why don't you call the doctor?"

"Allow me, sir," said Lawrence, a youngster on board, famed for his excessive impudence, "raise her up, incline her a little forward, give me the glass, sir," and before any one could interfere, he had inserted his fingers in the back of her dress, and distending it as much as possible, as also the corset, he quietly poured the water down the centre of her back.

Talk of burnt feathers, salts and sal-volatile—mere esculapian humbugs, I can assure you—perfect humbugs, compared to my friend Lawrence's plan.

When the water trickled down the spine, the effect was instantaneous—*it always is—Miss Rawson was herself again!*

MEM.—This receipt never fails. Iced water is to be preferred.

In a short time, however, the real Simon Pure did arrive on board. The meeting was very affecting. I believe I shed tears—I *know he did*. How she sobbed and laughed, and grasped his arm and hand so tight—ah, so tight—looking up, again and again, in his face, so lovingly through her tears.

Poor girl—poor Mary Rawson!

In three days they were married—in three more, she found that he had become a drunkard, and gambled—in three weeks more he beat her, and within three years she died, truly and literally of a broken heart.

Who says that hearts are not broken?

Go and seek the drunkard's home; the ruined girl's garret; the deserted wife's lodgings; the convict's mother's fireside, and then say that hearts do not break. True, they may not die; they may live by the strength of a powerful will, or better, far better, by the strength afforded to the true christian by a merciful Father; but they are, nevertheless, broken, daily, hourly, at our very doors—and from what cause? From acts always traceable to him who is, or ought to be, their natural protector and guide. Oh, man, whom God made in his own image, be but more true to yourself, to honor, and to your God, and such things would not be.

When we assembled in the cuddy that evening, for it was too late for all but a very few to land, it would have been hard, indeed, to recognise, in the merry party, the discontented faces that had scowled at each other for the last month. Captain Botley, the visitor, though not bright, was lively; but I saw that his intellectual shortcomings were not without their effect upon his sisters. They were sharp, clever, well-read, and accomplished, and they were evidently disappointed in their brother. Perhaps they thought him silly and ignorant; but if so, *they, even*, did him some injustice, for

he was considered one of the best judges in the Madras presiduary—*of a horse!* Let us finish their tale. They got tired, I suppose, of the one subject he *could* discuss, so they each found a gentleman who could talk something else than horse. One married an officer, who rose to distinction, and fell in the late Indian mutiny; and the other, the eldest, whom we were confidently told was in a rapid decline, and were positively assured could not live six months—why, she married a civil servant of the East India Company, who rose by talents to high place, and the last I heard of her she had nine children and weighed 180 lbs. avoirdupoise. My dear American friends, *par parenthesis*, let me give you a little advice: don't send your consumptives to Cuba, Sandwich Islands, or Madeira; they are perfect humbugs; but send them to India—Central India—if you can afford it, and then it will be sheer waste of money to insure their lives; but mind, they must *remain there*.

On my right hand, sat the Rev. Mr. Tombs, and next to him his wife. He had been a curate, with some fifty pounds a year, for more than a quarter of a century in England, when, by a wonderful chance, he was appointed to a chaplaincy in India, at some fourteen times the amount of his former stipend. His daughters were to follow when he had saved sufficient money to pay their outfit and passage. He was a beautiful specimen of the humble christian pastor—fervid, but not eloquent; sincere, if not able; “kind to our faults, and yet not slow to chide”; the very personification of Goldsmith's Village Parson.

When he first arrived on board, his manners not being polished, his appearance plain, and his wife's plainer, they were the objects of many a ribald jest and contemptuous sneer, but before the passage was half over, not one, from oldest to youngest, but loved him and wish-

ed to serve him. Poor Tombs, he has met his reward in another and better world. Yet why should I say poor? Rich in faith and reliance on the merits of his Savior, he had the wealth of a pure conscience, and died, as he had lived, peacefully and happily, resting his hope on Him he had so long and faithfully served. Peace be to his ashes. I may here say, that his daughters came out three years afterwards; the eldest married a gentleman of high family, and

not less high principle, who fell gloriously at the battle of Inkerman, leaving a son, now heir to an earldom. It is years, and years, since I heard of her younger sister, then living with her, after the death of her parents. She deemed me unworthy her love, and she was right; but had it not been so, I had perhaps been a better man, for her sweet example could not but have corrected my many faults.

[*To be continued.*]

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I.

The roses of summer lie cold on the ground,
The lily and violet have withered away;
The sere leaves of autumn are falling around,
And drear is the night hour, and lonely the day.

II.

Ah! torn is my heart, with its anguish undying,
And sad is the spirit, once bounding and free;
For the hopes that I cherished, now withered are lying,
And summer and spring time no more dawn to me.

III.

Sweet Willie! my lovely, my fond one and cherished,
How mourns my sad heart for thy presence so dear;
With thee, the bright star of my life-dream has perished,
And life is a burden, for thou art not here.

IV.

The pleasures I once loved have lost all their gladness—
How gloomy and dark even nature appears;
The fields and the forests, alike clothed in sadness,
Are weeping in sorrow for a fond mother's tears.

V.

They've laid him away, 'neath the sod of the valley,
And a cold marble slab marks the place where he lies;
But no mother is there to sooth his lone pillow,
Or wipe the death-dew from his sweet, loving eyes.

VI.

Oh! sad is the thought, that the grave-worm is lying
On the breast of my loved one, sweet Willie, my own!
Forbear your proud feast! for a mother is dying—
Her heart be your banquet—leave Willie alone.

NINA TRAIL.

There is mourning to-night,
 In the house down under the hill;
 A child is born, and the babe is dead,
 And the soul of its maiden mother is fled,
 And white, and cold, and stark, and still,
 Lie mother and child down under the hill;
 Gray hairs are tossing to and fro,
 Swayed by the fitful breath of woe,
 A curse goes hissing out into the night—
Who is it seeking, Roland Wright?

MARY FORREST.

Whoever saw Nina Trail never forgot her. That cold, passionless eye, those stern, inflexible features, rigid almost as though Death had drawn his icy hand over them; those close, steeled lips, pressed down so pale and so thin, through which words seldom came save in monosyllables, and which always retained the same cold, hard expression—all these combined to make Nina Trail a being distinct from all others, and seen once to be always remembered. Few were those who had seen her smile, and those who had, said it was the saddest look they had ever seen; it was such as would make a little child weep!

But there was one quality that marked Nina Trail more than all others. It was her calm and patient endurance. Come what would, prosperity or adversity, loss or gain, sickness or health, Nina Trail always remained the same calm, unchanged, incomprehensible being—nothing ever produced any change in the expression either of eyes or lips. What was there yesterday was there to-day, and so on, each day and always. She seemed to live in a world of thought and feeling entirely her own, aloof and distinct from the jarring, jostling world around her. And still her life was not one of seclusion. She constantly mingled with mankind, was shrewd and circumspect in her calculations, did all the business of her little farm, bought and sold, made bargains, 'tis true, with but few words; but those words were direct, and always to the purpose.

She was moreover rich in all the charities of life, and many blessed her who had never seen her, or met the cold grasp of her hand. Widows blessed her who upon rising some cold winter's morning, would find standing by the back door a bag of potatoes, or a sack of flour, stealthily conveyed there during the cold hours of the night. They knew that it was Nina Trail's merciful act; such was her chosen way of doing good—not to let her left hand know what her right hand was doing. And children blessed her and loved to hear her name pronounced, who at the same time would run out of her path to escape the stern look of her eye, and her harsh, uncompromising presence.

"And whence came," you will ask, "such a medley in one person of rare and opposite qualities, and what was the kind of training which developed a character like that of Nina Trail? I will tell you.

Nina had always lived on the same small farm which she inherited from her parents. They were quiet, industrious people, and Nina was their only daughter. She grew up and received that kind of education which persons of their class in life usually give their children—a good common school education, with careful domestic training. She was well fitted to be the wife of a man moving in her own sphere—a farmer or mechanic in the country.

She had a brother older than herself, and possessing, by nature, gifts of a much higher order. Harry Trail was a noble boy, with rare talents and fine personal appearance, and his father, in the pride of his heart, concluded to give him a college education. He therefore raked together all the surplus funds that his small farm would yield, and Harry was sent to college in his eighteenth year. Nina loved her brother, and revered him for his noble qualities of head and heart, and he in return almost idolized his plainer

and less gifted sister. There was a warmth in her attachment to him, as an only brother, that called forth the same feeling from his warm and affectionate heart.

Harry had a room-mate by the name of George Wilson. He was a young man of wealthy parents, and greater pretensions than Harry, yet he seemed to choose him for his associate before all others, and Harry often invited him to spend part of his vacations with him, in the country, at his father's house.

Between him and Nina an affection sprung up, which soon ripened into love. Love did I say? It was love on *her* part; on his, but a base passion, a desire to gratify himself with the humiliation and ruin of a poor, unsophisticated country girl.

Harry gradually lost confidence in his college chum, and warned Nina how she bestowed her affection upon him, as he was more than half suspicious of the game he was playing. But his warning voice came too late. Poor Nina was already too far gone for even her brother's pleading voice to reach her. The rest is but the same old story, told from the beginning,—of man's promises and perfidy, and woman's frailty and trusting love!

Harry wrung from his sister the story of her wrong, and he swore with a great oath on his soul, that George Wilson should repair the evil done to his sister by an honorable marriage, or else go, unbidden, for his sin, into the presence of his God!

That evening they all met in the parlor of his father's cottage. Harry's heart and brain were on fire, but he restrained himself and said calmly, "George Wilson, I have learned from my sister the story of her wrong—that wrong which you yourself, know full well. You have basely betrayed my confidence, and stabbed my honor. I invited you to my home; I was your friend; you called yourself mine. How have you rewarded me?

Stung me like a serpent; stung the bosom that cherished you!

But I came not here to reproach you. If you love my sister, you will make all the reparation in your power by an honorable marriage; the rest must be left between your own soul and God."

Here Nina interposed.—"If you love me not, as I hear it whispered in my heart, come not near me, George Wilson! Look not on me, nor think of me as your wife! Rather than link myself with the man who cannot love me, after all that has passed, I would wed the lowest menial that sweeps the streets; yes, beg, starve, die, aye, suffer the agony of a *thousand* deaths!—all this would I do rather than unite myself with the man who would not be proud to call me wife, as I to call him husband!"

"Then you are answered at once," said George Wilson. "I love you not, Nina Trail. I never loved you. You should have known it ere this. You know it now."

It were not possible to described the look of horror that Nina gave on hearing these words. Lifting her clenched hands towards heaven, with a shriek so wild that it made even that bad man tremble; she fled from the apartment.

The next day George Wilson departed for college. Harry soon after followed him, and finding him in his room, he entered, and locking the door after him, he drew his pistol from his pocket, and said: "George Wilson, I have but a few words to say. You have ruined my sister! You must either marry the girl you have seduced, or go this moment into the presence of your God! Which will you do? I give you just ten seconds to answer."

"I will never marry your sister," replied George; "and as for your threats, I scorn them as I do you!"

"Then die this instant!" said Harry, and in a second of time, the walls and floor were sprinkled with brains and blood.

Harry did not attempt to escape. He went out and delivered himself up to the first officer he met, and said, "I have killed the seducer of my sister's honor. I could not do otherwise, so help me God!"

The news reached Nina in her quiet home, and she immediately took the stage and started for the college. She arrived just at night, and went directly to George's room. The door was locked, but the key was in it. Nina turned the key and entered the room, and there before her on the bed, pale and lifeless, lay the body of George Wilson.

Nina did not shrink or start back. She went directly towards the bed, and uncovering the face, looked at it long and breathlessly amid the solitude of that darkened chamber. She looked, and soul and being seemed absorbed in that gaze. She stood there hour after hour, immovable as a statue. Storms might have swept over that building, armed hosts might have levelled their artillery against it, earthquakes might have shaken its walls, but Nina Trail would have heard them not. So fixed, so abstracted was her gaze, that when people came to take her away, they said, "Her eyes are as stony as those of the corpse she looks upon; her form is cold and statue like, as marble."

For many days and nights she lay in a troubled sleep, moaning, and constantly muttering in her delirium, "George! George! how cold you are! How could you do so, George?"

From that day Nina Trail was a changed woman. She rose from her sick bed, and went about the duties that devolved upon her, but she seemed, all her days, like one walking in a troubled dream, a being passing through the world, but not of it.

Harry was pardoned the crime he had committed in killing the seducer of his sister's honor. But the sight of her so changed was too painful for him, and he

removed and settled in a distant part of the country.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 357.]

CHAPTER XI.

Which changes the scene.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE first trumpet for dinner, at the cavalry mess, had sounded, when Harrison, on the day of his return, ascended the steps of the verandah in company with his friend Hartley, who was that day the invited guest of another officer of George's corps.

"Well, my boy, it is your last day near Williams, for a long time. To-morrow you will start to relieve the 2d troop; is it not so?"

"Yes, Hartley. Detachment duty is, in this case, truly acceptable, not on Williams' account only, but because I would for a while be away from the city, even though so close to it. I would fain be alone, to collect my thoughts and arrange plans which are but yet vague and confused."

Upon entering the mess, servants were handing round sherry to the officers, before dinner, as usual.

Major Williams was, at that moment, replacing his glass upon the tray, and did not immediately notice their entrance. George had, therefore, time to receive a glass of wine from an attendant, and was raising to his lips when the voice of the Major arrested him.

"I hope, Mr. Harrison, that you returned from your trip to the north with renewed strength, not only of body, but of loyalty."

"I am not aware, Major, that any one has presumed to doubt my loyalty; my bodily strength is, I am glad to say, rapidly returning."

"Then, possibly, we may hope for the honor of your company a little later than the last time you were here; that is, if no rank rebel, who knows he can depend upon you, requires your advice on the eve of his escape to-night."

In a twinkling, the hand which held the glass was thrown forward, sending the contents full in Major Williams' face.

"Infamous vilifier," cried Harrison.

At the same moment, Captain Hartley touched him on the shoulder, and said in a calm, quiet tone, "Lieutenant Harrison, I place you under arrest," adding in a whisper, "return to my quarters, instantly."

As he passed out of the door, in obedience to this command, Hartley addressed himself to the Major:

"As the nearest officer at hand, I, in accordance with military regulations, have placed Mr. Harrison under arrest, to prevent further difficulty *here*, but it is for *you*, sir, to determine if that arrest is to continue beyond the hour, as doubtless but one way you could wish this affair concluded."

"You are correct, Captain Hartley, there is but one way," answered Williams, "that I would wish it settled—namely, by the same military laws and articles of war to which you have referred. Mr. Harrison will be under close arrest, I presume, as soon as I have communicated with the Colonel, who is momentarily expected."

"Then, of course, I have nothing more to say," replied Capt. Hartley, turning somewhat contemptuously away; and then, after politely making his excuses to the other officers, for not joining them at dinner, he left the mess house and hastened to rejoin our hero.

"By heavens, Harrison, but he says

he will deal with you as a military offender, not as a man of honor would do—the mean spirited wretch."

"I am truly glad to hear it."

"Glad to hear it! Harrison, are you mad? Glad to hear that he will have you tried and cashiered, to a certainty; for you have assaulted, at public mess, your commanding officer for the time being. What do you, what *can* you mean?"

"Simply, that I would *not* have met him, if he *had* challenged me. To be relieved from the vexation and annoyance which *that* refusal would have cost me, is what I rejoice at. I just want, Hartley, to be tried and dismissed, or cashiered; it is my only chance to get rid of the misery of being engaged in this war. They have intimated that I can not exchange; if I retire, it implies cowardice; if I desert, it involves disgrace and death; if I remain, it is worse than death. I had thoughts as to what purely military offence I could commit, which would not cause a loss of self respect, and yet would lead to my dismissal from the service, and here, as if providentially, the very thing occurs."

A knock at the door here interrupted them. It proved to be the adjutant, who, demanding Harrison's sword, informed him that he must consider himself under close arrest to quarters, and that a copy of charges against him would be furnished him early the ensuing day.

The court martial was assembled in a few days. George Harrison plead guilty, and further added, that instead of regretting it, he would, under similar circumstances, act in precisely the same manner.

This materially shortened the tediousness of the trial, but had the effect of alienating many of his friends, who considered this conduct contumacious.

The finding and sentence of the court was fully confirmed and approved by the Commander-in-chief, after the lapse of a

considerable period, and was then, for the first time, promulgated, although but little doubt could possibly have existed as to what it would be.

Lieutenant Harrison was cashiered, and his name ordered to be stricken off the strength of the army.

During the time he had been awaiting this result, the effects of his pleading guilty, together with his additional remarks, and the assertions and insinuations of Williams, began to work. Many seemed to think that he had aided in Emerson's escape, and one by one his friends dropped from him, until only the friendship of Hartley remained.

He had managed, by some means, twice to communicate with, and to hear from Agnes, and her replies were all he could hope for.

That effected, his wish was to leave the country, and glad he was when the transport, in which he was ordered a passage, passed through the narrows on her way to England.

On his arrival in London, he found his father absent from town, and his eldest brother also; but he received a letter from the former, refusing to see him, enclosing bank bills to the amount of two thousand pounds, which, at his father's death he would be entitled to, and intimating that as he had disgraced a loyal name, he never wished to hear of him.

A few lines from the latter informed him that if he could ever reëstablish his character, he hoped he would do so; that with his best wishes for his future, he thought that at any rate England was no place for him, for there he was irretrievably lost; possibly he might get employment in the Russian service, which had lately engaged many English officers—he merely gave him this as an item of information, not from any desire to interfere with or advise in his future arrangements, of which he begged to wash his hands.

"I will make a name that shall make

them bow to *me* yet, if I live," said George, on reading the last letter, from a brother who had always been, hitherto, so kind. "I did not think he could judge me so harshly." Of his father, he had expected nothing better, for he knew the strength of his feelings and prejudices.

"I will, in one thing," pondered Harrison, "follow my brother's hint; England is now no place for me; and now, this revolutionary war draws towards a close, so says everybody. Well, let me remember that even Pandora's box had hope at the bottom of it."

Of the other parties, whom we have introduced to our readers, some will appear again. At present, we will only mention that Lord Edward Thynne never recovered; he died in New York, shortly after Harrison's departure, and, although he had refused to fulfill his promise to Major Williams, that worthy, on his death, discovered some letters, in a peculiar hand-writing, which once seen was not easily forgotten, that his father was none other than the noble duke, who was also the parent of Lord Edward. Other information he, in the same manner, gathered, which he determined to use for his own ends.

Leaving Agnes Emerson at Bokelen, with her aunt, William having joined the continental army, with a captain's commission, we close our FIRST EPOCH.

[To be continued.]

BE PUNCTUAL.

BY G. T. S.

"DON'T ask that man to be a bearer at my funeral," said a very facetious, but punctual man, of one whom he knew to be slow and dilatory, "he always kept me waiting all my life, and I don't wish to be served in the same way after I am dead."

Now, without pretending to excuse this somewhat irreverent remark, we do real-

ly think that it contains a world of meaning. Of all bores to the punctual, methodical man, the sluggish, dilatory one is the greatest. He always comes at the eleventh hour, and just a moment too late—just in time to spoil all your previous arrangements. Beside the neglect of business, is the wear and tear of patience, and the waste of time, which you can not lightly lose.

An amusing anecdote is told of Dr. Chalmer's father, who was noted for his habits of punctuality. His aunt, who resided with him, appeared one morning late at breakfast, and to screen herself from the scolding that she was sure to get, she said, "Oh! Mr. Chalmers, I had *such* a dream, last night!"

"Aye, what was it?"

"I dreamed that you were dead! The funeral day was named, the hour fixed, and the funeral cards written. The day came, and the folks came, and the hour came. But what do you think happened? Why, the clock had scarce done striking twelve, which had been the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice came out of it, saying, 'Tis twelve o'clock, and you have not begun yet!'"

The wit of the thing was so well relished by Mr. Chalmers, that he ever after excused the culprit for late lying in bed.

Several anecdotes are told of Washington's punctuality.

When he appointed the hour of twelve to meet Congress, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall while the clock was striking twelve.

His dinner hour was four o'clock. If his guests were not there at the time, he never waited for them. New members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, would frequently come in when dinner was half over, and he would say to them, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the

company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

In 1799, when on a visit to Boston, he appointed eight o'clock, in the morning, as the hour when he would set out for Salem. While the Old South clock was striking eight, he was mounting his horse. The company of cavalry, who had volunteered to escort him, was parading in Tremont street, and did not overtake him until he had reached Charles River bridge. On their arrival, the General said, "Major, I thought you had been in my family too long not to know when it was eight o'clock."

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 373.]

Among the passengers there was an old lady of feeble health, who had retired to her berth with little Amelia, and as the cry of fire reached her ear, with remarkable presence of mind, she tied little Amelia to a feather bed, and rushing to the side of the vessel threw the child and bed overboard. Leaping after her, she caught hold of a corner of the bed to keep from sinking, but her benevolence to the little orphan did not save herself from a watery grave. A wave washed her from her hold, and she was buried beneath the waters.

Not far from the place on the shore where the friendly waves carried the orphan Amelia, lived a rich, retired East India Merchant. His beautiful mansion still stands in sight of the Delaware coast. Captain Treсто's family consisted of himself, wife and one son. The little boy, at this time a lad of twelve years, was of robust constitution and fiery temperament. He was allowed to ramble at will by his indulgent parents, and many of his leisure hours were spent in gathering shells on the shore, and in throwing sticks into the water for his dog Plu-

to to swim after and fetch back to his young master. Caleb Tresto was not a handsome lad. Nature, though lavish in her gifts of wealth, denied him the attractions of beauty. A scar from a cured hair-lip disfigured his mouth; his little blue eyes with their peculiar squint did not enhance the beauty of his freckled face, and his hair was red and carroty. Caleb was never a favorite with any of his youthful associates, and many were the nick names they gave him; such as "fire top," "gape mouth," &c., which would arouse his indignation to such a pitch that he would fight until he was covered with sweat and dust, seldom getting the worst of the battle. These frequent encounters soured his feelings towards all children, and he was rarely seen with a child. His parents understood the cause of his apparent uncongeniality with other children, and in the fullness of their sympathy allowed him to amuse himself to his own liking.

It was in one of his lonely rambles on the shore, that he discovered a bundle of something near the edge of the water; picking up a stick, he threw it upon it, and commanded Pluto to go and fetch it. Pluto swam to the bundle and taking hold of one corner, he dragged it to the bank. "What have you got here, Pluto?" said Caleb, examining the bundle. He was surprised and alarmed to find a child tied to it, and the first thing he did was to see if it was alive. Taking out his knife, he severed the cord that confined her to the bundle. The child breathed, but her mouth and throat appeared full of water. He did not know what to do to relieve her, but lifting her in his arms he bore her to the mansion, followed by Pluto, who manifested his joy by jumping and wagging his tail. Caleb looked at the little beauty, as she lay in his arms, and, for the first time in his life, admired a child.

Captain Tresto and his lady were seat-

ed on the verandah, enjoying themselves in a social conversation, when Madam Tresto caught sight of Caleb, coming hastily towards the house, carrying a bundle in his arms.

"What on earth has Caleb got?" said she to her husband.

"It looks very much like a child," observed the Captain.

"Yes, it does look like it; but he would not carry a child, he has such a horror of children."

The question was soon settled by the arrival of Caleb, who laid the half drowned child on his mother's lap, at the same time giving her an animated account of how and where he found her.

"See what long, black curls, she has, mother. Isn't she pretty?—and there is a gold locket around her neck."

Captain Tresto examined the locket, but could find nothing that interested him in it.

"I am going to keep this little girl for mine," said Caleb, "may I not, father, for I found her?"

"Perhaps you may, my son," replied the Captain, "but the child is quite sick, and evidently needs medical aid, and must have a doctor. I will send for one immediately, while your mother attends her other wants."

Caleb was all interest in the welfare of the little girl, to the surprise of his parents. The doctor at length came, and brought news of the burning of the vessel; this solved the mystery of the child being found on the beach. She soon revived under the doctor's skillful treatment, and Captain Tresto, anxious to relieve any anxious friends of the child's, that might be living, advertised her through the papers, giving a full description of her person and dress, also where she could be found.

Weeks and months passed, and none came to claim the child. She soon regained her health, under the kind care

of Madam Tresto. All they could learn from the little girl, was that she was of German descent, and that her name was Amelia Oldenburgh; that her mother was thrown overboard, and that her father jumped after her into the sea, and could not be rescued. Having at once concluded that both of her parents had perished, they willingly adopted her as their own child.

Caleb was exceedingly delighted with the little girl, and considered himself her entire owner. Amelia's affectionate and sprightly disposition, with her delicate beauty, all combined, opened the closed doors of his heart. She was his plaything and darling pet; his eyes would sparkle with delight as he, in any way, afforded her pleasure. Her little arms were often about his neck, and her childish kisses were freely bestowed on his homely mouth and ugly face, without once observing their plainness.

"What a luxury to have some one love you," said he to his mother. "I do believe she thinks I am as pretty as anybody. Isn't she a darling, mother?—wont you love her for *my* sake?"

"Yes, my son, and for *her own* sake, too, for she is a beautiful and lovely tempered little child; and it gives me great pleasure to see that she affords you so much enjoyment. God has, in his providence, given her to us, and I thank him for the gift."

"So do I, mother."

Caleb was proud of her beauty—he never tired gazing at her; his fingers were always twining her luxurious curls, as they fell carelessly around her baby neck. Amelia appeared to awaken all his better feeling. He took great pleasure in the notice that visitors usually took of her, never manifesting the least jealousy; and in all his rambles after shells and flowers, Amelia was his constant companion, until the weather became too cold for the delicate little beau-

ty to be out doors; then the prudent mother restricted her rambles to the environs of the yard and house. Caleb remonstrated with his mother, for her kind intentions, considering them an infringement on his pleasures, to say nothing of his rights.

"Let Amelia go with me, mother, to-day; I want to get some shells for her, and I don't like to go alone."

"No, my son, you must not take her any more this winter. She is a frail, delicate little girl, and exposure might prove dangerous to her. She took cold the last time she went with you, and her throat is still sore; but you can go, if you wish."

"No, mother, I guess I will play at home. I believe I will teach Amelia her letters; that will be as good as play."

"Yes, my son, much better; it will amuse *you* and instruct *her*. Amelia is ready to begin, Caleb; get your book, and you, my son, must be patient, for she will not learn very fast, she is such a little girl."

The day was thus spent, and Caleb had learned her many of the letters. The next day he resumed his own studies, with renewed energy, surprising his parents with the progress he made. In a short time Amelia knew all her letters. Then Caleb learned her to spell, then to read, and by the time the warm spring came around, she was quite a little scholar.

About this time, Captain Tresto procured the services of Miss Moss, as governess. Caleb and Amelia were delighted with their teacher, who was a patient and accomplished lady. They learned their lessons with surprising aptness, after which they were allowed to ramble over the hills, or pick shells, just as they pleased. During one of these pleasant rambles, Amelia had gathered her apron full of flowers, and seating herself upon a smooth rock, she asked Caleb to help

her make a wreath for the faithful Pluto, who lay at her feet. Her bonnet was thrown off, her cheeks glowed with animated pleasure, her dark curls fell thickly about her fair face, a happy smile played around her pretty mouth.

"See, Caleb, don't you think this is pretty?" said Amelia, holding up the wreath she had finished.

"Yes, beautiful; and Pluto should be very proud that you think so much of his dogship. But I don't think any of those flowers are half so pretty as you are, Amelia. Do you know, I think you look as people do in heaven, for mother says that everybody is pretty there."

"Oh, Caleb," said the little girl, "I am not pretty, like an angel, I am sure of that; but I love you for thinking well of me, and I would not give you for the prettiest boy in the world," and throwing her fairy arms around his neck, she imprinted sisterly kisses on his cheek.

"Wouldn't you, Amelia?" said he, playfully pulling her head in his lap; and, as she turned her pretty face up to his, he caught sight of her gold locket, hanging on her neck.

"What makes you wear that clumsy thing, Amelia? It is not becoming to your delicate neck. You had the rough looking thing around your neck when I found you," and he took it off and looked at it thoughtfully.

"It isn't pretty, Caleb, I confess; and your dear mamma often asked me to leave it off, but, some how, I love to wear it—it helps me to remember about my dead mother. I can remember when it was given me, just as well as if it was to-day."

"Can you, Amelia? then tell me about it."

"Oh, it was an old man that gave it to me. He said that his picture was in it, and that there was something in the back of it that I might see when I became a woman."

Caleb took the locket and examined it

carefully, pressing first one side and then the other; presently, the spring flew open.

"Oh! Caleb! see what is in it."

"Well," said Caleb, "here is a piece of paper, crowded in as tight as wax; it is written all over, in German, and here is a ring, with five sets, like diamonds. That is all there is in it. Let us go and show this paper to mother."

Amelia got her bonnet, and Caleb tied it on for her, and then they went to the house. Captain Tresto and Miss Moss were in the parlor with Madam Tresto, as Caleb and his little pet came bounding into the room, with the locket and its contents. Captain Tresto read the paper, and found it to be a copy of a will, made in favor of Rosana Oldenburgh and her heirs. The ring was an old family relic, that was always kept in the family. It contained five diamonds, of the first water. Captain Tresto explained the probable value of the will and ring, telling Amelia to put all back in the locket and take good care of it, and at some future time he would take steps to test the value of the will. Amelia laid away the locket, in a safe place, and again she and Caleb pursued their studies, dismissing all thoughts of the locket.

Nothing of importance transpired at the mansion for several years, except that Caleb and Amelia improved rapidly in all branches, and it became necessary to send Caleb to college, he being nineteen years old when his father took him to Philadelphia. He entered the college with high hopes of finishing his studies in two years, being quite advanced at the time of his admission. Amelia was now in her eleventh year, and Miss Moss still was her teacher. She was idolized by her adopted parents—her remarkable beauty and intelligence was the wonder of the household.

But things were not destined to remain long in this desirable condition.

Caleb had been in college two years, and was expected home to spend a little vacation. Madam Tresto and Amelia were impatient to welcome him home, for they had not seen him for several weeks. Amelia was now nearly thirteen, and tall of her age; she had improved wonderfully in all her studies, and was anticipating much praise from Caleb, when he got home. Captain Tresto took the carriage and was off to Philadelphia, to bring Caleb home. Kissing his wife and Amelia, he bid them be cheerful till his return; which would be the next day. Oh, how many pleasant surprises Amelia had contrived for Caleb.

"Don't you think, mother, he will be pleased?"

"No doubt he will, my dear," said Madam Tresto, casting her eye up the road, as she saw the carriage returning, the next day, quite early in the forenoon. "They are coming; how fast they drive! See, Amelia. how impatient Caleb is to get home."

Amelia's nimble feet passed Madam Tresto, and as the carriage was at the gate, she was there in a minute. But where was Caleb and his father? The driver handed the child a letter to give her mother. A sudden alarm seized Amelia, and she tremblingly waited for her mother to read it. Madam Tresto's pale countenance told plainly that something unpleasant had occurred.

"Get your things, quick, my child, your father is very sick with the cholera, and we must go to him. Caleb is with him."

The carriage, with fresh horses, was soon at the door, and Madam Tresto and Amelia were soon in Philadelphia; but Captain Tresto had expired before they arrived, and now Caleb was struggling with the awful disease. Oh, how the anxious and stricken mother prayed and called on her darling boy! Everything was resorted to, to keep life in the dear

one; but, alas! he too, must die! Words can not portray the grief of that wife and mother; her all was gone in one short day—every tie to earth was broken, and she was left alone, and all was dark and desolate.

Poor Amelia! she, too, was overwhelmed in the vortex of sorrow. Madam Tresto kept up during the funeral of her adored husband and son, and when this was brought to a close, she returned with Amelia to her desolate home. Amelia, by every kind word and action, endeavored to soothe her afflicted mother; but Madam Tresto never recovered her health or spirits, but gradually failed and sickened, and in one year she was laid beside her lamented husband and son.

[To be continued.]

BITTEN.

I.

I dreamed a wild and happy dream,
While Love stood wondering by amazed—
As on thy radiant form I gazed—
So real did the vision seem.

II.

For thou had'st all that beauty claims—
The power to wound, to slay, to cure;
And lavish thou of all, I'm sure,
So little of them now remains.

III.

Long nourished, by thy smiles and tears,
My love grew stronger, day by day;
And my glad heart, lit by its ray, [years.
Deemed years were moments—moments,

IV.

Far better to have died, than live
To lose all faith in human worth,
And know the fairest things of earth
But smile, the deeper wound to give.

V.

'Tis o'er! and I have learned to steel
My heart alike to tears and smiles:
For this I *thank* thy studied wiles—
The heart mourns not, that can not feel.

A STAGE INCIDENT.

BY DOINGS.

SOME two or more summers ago, being in Placerville and wishing to see Sacramento, I engaged stage passage, and retired in pleased expectation of a good time on the morrow—for I do love to be on the move. I was particular in engaging an outside seat, but in some unaccountable manner, neglected to mention the one desired, consequently, on the morning following, quite elated with a hot breakfast and one of those articles known in the mountains as *Regalias*. I walked up to the coach for the purpose of occupying the spoken-for-seat, and to my utter astonishment, found the outside seats taken, and your unfortunate friend was directed to climb on top of the stage and ride on the battens. I had nothing to say, I felt that I, and I alone was to blame; so, without threatening to whip all the agents and everybody-else connected with the concern, I peacefully mounted, congratulating myself, that even battens were preferable to an inside seat on a hot summer day—but alas! my judgement was not founded upon experience. Did you ever ride on the battens? No! well, never try it. Take the benefit of my experience and don't do it—lay over a day—eschew battens as you would a lumber wagon over a corduroy road.

The coach, inside, contained seven women, one man, five children in and out of arms. Outside, three unhappy gentlemen had the pleasure of dangling their legs over the boot, receiving the full benefit of the dust, seven or eight others hung theirs over the sides, while I with several others fixed ourselves *Turk fashion* upon the top. On the seat with the driver, sat two gentlemen who appeared remarkably well pleased with themselves, and whose looks seemed to say: we are sorry for you fellows up there—but “you wa'nt smart.” On the

seat back of the drivers, there were three, the one on the right was an elderly gentleman, short and thick in stature, with a very grey head, and who wore gold-rimmed spectacles—he appeared to be good-natured, but extremely nervous. On the left, sat one who sported a light colored moustache, and who I tho't was a German. The middle of the seat was occupied by a musician, who carried under one arm an immense brass horn tied up in a green bag, and beneath the other several framed sketches—and for the articles manifested great care—especially for the horn, which he asserted time and time again, was presented to him by the band, and he would'nt have it injured for a thousand dollars. When the little nervous gray-headed man, by the rolling of the coach was thrown against him, he would exclaim: “look out! look out sir! you'll mash my horn;” or, “there sir, you're on my horn again.” The little man would generally reply with, “confound your horn;” or, “you've no business to carry a horn up here. On one occasion, he deliberately took from the pocket of his coat-tail, a soda bottle and drawing the cork, applied the neck—with the bulk of the bottle slightly elevated—to his lips, and after giving his head a jerk or two backwards, removed it, replaced the cork, and peeping over his specks at the horn-blower, said, “that's the sort of a *horn* sir, to travel with,” and then with a deeply satisfactory a-a-hem, returned the soda bottle from whence it was taken.—This same little man would often nervously express it as his opinion, that the coach was top heavy, and he would'nt be surprised if it turned over, “and what a nice fix you'd be in,” said he to the musical man, as we were going slowly along upon a side hill, where the traveled road appeared to be in fine order, but below us the descent of the hill was rapid. Hardly had the little man uttered

those words when the off wheels ran into one of those dust holes not uncommon in the summer season, and sure enough over we did go. The writer remembers very distinctly of rolling down hill in company with divers and sundry bandboxes and small packages, also something in *a long green bag*, and that he brought up by the side of a cluster of bushes, and that after a minute examination of his person, which proved that he was perfectly sound, he gathered up such of the articles as lay about him and hurried back to the scene of the disaster, where he arrived in season to assist one or two females and their offspring out of the wreck. Fortunately, no one was severely injured; but the coach was so disabled, that the driver declared it impossible to proceed, and informed us that we must walk on to the next "change," about six miles—so, off we started, all in good humor, and proceeded nearly two miles, when the musician, who was plodding along a little in advance with horn in hand and sketches under his arms, suddenly halted with an exclamation, he appeared much as a person would with a severe pain in the stomach, and to our earnest enquiry of, "what's the matter?" he yelled out in agonizing tones, "MY HORN'S MASHED!" The strings of that bag were instantly loosened, and the oddest looking thing taken out that ever any one did see of the horn kind—'twas too bad, but we laughed, we couldn't help it, 'twas so ridiculous, the idea of his having carried that treasure, the idol of his heart, that HORN, two miles, and only then discovered it to be injured—rejoiced at his own escape, that valuable instrument under the law of preservation became secondary—we laughed, aye, roared, sympathy found no chance for expression, and the little man laughed louder than all, his body bobbed up and down, his sides shook, straggling tears came to his eyes,

and his face became purple and scarlet by turns—suddenly, a change came over him, he thrust one hand into his coat tail pocket, his little body straightened up almost backward, his features became serious and almost fearful as he withdrew the hand and holding the upper portion of the soda bottle before us exclaimed, "gentlemen, 'tis no laughing matter! *my horn is also mashed!*"

FOREVER?

I.

The soft west wind comes stealing o'er
Pacific's listening wave;
The ripples glide along the shore,
And naiads stoop to lave
Their fairy forms within the ray
That lingers where the zephyrs play.

II.

Upon the lonely beach I stand
And watch the waning light,
Receding from the ocean strand,
But lingering on the height
Of yon blue mountain, in the west,
Tinging with golden hues its crest.

III.

One moment more, and softly dies
The last faint tint away;
A sombre shadow in the skies
Proclaims departed day;
And nature, pulseless, seems to mourn
Another sun forever gone.

IV.

Forever? No! for see! he sends
A thousand gems of light—
Bright, sparkling stars, whose soft light
blends
Upon the brow of night;
They whisper 'long the arching skies,
"The sun—our lord—again shall rise."

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

THIRD LEGEND.

Translated from the German,

BY P. F. JOHNSON.

[Continued from page 377.]

VEIT now thought it a fitting opportunity to plead his cause, and with so good an effect, that the gnome no longer denied his humble request; besides, this money-lending affair he deemed such an odd proceeding, and the confidence with which the "tin" was asked for, by the poor wretch, of so novel a nature, that even if the latter had not deserved the pity accorded him, he might have consented.

"Come on! follow me!" said he, and led the way through the forest into an isolated little vale, where a dense growth of shrubs surrounded the base of a perpendicular rock. By great exertions, Veit and his guide worked through the chaparral up to the entrance of a cave. The former felt not quite at ease; when groping his way along a dark passage, a cold shudder crept down his spine, and the hair on his head felt a sensation like trying to raise on end. "Turnip-Counter," he thought, "has deceived many a man; who knows at what forward step I may tumble down a bottomless pit." The sound of falling water, as it struck his ear, near by, did not improve his faint-heartedness. On, both adventurers went, fear and terror came, in the shape of two ugly demons, in the rear, until, at length, they beheld a light far off; a blue flame sported in the distance, and the mountain catacomb shaped itself into a large vault. The flame grew steady, burning brightly in its centre, like some chandelier, although it was nothing but natural gas-light, a very common affair at the present day. On the solid floor, beneath, stood a copper furnace, filled to its edge with bright dollar pieces. This looked some-

what like "exactly the thing wanted," and Veit's bosom expanded for joy.

"Take what thou needest," the gnome said, "be it little or much, only give me a note for the amount, if thou knowest how to write."

Honestly, the debtor counted out a hundred dollars, no more nor less, while his creditor looked about for writing materials, and seemed to take no notice of what passed. Veit wrote the note, as well as he was able, which the gnome took and locked up in his huge iron safe, with this admonition to the writer: "Go hence, my friend, and use the money with an industrious hand. Remember, thou art my debtor; mark well the opening to this valley and to the cave, for three years from to-day I shall expect back capital and interest. I am a hard creditor; therefore, neglect payment, and be sure I have a way of my own to settle old accounts."

Of course Veit promised everything, without bartering away his soul, as some loose customers have been wont to do, and departed from his benefactor with a thankful heart. He had no trouble to find the opening of the *vault*, with *such* a bright opening in life before him. The hundred dollars had such an invigorating effect on soul and body, it seemed to him that he must have breathed the pure "elixir of life," in the place just left behind; he started for home a new man, and reached his abode of misery at evening dusk.

The children hardly saw him, before they called out, "Bread, father, a piece of bread—we have waited so long!" The famished wife sat crying in a corner; like all despondent persons, she expected the worst, and was ready to hear a litany from her husband; but he shook her gladly by the hand, and told her to start a good fire in the chimney, by which to cook a mush so thick as to make the spoon stand on end in it, as he had

brought grits and millet in his wallet from Reichenbach.

"Your cousins, wife," he said, afterwards, "are excellent people; they did not throw our poverty in my teeth; they did not say, 'we know thee not'; they did not drive me from their doors; oh, no! not they—but gladly gave me shelter, opened heart and hand, and counted down a hundred dollars at my request."

The wife felt quite easy after this, saying, "If we had knocked at the right door, at once, how much sorrow we might have saved ourselves." The "*rich relations*," of whom she had expected so little before, soon grew to be her favorite theme; however, considering past "*hard times*," Veit let her indulge these feelings of vanity, till there seemed no end to the encomiums she bestowed on her kinsfolk. Then he quietly said:

"Listen, wife. When I knocked at the right door, do you know what the landlord bestowed on me, in the way of good advice?"

"What was it?" she enquired.

"A good smith," he said, 'neglects not to strike the iron when hot'; therefore, let us work industriously, that we may accumulate something, enabling us in three years from now to pay our debt."

Veit set about it in earnest, bought first a few acres of land, then, by degrees, a few more, and cultivated them to such advantage that he was soon considered a man of importance, in his village, for the money received from Turnip-Counter had a blessing attached to it. About the middle of the third summer, he was enabled to lease a manor-house, that yielded him a snug income; in fact, people pointed him out as one of fortune's favorite children. When the time for payment was at hand, Veit could settle his debt without inconvenience to himself; the money, accordingly, was put up, and early on the eventful, yet long looked for day, the family were roused from their

slumbers; each one had to dress in their best, including the new shoes, purple bodice, and under waistcoat, never worn as yet; while, for himself, he brushed his go-to-meeting coat, and called out from the window: "Hans, put the horses to the wagon."

"Husband, what means this?" asked his wife, "to-day is neither holiday, or church consecrating festival; what, then, makes thee so happy, and where dost thou mean to take us?"

"I think it time," he responded, "to pay your rich kinsmen a visit, and settle my account with the creditor who generously lent me his assistance, when most I needed it."

To this his wife did not object; she and the children were finely dressed, to give the rich cousins a favorable opinion of their present "*easy circumstances*," when there was no reason to be ashamed of them, as "*some poor relatives*," not omitting to put on a necklace of twisted ducats, strung together. Everything ready for a start, all took their seats in the wagon, and Hans, the groom, plied the whip to four excellent horses, which lively hurried on their load to the Ries-engebirge.

At a steep cañon, Veit ordered his family to alight, and the groom slowly to ascend the mountain with the empty wagon, and wait for the party under the linden; not to mind their time of absence, but let the horses rest and feed, "for," he continued, "I know a trail, somewhat out of the way, but pleasant to walk, which will bring us to the very spot where thou shalt wait for us."

The little party then started for the woods, often among thick under-growth, while the farmer seemed lost in reflection and meditation, until his wife thought he had missed his way, and warned him to return and follow the high-road. Veit stopped, assembled his flock around him, and remarked:

"Thou thinkest, dear wife, all of us on the road to thy kinsfolks; yet, it is otherwise. Thy cousins are a set of miserly rascals, who, in my distressing poverty, had only taunts and slights to offer; the good genins that made us what we are, that took the word of an honest man in security for ready cash—which my hands turned to good account—lives hereabout. I am here to pay our benefactor, to-day, who is none else than the "*Sire of the Mountains*," called Turnip-Counter."

The woman trembled at these words, and made the sign of the cross, while the children showed great fear and anxiety, because their father intended to lead them into the presence of the noted goblin, whom floating rumor made a terrible giant and gluttonous cannibal. Veit related his former adventure, how the gnome had presented himself at his call, in the guise of a charcoal burner; how happily things had turned out in the cavern; praised his generosity with a thankful heart, and so deep an emotion that hot tears dropped down his manly, weather beaten cheeks.

"Stay here," he continued, "that I may go into the cave to settle the business on hand. have no fears; I shall soon be back, and, if the lord of the mountains be willing, I shall trouble him to come with me to this place. Mind that you shake his proffered hand right heartily, no matter how black and coarse; he would not harm you, but delight over the good results of his kind act, and also in our gratitude. If you show some courage, he will present you, doubtless, with apples and sweetmeats."

Although the terrified wife made a heart-rending protest against her husband's pilgrimage to the gnome's cabin, assisted by the crying children, who, in their zeal, laid hold of his coat tail, he freed himself from their impetuosity by gentle force, and working his way through the thick chaparal before him, soon stood

at the base of the perpendicular rock. There they were!—the land-marks indicating the remarkable spot—all fresh in his memory. The old, decayed stump of what had once been an oak; at its roots the crevice leading into the tunnel; besides, everything around was now, as it appeared three years before, only the passage itself, by which he had first entered, had disappeared. He tried to force an ingress into the rocky mountain, knocked a stone against the wall, expecting the former opening to show itself; clinked his money-bag, calling out: "Sire of the Mountains! take back what belongs to thee." Yet, the *Sire* was neither seen nor heard, and nothing left for him but to go back, bag and all. Gladly he was hailed by his family, in spite of which he felt miserable and grieved, in being unable to cancel his obligation; and, throwing himself on the green sward, was for a long while uncertain what to do. "I will call the spirit by his nickname," he thought, at length, "even at the risk of offending him. This is the only way, for aught I know, to make him appear; and if he returns the summons by a good pommeling, it can't be helped." "Turnip-Counter! Turnip-Counter!" he cried, though his timid spouse begged him to keep silent, and pressed her hand to his mouth. All at once, the youngest urchin nestled close to his mother, screaming: "Oh! the black man!"

"That's it!—where?" inquired Veit.

"Behind that tree," the urchin blubbered, while the other children huddled together, trembling and crying.

The father looked about, but saw nothing—it had been an empty shadow. After all, Turnip-Counter did not appear; even the magic name, to which he otherwise responded, was repeated in vain. The family concluded to look out for other quarters; Veit left in low spirits, not heeding a gust of wind that came from

the deep forest, which gently bent the tops of the tall birches, and made the leaves of the ash trees tremble. Nearer came its murmuring sound; it rustled in the far off boughs of the oak; dry leaves and grass from the ground, and clouds of dust on the road, the whirlwind stirred up, which amused the children, who chased the leaves and soon forgot all about Turnip-Counter. A sheet of white paper attracted the little visionary's attention, but the very moment he sought to lay hold of it, a new gust of wind started it out of reach, until he managed, adroitly, to cover it with his hat. It being a fine letter sheet, the boy—by way of getting some credit for himself—carried the prize to his father, who had impressed upon his children the necessity of turning every trifle to the best account. The scroll turned out to be the note Veit had given to the *mountain sire* in acknowledgement of his indebtedness, and which now would have fallen due, but for its being torn and having the words "*Payment received*" affixed to its margin. Deeply impressed at this sight, our worthy farmer called out:

"Be of good cheer, my wife and children, and rejoice; *he* has seen us—has been a witness to our thanks. The generous benefactor, who invisibly was present, knows me to be an honest man. I


am released of my promise, and we may return home in peace."

Before reaching the wagon, in waiting for them, many tears were shed, both by parents and children—but they were tears of joy.

The party having advanced so near the village, where the rich cousins lived, the wife expressed a desire to pay them a visit, out of mere spite, as her husband's account had highly incited her ire; in view of which, the wagon quickly went down the hill side, and halted, about evening, at the very farm, where, three years since, common hospitality had been denied the same person now waiting at the gate, although this time in a different mood. A stranger appeared at the door, who informed Veit that his kinsmen had seen "their day"; one was dead, another ruined, while the third had left for foreign parts—all had passed away unregretted, soon to be forgotten.

The hospitable proprietor's cordial invitation to stay with him for the night, was accepted, when many things, interesting to all parties, were discussed. The next morning the travelers went home. Our hero attended to his affairs in such a manner as soon to become a man of wealth, and never showed himself otherwise than honest and straight forward, to the end of the chapter.

Our Social Chair.

HAT which sunshine is to a landscape; light, heat, air, moisture, and a good soil to plants—cheerfulness is to the social hearted. It is the inner light that illumines the mental sight, and presents every object looked upon, in a relieved and subdued, if not a joyous aspect. The dullest of days, the darkest of circumstances, the heaviest of prospects, are made endurable, and sometimes cheery,

by this angelic faculty of the human mind. There may be no money in the purse, no credit at the tradesman's, no bread or meat in the larder; and, simply because one wants such just then, no friendly hand is stretched out to help—yet, under all these discouraging circumstances, cheerfulness sheds a hallowed and softened brightness that reconciles you, while she supports and even nerves your strength sufficiently to

bear the burden that misfortune, or improvidence, may have entailed.

Besides, cheerfulness gives bloom to the cheek, elasticity to the foot, vigor to the limb, health to the nerve, light to the eye, briskness to every movement, and contentment to the heart. All the various bounties of plenty and prosperity, that a generous Providence has strewed upon our path, are looked upon with more generous impulses; and more grateful outpourings of spirit, towards those who may be less favored, when this divine principle takes precedence to that of melancholy.

The groveling selfishness of a complaining spirit, that magnifies mole-hill difficulties to mountains, and increases troubles by wholesale; that makes its own personal sorrows ten fold the number and size of those of other people, never feels the heart-gladdening emotion of thankfulness, nor the ennobling serenity of grateful remembrances, and, consequently, excludes itself from every sympathy with the joyous and hopeful, whether in its own circumstances or the circumstances and experiences of others. They belong to the Mrs. Gumidge family, and it is of little consequence to them what may be the amount of prosperity or comfort with which they are blessed, they are still "lone lorn creatures" that no cheerfulness can ever penetrate, and no attention ever soothe.

To look upon the dark side of anything reflects no image of brightness; adds not one iota of help; sheds no ray of happiness upon the possessor, and always detracts much from the happiness of others. Therefore, cheerfulness has a host of advantages, and melancholy an army of self-created evils, that wither and blight the good in ourselves, and shuts out the good that might be bestowed on others.

In order to cultivate the cheerful and pleasant, our Social Chair was inaugurated; and, in order to perpetuate such, a friend has sent us the following:—

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR: In your last number, you published an account of the way a wife cured her husband of drunkenness.

I send you another instance of a similar kind, which may, perhaps, amuse your readers.

Molly L., of H., had a husband who was a great sot. He had squandered nearly all his estate, and had become so sour and morose in his family, that they shunned him as they would a bear. His poor wife bore it all very quietly, for several years, till, at length her patience was well nigh exhausted, and she hit on the following expedient to cure him.

Dan, her husband, had a horrible dread of ghosts. An old neighbor of his, himself a great sot, had recently died, and was buried in one corner of his garden, near the road that old Dan used to travel, on his way from the groggery home.

One night, while Dan was at the groggery, as usual, Molly wrapped herself in a sheet, and went and hid herself behind the headstone of the grave, which was plainly seen from the road. Dan came staggering and stumbling along, with his eyes of course directed toward the dreaded place. When he was at a point of the road directly opposite, Molly rose from her hiding place, and presented herself to his astonished gaze. He gave a loud yell and started to run, but went headlong into the gutter. Up and off again, staggering and plunging, swearing, yelling and praying, he tumbled along the road, on his way home—the ghost in full pursuit.

After Molly had chased him in this manner nearly half way home, she gave up the pursuit, from sheer exhaustion, and gliding into a thicket, that lay between them and home, she took a circuitous route and reached it a few minutes before her husband.

Soon she heard him coming, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and rushing against the door he cried out, "Oh! Molly! Molly! let me in, for the love of God!"

"Why, what is the matter, Dan?" said she, opening the door and letting him in.

"Oh! I have seen the ghost of old Jake Whipple, and he followed me half way home; and he warned me if ever I tasted

another drop of liquor, he would appear to me again, and take me away with him to the Devil, bodily! Oh! 'tis the truth, Molly, and if ever I taste another drop of liquor, may I be —."

And he believed what he said; for, though this was nearly ten years ago, Dan has never tasted a drop of liquor since.

S.

THE following *Illustrated Epitaph*, says the Knickerbocker, has been sent to us by an old and cordial friend. It was copied, he states, from a tombstone near Williamsport, Penn. We have not the slightest doubt of it. No one can look upon that picture, without being convinced that such a kick, from such an animal, *must* have proved fatal. There is some tautology in the epitaph, but the facts are interesting: for example, the circumstance of the deceased boy's being "*friendly* to his father and to his mother." The expression is strong, certainly; but tombstones justify a little extravagance of language:—



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HENRY HARRIS,

BORN June 27th, 1821, of HENRY HARRIS
and JANE his wife.

DIED on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of
a colt in his bowels.

Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his Father and Mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
do not kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK.

TAYLOR AND SHUCK, *sculpsit!*

Old J. B., of T., Massachusetts, used to tell the following story of himself:

When I started in the world, I drove a pretty fast team; and wife and I held our heads up as high as our betters, and the way we cut all our poor and less aspiring relations, was a caution. We soon had a son added to our stock of household furniture, and, in order to show how high we stood in our own estimation, we called him *High*, or *Hiram*.

Soon after, I met with some reverses, which lowered my topsails a little, and brought down some of my high-flated notions, and having another son born to me, about that time, I called his name *Loring*.

But prospects continued to grow still worse—from high I had descended to low, and now times began to grow really hard and tight, and the boy that was born to me at that time, I called *Titus*.

So, here you have my whole history—Hiram, Loring, and Titus.

A LITTLE five-year-old, of our acquaintance, having heard her father say that Mr. — paid as much for bones as he did for meat, took great care to accumulate quite a small stock; and, reveling in the luxurious idea of the great things she was going to do with so much money as would be hers, when they were sold, quietly repaired to the gentleman, and, as she set them at his feet, informed him of what she had heard from her father's lips.

We may imagine her disappointment, as he replied: "Yes, my pretty little dear, when I go to the butcher's I always pay as much for bones as I do for meat, but then it is always *with the meat on them*."

In these days of excitement about "new and rich diggings," when many men go off half-cocked, the following quiet rub may have the effect of making them think twice before they act once, and may thus prove beneficial in two ways: first, for the smile it may excite, and second, for the moral it

may inculcate :—"What are you digging?" "I am digging for money." The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told that you are digging for money?" "Well, I ain't digging for anything else." "Have you had any luck?" "First-rate luck! Pays well." All doffed their coats, and laid hold most vigorously for a while. After throwing out some cart-loads, the question arose: "When did you get any money last?" "Saturday night." "Why, how much did you get?" "Eighteen dollars." "Why, that's rather small!" "It's pretty well; three dollars a day is the regular price for digging cellars, all over town." The spades dropped, and the loafers sloped.

How the following Valentine, written by a spirited, fun-loving spinster to an incorrigible old bachelor, and the answer he sent to it, came into our possession, we need not now tell the reader. Nor is it pertinent to the subject whether or no we endorse the one or the other; we leave the reader, unbiased, to form his own conclusions:—

DEAR SIR: The following advice is intended for the benefit of *you*, in particular, and your sex generally. Do not, therefore, be so selfish as to keep it hidden in your bosom. You have arrived at a suitable age, and I would say to *you*, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Do not think of anything else, until *that* is accomplished. Keep poking, dear sir, among the rubbish of this curious world, until you have stired up a *gem*, worth picking up, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter—delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have, while performing the journey of life. She can smooth your linen, mend your pants, and, *probably*, your *manners*. She can sweeten your moments, as well as your tea and coffee. If she occasionally ruffles your temper, she often does the same to your shirt bosom. If she accidentally *sows* seeds of sorrow in your heart, it is some consolation to find that she *sows*

your buttons on tightly. If you are too lazy, or too proud, to dig your own potatoes, or chop your own wood, and are too penurious to hire it done, she will do it for you. Her love for her husband is such, that she will do many things for him. When woman loves, *remember*, it is *with a double distilled devotedness*; but, remember, also, that when so *angelic a being hates*, it is upon the *high pressure principle*. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as the hempen halter, as durable as the rock of ages. Nothing but a strong paroxysm of jealousy can weaken it, and even then, it lingers like the evening twilight, as if loath to depart. My dear sir, get married. All the excuses you can fish up, against committing the glorious deed, are not worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark what I tell you: if you have health, and almost any decent employment, and are still not able, with woman's help, to support a wife, *depend upon it*, you are not able to *support yourself without a wife*; and, therefore, my dear sir, the more need of annexation—for to such a man, *union* would give encouragement. Depend upon it, there is strength in union, as well as in an *onion*. Get married, then, I repeat.

Your faithful

VALENTINA.

February, 14th, 1860.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 14, 1860.

My Dear Valentina,

I have received your letter of this date urging me, at all hazards, to get married without any further delay, and must return you my most sincere thanks for the deep interest you take in my present as well as future welfare. Your arguments in favor of marriage are very plausible and ingenious, but to be candid with you, my fair Valentine, they have failed thus far to make me a convert to your philosophy, and I must therefore say to you as the wayward boy said to his mother when she was whipping him into obedience: "give me two or three licks more, for I don't think I can behave myself yet." The truth is, my charming Valentina, I have

not only seen a great deal of married life in my time, but have reflected much upon the subject, and after long and mature deliberation, have come to the conclusion that the question whether, in any particular instance, it is better to marry or not, involves an inexplicable dilemma, which admits of no *apriori* solution, and must therefore remain forever as one of the great leading cases of *quien sabe?*

In the glowing picture you have drawn of married life, my bewitching Valentine, I fear you have colored the bright side too highly with the brilliant hues of your own lively imagination, while you concealed the dark side behind a beautiful but delusive curtain of hope, or lost sight of it altogether in the dazzling blaze with which your fancy illuminated its own ideal creations. Married life viewed in this poetic light, and associated only with sweet smiles and fond caresses would indeed be the realization of heaven upon earth. The gorgeous Paradise of Mahomed offers no greater inducements for the skeptic to change his creed, than this for the bachelor to change his condition. When I think of a state of such unalloyed happiness, a thrill of indescribable delight flashes through my brain, my soul glows with rapture, and I cannot help exclaiming:

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
What two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

On matrimony as well as on all other human actions, we can judge of the future only from the experience of the past, and our ancestors have left us abundance of food for reflection upon the subject. Plato says that originally men were created of immense size and strength, each with two heads, four hands, and four feet. In the process of time he offended Jupiter, by disobeying his commandments, whereupon he visited the earth, and split

them into two parts with only one head, two hands, and two feet on each, threatening at the same time, if they did not behave themselves better for the future, that he would split them again into two parts, and let them hop about on one leg. This last interesting operation has not yet taken place, but is just as likely to, in the fulness of time, as some other things we are taught to believe. The halves thus unceremoniously severed, according to Plato's doctrine, have a natural tendency to unite together again, but owing to the rambling disposition of the race, the wrong halves in most instances, came together, and been the cause of so much quarreling, and so many separations after marriage.

According to the Talmud, the cause of the evil is somewhat different. The Rabbins say that "man was originally formed with a tail similar to a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it." Upon this extraordinary supposition, the following reflection is founded:

"If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself;
Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband follows the original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he leaves her behind him as much as he can."

It is undoubtedly the recorded experience of his predecessors, or his own personal observations, which keeps the bachelor in a state of single blessedness. I remember reading an anecdote of a person who was admitted to heaven without passing through purgatory, because he had been married. Another person wanted admittance immediately afterwards, and stated that he had been married *twice*; but Peter told him that he could not enter, as heaven was not a place for *fools*. The poor fellow whose sad fate is recorded in the old song was probably a widower, and would certainly not be excluded from Paradise for a similar folly:

"There was a criminal in a cart
 A-going to be hang'd;
 Reprieve to him was granted,
 The horse and cart did stand,
 To see if he would marry a wife
 Or otherwise choose to die;
 'Oh, why should I torment my life,'
 The victim did reply.
 'The bargain's bad on every part,
 But a wife's the worst—*drive on the cart.*' "

I might quote any number of authorities
 from Hudibras, who says that

"Men run their necks into a noose
 And break them after to get loose,"

down to Sam Slick, who compares wives
 and sweethearts to hard and new cider,
 and says that a man never tires of putting
 the *lone* to his mouth, while he makes
 plaguey wry faces at the other. But I
 have said enough, and will conclude by
 merely adding—

"I would advise a man to pause,
 Before he takes a wife;
 Indeed, I own I see no cause
 He should not pause for life."

I am truly, your affectionate,
 VALENTINE.

The Fashions.

SINCE the decline and fall of hoops, the
 skirts of the dresses are made materially
 shorter, and are now a natural, graceful,
 adornment of "the human form divine;"
 every woman of common sense, and re-
 finement, is pleased with this change.
 There was so much that was absurd and
 slovenly, in sweeping dirty pavements
 with fine silk dresses.

All out of door dresses, are now worn so
 that the skirts clear the ground; and are
 1½ inches longest in the back; made very
 full so as to fall in graceful folds from the
plaits, at the waist of which there are *five*
 —two at each side—and one double box-
 plait in the back.

Black satin is very handsome for the
 street, made in this way—and equally so
 for dinner dress, if worn with "tulle" setts.
 Black satin is much in vogue, as also gros-
 de-Naples, and reps—for either of these

silks, the new style of trimming the skirt,
 is bias velvet three and four inches wide,
 and three or five in number, according to
 the fancy; they are laid on quite flat and
 straight; they are certainly rich and beau-
 tiful, but cost high.

The waist to this dress is made high;
 and has a point back and front; and is fast-
 ened up the front with large velvet covered
 buttons.

Sleeves are wide and flowing, lined with
 white silk, and have for trimming, bands
 of velvet from one to two inches wide, put
 on to correspond with the skirt.

Children's Dress.

For a Miss of twelve or fourteen years:
 double skirt, the upper one trimmed in
 broad bias velvet, black, plain or plaided;
 this on a silk looks very suitable; body
 plain and half high, with a bertha of
 the same rounded in front, and carried to
 the seam on the shoulder same width,
 from thence it tapers down the back in
 narrow bands of two inches wide, and
 crosses at the belt and terminates a little
 below below the upper skirt. This bertha
 is trimmed all round with narrow velvet,
 and small velvet bows set close together at
 the edge; or, what is still prettier, a row
 of black velvet buttons; embroidered cam-
 bric pantalettes and sleeves; gaiters,
 black lasting; velvet "sacque," cut long
 and full; narrow flowing sleeves trimmed
 in *Swan's down*; Leghorn flat trimmed in
 black velvet band and rosettes, with long
 white Ostrich feather.

Dress for Boys

of from four to nine years of age. Jacket
 and trowsers of dark green poplin, braided
 with black; white Nansook collar; a
 round cap of black velvet; on the left side,
 two curled feathers—black.

Bonnets.

About the prettiest material for a bonnet
 at just this season is black velvet, or royal
 purple; but a more dressy than these is a
 white ribbed velvet, trimmed with a plait
 of the same, edged with blond and chan-
 tilly; on one side place two white Ostrich

feathers. Another, truly elegant, is white royal velvet, trimmed with "ponceau" velvet and fringe; strings white and black velvet, "bandeau" of velvet daisies, and velvet plats at the sides. For evening, black 'tulle' covered with wide white blond lace, a plat of scarlet velvet surrounds the crown, and terminates on the cape at the left side, where it is met by a bunch of white Marabout feathers; strings very wide; white ribbon; a wreath of pinks and roses inside all around.

Cashmere shawls are in great demand.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The first number of the *Semi-Weekly Southern News*, was published at Los Angeles, by Conway & Waite, Jan. 18th.

The *Columbia Times*, (Tuolumne Co.), of January 19th, announced that "lately some gentlemen from Sonora, while traveling over the mountains, discovered an extensive vein of silver ore, similar to that from the celebrated Washoe mines. The locality is about twelve miles from Columbia. A specimen of the ore can be seen at this office.

Musical Hall, the oldest of the public buildings of San Francisco, was consumed by fire on the night of Jan. 23rd.

The steamer Visalia, on her last trip on the upper San Joaquin, had fourteen holes made in her hull, by the snags, from the lowness of the water.

The surveying party engaged on the Folsom, Auburn and Nevada railroad route, informed the Nevada Democrat of the discovery, by them, of two extensive iron mines.

The *Daily Marysville Appeal*, edited by H. R. Mighels and published by G. W. Bloor & Co., made its first appearance Jan. 23rd.

A wire suspension bridge, 180 feet in length, has been completed over the Mokelumne river, at Poverty Bar.

A miner, named Johnson, struck a rich rotten quartz lead, at Yorktown Gulch, Tuolumne county, and from a spot six feet long, by three feet deep, took out \$3,000 in one day, with sluices.

A mining tunnel was completed through the mountain, from Forest City to Alleghantown, one mile in length.

Specimens of silver ore, tin, copper, and cobalt, have been taken to Los Angeles, from Temenla.

A rich vein of cinnabar was discovered at Mount St. Helen's, Napa county. Another was found, by a Mexican, on Livermore's ranch.

The Sonora arrived on the 20th Jan., with 640 passengers, 350 tons of freight, 400 hives of bees, and some valuable stock.

The steamship Orizaba arrived on Jan. 30th, with 269 passengers, 304 bags of U. S. mails, and 930 packages of freight for Atlantic and Pacific Express Co.

No less than 120,000 sheep arrived from Mexico within the past month.

The steamship Sonora sailed for Panama, on the 6th ult., with 320 passengers, among whom was the Hon. M. S. Latham, Senator elect from California. She also carries \$1,381,779 in treasure. Also, the Orizaba, with 350 passengers, \$420,976 in treasure, and the U. S. Mails.

The Pacific Railroad Convention reassembled on the 7th ult., in Sacramento according to motion of adjournment, from this city in September last.

The *Pledge* is the expressive name of a new weekly temperance, literary, and general newspaper, published in this city, on the 11th ult., by Messrs. Goodman & McCarthy.

The State Agricultural Society decided to hold their next Annual Exhibition at Sacramento. This is the first time that the exhibition has been held two years successively in the same locality.

Eight hundred and seventy thousand pounds of wool are reported to have been grown in Monterey county during 1859.

New and extensive diggings have been discovered between Comanche and Cat Camps, in Calaveras county, to which a great rush of miners has taken place.

From four and a-half days, washing of pay dirt from the Nebraska shaft, Nevada, (says the Democrat,) \$11,706 of gold were taken.

The *Golden Age* arrived on the 10th ult., with New York dates of the 20th Jan., 699 passengers, and 1762 packages of express freight. She arrived at Panama on her last down trip 63 hours ahead of the Champion.

The new mail steamship *Champion* arrived on the 15th ult., five days after the *Golden Age*, with 400 passengers and the U. S. mails.

Editor's Table.

THE excitements consequent upon the ever recurrent California idea of making haste to be rich, outside of the usual paths and legitimate courses of trade and commerce, as in other countries, seem to be as numerous and vigorous now, as at the earlier dawn of the new golden era, in 1848 and 1849. One person thinks that an interest in some of the new Washoe silver leads would be the *summum bonum* of his aspirations; another would be thoroughly contented with a vein of rich cinnabar; a third would be satisfied with a good, well-paying quartz lead; a fourth, believes bee raising would be a short and easy road to the goal of his hopes; a fifth, perhaps, grape growing and wine making; a sixth, something else. Each excitement offers change, and, to say the least, a chance—one, perhaps, in five hundred—of making the individual possessor a rich man. As all these expected highroads to speedy fortune are made the means of developing the exhaustless resources of a new country, like this, they subserve many useful purposes—but at what cost to the personal worker, we would suggest (although we do not expect the suggestion to be heeded) experience has too often demonstrated before.

These excitements lead many from, and unfit others remaining in, business that, no doubt, previously afforded them a living. And it is to be regretted that so many, who are thus ensnared, will find it next to impossible, after their disappointment and return—as disappointed they will be, most of them—to commence anew, especially when they find their business changed, their places occupied, and their money spent. But, it is self-evident, that no amount of past suffering, or loss, or severe bodily toil, will be listened to as a teacher in any new excitement. We mention this on account of the *rush* that probably will take place, next spring, for the new diggings east of the Sierras. Our advice is,

“keep cool,” and never leave a tolerably good place for one that may probably be a little better, and is much more likely to be a great deal worse.

Now, the occupation and sale of the Swamp and overflowed lands, after laying dormant and unheeded, for a number of years, without even a passing thought being bestowed upon them—except perhaps, at their becoming the rice fields of the Pacific at some future day—are being taken up by the capitalists, speculators, and settlers; mostly, however, by the latter, so that every acre of tule land overflowed by the tide, from the Moquelumne river to the Sacramento, and from Monte Diablo to the Stockton plains, has been taken up.

The terms by which they have been entered according to State law, are, one dollar per acre, twenty per cent. of which is paid down at the time of entry; and ten per cent. per annum upon the remaining eighty cents, until the patent for the land is issued, when the whole amount remaining must be paid; the full amount of one dollar per acre can be paid when the land is entered, and the patent immediately issued.

This land is now being ditched by machinery, invented by Mr. Crewden, of this city, for the purpose, at fifty cents per rod; the ditch cut being three and a-half feet wide at the bottom, five feet at the top by three feet deep. This depth being ascertained to be sufficient for the tide lands when not overflowed from the river; moreover, the embankment made by the excavation is considered to be sufficiently high to prevent all overflowing from high tides, even when they are driven up to a higher flow by the winds.

The tule turf will burn to the depth of several inches, and for several months, after the lands have been drained, leaving the ground free of all obstacles to plowing.

Of course, those lands are the best that can be drained by every tide ; and as they are easily and cheaply reclaimable are the most desired. Indian corn, it is well-known, cannot be very profitably cultivated in the vallies and other dry lands ; but here it will grow as large and bountifully as on the most favored spots of the Wabash bottom in the States of Indiana and Illinois. Besides, it is generally conceded that owing to the saline impregnated atmosphere, sweeping over it from the sea, for so many months of the year, will keep it more healthy than the low fever-producing lands of the west. All those men who fish one part of the season, and hunt during the other, and almost always are camping on these lands are seldom or never sick, but are among the ablest and most robust specimens of humanity to be found anywhere, although so much exposed.

Yet this land is altogether sweet and free from salt and alkali. Rice, squash, melons, beets, potatoes, both kinds of carrots, and numerous other vegetables grow exceedingly large and plentifully. Cranberries, in great quantities, and apples of an enormous size have already been grown at a little settlement called Rough and Ready, on the Stockton slough, just below the city.

Of course all lands above the tide are more difficult and expensive to drain than the tide lands, and besides, are too far, generally, from a market to make their produce as cheaply available. We have spoken of these lands more at length than we intended, on account of their becoming a new and important portion of the wealth of California, and hope that all necessary means will be taken to raise many kinds of articles now imported, and thus stop another leak of gold that flows to other countries. Especially, as in the State of California, there are no less than five millions of acres of swamp and overflowed lands that will be a source of wealth to the State, as of profit to the individual.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MEDICAL PRESS, is the title of a new medical journal, the first number of which made its débüt, in this city, with the new year, under the editorial management of Dr. E. S. Cooper, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the medical department of the University of the Pacific. The skill, knowledge, experience, and well-earned professional reputation of the able editor, will be a sufficient guarantee that future numbers will be fully equal to the first, and be replete with as large a variety of valuable information on medical science; which, although intended mainly for the faculty, will also be very instructive to the public. We consider that one article alone, in this number, is well worth the subscription price for ten years. The "Medical Press" is well printed, contains sixty-four pages of reading matter, and will be published quarterly. We wish it the success it so well deserves.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

P. P.—It is satisfactory.

S.—A blackberry bush, laden with ripe fruit, is the nearest approach to your penmanship we can think of. MORAL.—Can read the one as well as the other.

M. T.—You are in error, as the first illustrated newspaper, published in California, was by Mr. T. Armstrong, Sept. 4th, 1850.

Oliver D.—Your "Historical Pictures," although well conceived, are incorrectly drawn. Patrick Henry was the first man to propose the independence and assert the claims of the North American colonies to a free nationality, and, consequently, is deserving of more credit, in this particular, than any other person, although his name is seldom or never mentioned. Your pictures, like many others, do Mr. Henry great injustice, and which we much regret. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

S. B.—By Mr. Marshall's own account of the first gold discovered, Mrs. W. has it not.

T. M.—The "California" was the first steamship that arrived in the harbor of San Francisco, from the east, February 28th, 1849.

W. W. C.—It is accepted.

N. B.—Please send the continuation of the subject at your earliest convenience.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1860. No. 10.

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF THE WASHOE COUNTRY.



VIRGINIA CITY AND THE COMSTOCK LEAD.

AVAILING ourselves of the topographic knowledge and artistic skill of a gentleman recently returned from the rich silver mines, east of the Sierra Nevada, we present the patrons of our magazine with a life-like view of several important localities in

that region. The first of these is a sketch of the celebrated Comstock lead, with the adjacent mining hamlet of Virginia City. This lead, at the point exhibited in our cut, being that at which the rich silver ore was first struck, is about fifteen miles in a direct line north of Carson City;

and nearly twenty miles, going by the wagon road. It is situated nearly halfway up the eastern slope of a mountain spur branching off from the Sierra, near Carson City, and running north to the Truckee river. This spur has since been very appropriately named the Silver Range. It is about 2,500 feet high, and separates the main Carson from Washoe Valley. It is almost entirely destitute of vegetation, there being but little grass and only a few stunted pines and cedars scattered over it, with a small grove of tall trees at two or three points along its summit.

Running along its sides are numerous ledges of quartz rock, cropping out in places for a considerable distance. Some of these are much decomposed on the surface, and by being worked, either by means of washing or crushing, yield various amounts of the precious metals, being a mixture of gold and silver. It was while working one of these veins, last spring, that James Finney, better known as "old Virginia," came upon the rich silver ore which has since been taken out in such large quantities and rendered the Comstock lead so famous. Finney worked the vein as a placer claim, taking out a species of gold dust depreciated with silver, and making twenty or thirty dollars a day to the hand. But, coming at length upon the worthless *blue stuff*, as he termed it, but in reality the rich sulphurets, he became disgusted with his luck, and not being longer able to make whiskey money, parted with his claim, selling it to five men, named Comstock, Penrod, Corey, Reilly and McLaughlin, the consideration being an ancient horse, with thin flesh and a short dock. Most of these men with hardly a better appreciation of the property they had acquired than the original vendor, shortly after parted with their interests in it for a mere nominal consideration. McLaughlin, who sold to Hearst and Morrison, getting

\$3,500; Penrod and Comstock, who sold to Walsh, getting the former \$5,000 and the latter \$6,000; and Corey, who sold to Beard & Co., getting \$7,000 for his share. Reilly, who did not sell until five months after, got \$40,000, besides his share of the ore previously taken out. The entire claim of these parties as it originally existed, was eighteen hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide — being fifty feet on each side the vein, and running downward as far as it extended, or they might choose to go. This claim was afterwards reduced to fourteen hundred feet, so that they conveyed at the time of selling, two hundred and thirty-three and one-third feet a piece; of that portion parted with prior to the sale, one hundred feet was given to Comstock and Penrod, as their exclusive property, in exchange for a small water privilege owned by them and necessary to the working of their united claim by the Company. This one hundred feet, situated four or five rods north of the excavation from which the rich ore was first taken, was afterwards sold to some Mexicans, and was thenceforth known as the Mexican or Meldenado claim. It has since proved exceedingly valuable, and being in a more satisfactory condition as to title and possession, commands a higher price in the market than any other portion of this lead. It is the most northerly point on the Comstock vein, at which the rich sulphurets have been struck in any quantity, though about one-half of this claim lies beyond it.

Going south, we have next to the Mexican, the Ophir Company — two hundred feet, about the center of which the first discovery of silver was made; next the Central Company, one hundred and fifty feet; then fifty feet, a part of the original Corey claim, and finally the California Company's Claim of two hundred and fifty feet, which disposes of the Comstock Claim as it originally existed; though

the same vein has since been traced some distance, both north and south, and a great number of claims have been located on this supposed extension thereof. For more than a mile towards the south, the Comstock lead can be easily traced and identified, both by its continuity and the rich character of the rock. Beyond the California Claim, in this direction, very valuable outcroppings have been met with at several points, more especially on what is known as the Gould and Curry, and on the Hale and Norcross Claims. Here better surface rock has been obtained than was first met with on the Comstock Claim itself. In consequence of these discoveries, the prices of these claims have gone up to enormous figures—even so high, it is said as \$700 per foot.

Not only has this wonderful silver lode been found to extend itself longitudinally, but parallel veins have been formed in close proximity, proving that the argentiferous deposits of this locality spread in every direction. Amongst these lateral veins, the Grass Valley, Winnemucca, Sacramento, Bryan, Hagen, &c., are reported valuable; the four last mentioned showing every evidence of being genuine silver lodes, of a similar character to the Comstock vein. That they possess substantial merit, is shown by the high prices they readily command in the market; some of them selling for more than the Comstock claim, for a period of several months after it had been opened and the quality of its ores determined. The belt of these rich parallel veins does not seem to be confined to the immediate vicinity of the Comstock lead; on the Rogers vein, several miles to the east, the rich sulphurets have been struck and traced south across Six Mile Canon into the Yankee claim, where they reappear in all their richness. At other points in the neighborhood, and at those still more remote, not simply traces of silver, but ore

assaying hundreds of dollars to the ton has been met with. There is therefore good reason to believe that this entire portion of western Utah abounds in argentiferous deposits, many of which will be brought to light the present season, others perhaps being reserved for future exploration.

The mining hamlet seen in our cut, and ridiculously called Virginia City, as if in derision of the man whose ill-luck it seems designed to perpetuate, sprang up during the past summer, but grew slowly, owing in part to its unfavorable situation, and still more to the difficulty of getting lumber for building. It is expected to grow more rapidly this spring, though the entire absence of wood, and water fit for drinking, in the neighborhood, will operate as a great drawback on its prosperity. It is also, owing to its elevation and exposure, an exceedingly cold and dreary place during the winter. With water, and fuel, for reducing the ores, this could hardly fail to become a town of some magnitude. As it is, it would be difficult to say much about its future. It at present contains about a dozen stone houses, two or three times as many built of wood, of every size and description, with a number of tents, shanties, and other temporary abodes. Owing to the scarcity of lumber, and the difficulty of hauling stones, not a few, on the approach of cold weather, dug excavations in the side hill and, covering them with earth, passed the winter there.

In front of the rich mining claims are arastras, at work crushing the decomposed quartz and the poorer class of silver ore, that will not pay to be sent to San Francisco. Here, also, are to be seen workmen wheeling out, through the open cuts made at the top, the refuse rock, earth, quartz, and the rich sulphurets; the latter of which are boxed up, preparatory to transportation. Scattered about the place are the usual para-

phernalia of a mining camp, while at various points in the vicinity, are to be seen prospecting tunnels, open-cuts and shafts, nearly every important claim having had some work of this kind performed upon it. Cropping out along the hills are numerous quartz ledges, some of them so prominent as to be seen for several miles, others barely coming to the surface and showing themselves only at intervals. The famous Comstock lead is of the latter class, and is made conspicuous in our picture only because of its great intrinsic value.

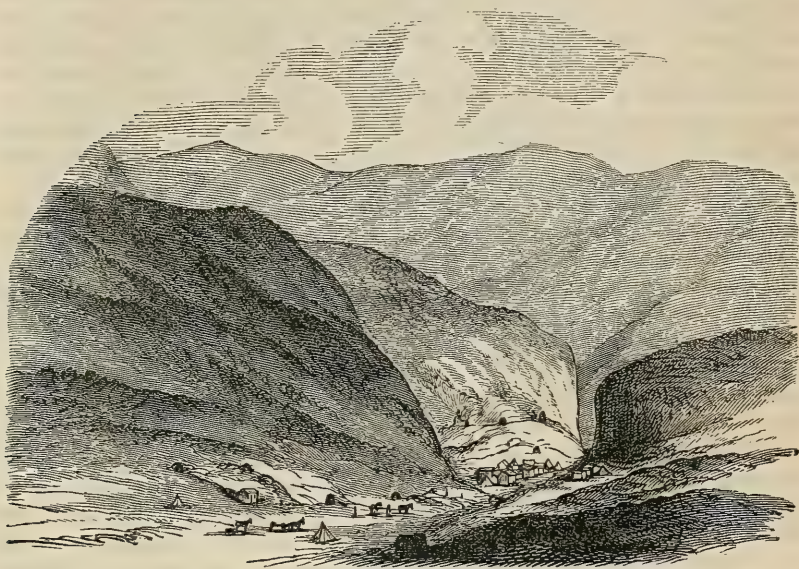
About four miles south of Virginia City, is another locality, of such striking characteristics that our artist has thought worth while bringing it into notice. This place is known as the "Devil's Gate," being a pass in Gold Cañon, about twenty feet wide, with perpendicular rocky walls, running to a great height. Thro' this the toll road leads, and besides being noticable for its striking and rugged features, it has other, and, to the utilitarian, greater attractions, as the center of an extended district rich in auriferous quartz. In the immediate vicinity of the "Gate" are several veins of well known value, prominent among which are the "Twin Lead," the "Bench," the "Badger," &c. A few rods below the "Gate" a town has recently been laid out, called "Silver City." It now contains a dozen or two houses, of a temporary character, the growth of the place having been retarded, as have all the towns in this region, from scarcity of building material. It is situated on both sides of the ravine known as Gold Cañon, which is here narrow, affording but little room for a town, unless it be carried up against the adjacent hill sides. Several arastras have been introduced into the cut, these being in constant use for working up the rotten quartz, found in most of the surrounding claims, and frequently yielding large amounts of deteriorated gold. A great

number of tunnels are being run into the hills, hereabout, some of which have already struck rich quartz, and the others are going on with good prospects of success. Standing below the "Gate," and looking west up the cañon, a great number of parallel knolls run north, forming the base of a rugged mountain in that direction. Running horizontally over these are numerous quartz ledges, all taken up and held at high prices, since nearly all have exhibited more or less gold. In the back ground, to the west, we get a glimpse of the "Silver Range," the base about three, and the summit five miles distant. It is a bold and barren chain of hills, about 2,500 feet above the level of Carson Valley, which it separates from Washoe Valley, lying along the western base of this "Range." On the left, stretching south from the "Gate," are two bluff mountains, between which runs the west branch of Gold Cañon. The lower, and more prominent of these, rises to a height of near 2,000 feet, and having been called by some Mexicans, prospecting about it, the "Cerro Alto," it still bears that name. About half way up it, on the side next Gold Cañon, is a "bench," or table, across which runs a quartz lead, which, having been taken up, it was afterwards called the "Bench Claim."

It is a singular circumstance, that two brothers, Englishmen, having gotten the idea that silver existed at this spot, proceeded there some three or four years ago, sunk a shaft on this "bench," and erected a small furnace for smelting the ore. One of the brothers dying, the other, disheartened, left the place after filling up the shaft they had dug, by placing timbers transversely across it about twelve feet below the mouth, and covering them with earth. This would seem to have been done that their labors, should they ever be discovered, might not give the impression that they had gone far down.

Their furnace, a rude affair, probably at best, had also been demolished, and when the writer visited the spot last summer, nothing but a heap of stones and some fragments of charcoal remained of these pioneer silver works, thus erected by these ill-fated brothers, so far beyond the

confines of civilization. The grave of him who perished, is still to be seen by a cedar on the hill side, all trace of the survivor having been lost; nor would it ever have been known whose work this was, but for this faint tradition, known only to a few of the older residents in these



THE "DEVIL'S GATE."

parts. That any one should have went there at that early day in search of silver, seems strange enough, when taken in connection with the little that was then known of that remote region, and with the astounding discoveries of that metal that have lately been made so near by. Whence these brothers got their notion of silver at that point, what discoveries they may have made, or why nothing further was ever known of them or their labors, remains, as it no doubt ever will, a mystery. The most likely solution of it is, that they derived the idea from one of those legendary tales of mineral wealth, so often heard and so little heeded, though not always devoid of some foundation in fact; while, as to the brother who came

away, he may have since followed his kinsman to the unknown land; or surviving, have left the country, and perhaps never yet so much as heard of the fabulous treasures since, found fast by his mountain home.

The next place exhibited by our artist is *Carson City*; a town that, having wholly grown up within the past year, has already attained a very respectable magnitude; not only eclipsing its older and politically more favored rival, Genoa, but advanced rapidly towards the position it must hereafter hold, as the great central depot, and distributing point of Western Utah. This beautifully located and promising town is situated on the west side of Eagle Valley, about eighteen miles south

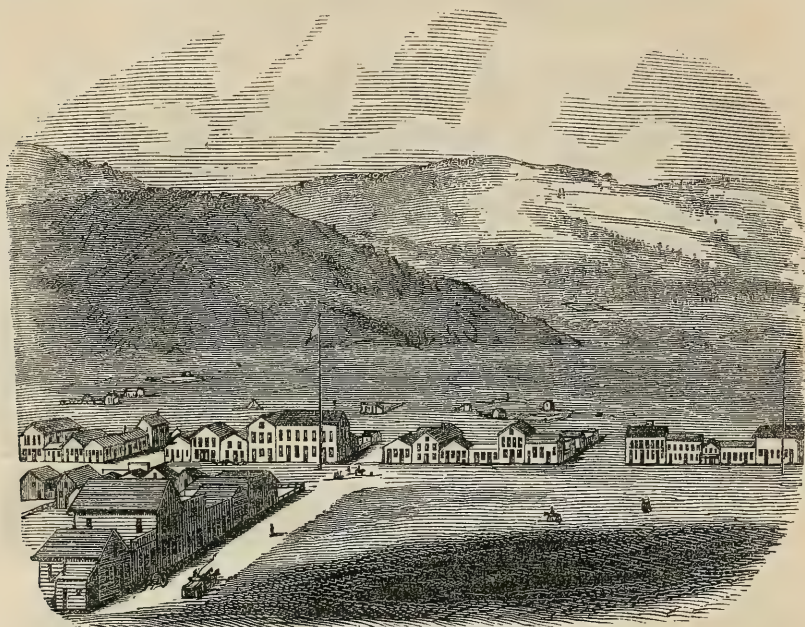
of Virginia City, and twelve north of Genoa. It stands immediately at the foot of the Sierra, which rises behind it to a height of more than three thousand feet, being covered with pine forests from its base to its summit. Coming down from the mountain, and crossing the valley below, are numerous rivulets of pure cold water, which, with the springs found on the margin of the plain, afford ample supplies for the use of the town, (through which it courses in channels dug for the purpose,) as well as for irrigation.

Eagle Valley, containing an area of nearly one hundred square miles, is itself one of the most beautiful in a long series of mountain vales that skirt the eastern base of the Sierra. Watered by the Carson River on the one hand, and by the many rills mentioned on the other, with numerous springs, hot and cold, pure and mineral, scattered over its surface; covered with green sward along its western margin, and environed by hills, it seems the perfection of landscape scenery, and every way fitted for the abode of man. Nature, in fact, seems to have destined this for an important point in the future of this country. Here, by the configuration she has impressed upon the country, all the great highways seem compelled to center. Standing at the gateways of the Sierra, and on the threshold of the Desert, Carson City commands the passage, trade and travel of both; while her central position as to the mines makes her the supplying agent for them; leaving her future growth to be determined only by that of the mineral districts around her. Which way soever we would proceed from this point, a comparatively good natural way opens itself to us. Westward, leading out toward Placerville, a good route is found by the old Johnson Trail, over which a wagon road, much shorter and better than that now traveled by way of Genoa,

could easily be opened. Going northward through Washoe, Steamboat and Truckee Valleys, by the Henness Pass, into the populous mining counties of California, we follow nearly all the way along a natural depression with a smooth surface, and even surmount the Sierra, scarcely being conscious of the rise. This town is also on the great Emigrant Trail across the Plains; while southward it communicates with Carson Valley, the Walker River and Mono districts, by means of roads, over which, with very trifling expense, heavily laden teams might be made to pass.

Here, also, the entire country to the east, and for some distance north, must come for lumber, this being the nearest point from which supplies of this indispensable material can be drawn. Intervening between the country along the Lower Carson, including most of the mineral region, so far as discovered, and the Sierra Nevada, on which alone trees suitable for lumber abound, is the Silver Range, a rugged chain, destitute of timber.

Carson City is laid out in regular squares, the streets being straight and wide; and, as the surface is perfectly level, no grading or other labor is required to prepare the lots for building. The soil about it is of such a nature that neither the mud or dust become excessively troublesome at any season of the year. Water of the best quality is abundant, running through the town in small ditches dug for the purpose. It is procured both from the springs adjacent, and the streams coming down from the mountains, which never fail, winter or summer. There were but two or three houses on this spot, one year ago; now there are over one hundred, and there would have been more than double that number, had lumber been plenty, even at the high prices men were willing to pay for it. Some of the houses are built of adobe, several of them large and sub-



CARSON CITY.

stantial; suitable material for making these, as well as brick, being abundant in the neighborhood. Several kilns of brick were burnt within a mile of the city last summer. Most of the houses, however, are of wood, and some few of even less durable substances. The permanent and floating population of this place reaches from ten to fifteen hundred, and is rapidly on the increase. Property has also advanced at a corresponding rate, but is still far from having reached such a figure as the situation and prospects of the town seem to justify. It would of course be too much to affirm that this must positively become a large and opulent city; but it may safely be said, if any town of magnitude is to spring up in this transmontane region, nature, as well as the mineral developments being made, clearly indicate this as the site of it.

In a ravine two miles west of the town,

in the midst of fine timber, a steam saw-mill was erected last fall, but it could not supply one tithe of the demands made upon it, being of only moderate capacity, and not kept constantly running at that. Other mills of like kind are about being put up, and the prospect is that lumber will be both cheap and plentiful before the summer is far advanced. When this shall be the case, aided by brick, sandstone and adobe, with not only lime-rock, but a species of natural cement near at hand; with improved roads, and the prospect of a heavy immigration meeting here next season, and a rich mineral district unfolding itself all around her, Carson City must become a large and thriving City, if there is to be any such within the limits of Western Utah; and everything considered, it may justly be said to have a promising future before it.

The next and last place depicted by our artist is Genoa, the oldest, and until



GENOA.

recently the largest, town in Western Utah. It was first settled by the Mormons; who, as early as 1850, erected some cabins here, and afterwards more substantial houses, mills, &c. It is handsomely located on the west side of Carson Valley, right under the Sierra, which rises abruptly over it, being covered from top to bottom with pine trees, not very large or suitable for lumber, yet, being the best to be had, they are made to answer every purpose. Genoa, like Carson City, is well watered, by a number of rills coming from the mountains and flowing through the streets. One of these is made to drive both a flour and saw-mill, situated in the edge of the town, as seen in our picture.

Genoa contains about fifty houses, mostly frame, a few being of logs or adobe. At the time Carson County was organized, Genoa was made the county seat, which it has continued to be nominally ever since. The U. S. District Court was also held here last fall by Judge Cradlebaugh; but there is a talk

of all these courts, as well as the other offices, whether territorial or belonging to the general government, being removed to Carson City on the opening of spring. Property has recently advanced somewhat in this place, but not at such a rate as in its more fortunate and progressive rival.

Genoa has a resident population of about 200. Amongst these are a number of Mormon families, some of whom have never left since their first settlement here; others are a part of those who having repaired to Salt Lake, at the time of the calling in of the Saints, and becoming disgusted with their experience there, returned to their old homes, much poorer, but hardly wiser for their melancholy journey. Adhering to their peculiar notions, and still cherishing in secret the fatal dogmas of their religion, they do not readily affiliate with the Gentiles around them, nor is there a likelihood of any cordial feeling ever existing between the two classes.



CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

BY A. KELLOGG.

In the foregoing beautiful group of California flowers, executed by Mr. Nahl, from our drawings from nature, No. 1 represents the largest and most common Iris of this coast—*Iris longipetala*; the flowers pale blue, or whitish, with deep blue veins. There are many species of the Fleur de Lis found here, some of which may prove to be new. No. 2 is the Western or Pacific (False) Honey-suckle, *Azalea occidentalis*. The flowers are perfectly white, except the lower division of its border, which is creamy, or ochreous yellowish. Some specimens we have seen with pink flowers; others of a

beautiful yellow color. These plants vary much in form; but, when properly studied, we are satisfied that several distinct species may be identified.

This most ornamental under-shrub of the American forests “brings the light of other days around us,” and our affections still linger fondly in the pictured past, when we searched the wild woodlands and the shady swamps for the Swamp Apple, or Honeysuckle Apple, as we designated a kind of delicious ex-crescence found upon them.

After the June shower, what inspirations of fragrance did we then enjoy! Hark! do you not hear celestial melody in the rolling numbers of the sweet Swamp Robin? Heaven has blest us

with the sweet hermit of the grove, and the song and the flower are wreathed around our hearts in a melodious garland.

No. 3, the Rice Root of the miners, wild Guinea Hen Flower, Checkered Lily, &c. *Fritillaria mutica*. A dark brown or purplish chekered, nodding liliaceous flower; plant about two feet in height, with four to eight, or even as high as twenty, flowers. The glandular and beautifully crenulated margins are not noticed in the descriptions. A very common bulbous plant of California. The single

radicle fleshy leaf, as large as the palm of one's hand, is absent when flowering.

No. 4, *Oenothera arcuata*, (Kellogg.) Sickie-Leaf Primrose.

No. 5, *Anemopsis Californica*. A beautiful scarlet flower, found in wet places.

No. 6, Downing's Beauty—*Downingia pulchella*. In honor of the late A. J. Downing, Esq., well known to horticultural and rural fame.

No. 7, *Specularia*, a species of Venus' Looking-glass.



OREGON SORREL.*

The foregoing figure is the Sour Clover of the miners, from the juice of which they make an extemporaneous lemonade-like beverage, said to be very cooling and refreshing to the thirsty palate in the hot season. It is believed to possess many other useful properties, e. g. as a palliative in the miner's scurvy—in fevers, diarrhoeas, dropsies; and is anti-bilious in general.

The expressed juice of this plant when left standing for some time, deposits a whitish sediment, (an oxalate?) which when applied to chronic, indolent, or putrid ulcers, will speedily heal them—but the practice we think is rather more cruel than the red-hot-iron remedy. It is doubtless a “rouser” upon the disturbing method of our Æsculapians.

The plant is found in this vicinity growing in shady Red-woods.†

Were it a foreign plant, it would be esteemed worthy of cultivation. The flowers are large and bright red; some are also pale purplish. In all our specimens, the flower-stem is *longer* than the leaves. For the lack of space, we have chosen to figure one as short as any we can obtain—will our friends please inform us if the flower-stem is “always manifestly *shorter* than the leaves?” A brownish pubescence covers it.

The separate figure is designed to illustrate the internal structure of an oxalis. It will be seen that there are five pistils; the largest threads in the center, and ten stamens; five long and five short, alternating. “P” represents the pistils—“S” the stamens. The leaves expand during the day and droop at nightfall. This is probably owing to the effect of the light of the sun, as well as humidity.

* *Oxalis Oregona*. † *Sequoia Sempervirens*.



No. 2, in the preceding cross group, is an outline of the *Buckhorn-leaved Gilia*, or as it is mostly known in the Southern and Southwestern Atlantic States, *The Standing Cypress Flower*.*

We seldom see any plant of our gardens of such exquisite beauty as this splendid native species. We have seen and admired it in many of the Southern States, especially in Texas. In California it flourishes at a higher altitude.

Wherever it is found, it never fails to extort the most enthusiastic expressions of delight. The downy stem is erect and tall, from 3 to 5 feet in height; the leaves are pinnatifidly parted and densely clustered; the flowers are racemously pinnated into a conic top often a foot or more in length. The flowers as seen in the outline are long, tubular, with a five parted border, of a brilliant scarlet color, bright straw yellow within or delicately shading into white; they are beautifully dotted with red, or spotted with white and red, mixed.

It flowers from July to September. This is a biennial species; most of them are hardy annuals, of easy culture. The seeds should be sown in open sunny borders, as soon as vegetation starts in the winter of our climate. Many of them crowded together are exceedingly showy. Heaven bless the hand that tills them!

No. 1, of the same group is the *Three Colored Flowered Gilia*.† This plant is very abundant in California, flowering from June to September; about one foot in height; stem erect and smooth, flowers wand-like, arch-clustered in parcels of three to six. The outline exhibits the flowers of the natural size. No. 3 shows the opened, somewhat bell-funnel formed flower, with its five-parted border; the five stamens are inserted into the throat near the tube. No. 4, the seed vessel and pistil, with its three-parted

stigma. The flowers are pale purple, or white with a blush of blue; the center and tube yellow, and separated by a deep purple circle. "Nothing can be prettier than this, when thickly covering a bed a few feet in length and breadth." There are also many other native species in California; but these represent the two extreme sections of this family so well one may pretty readily distinguish the remainder.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

[Continued from page 403.]

LET us return to our cuddly supper table.

Mercy on us, there is Mrs. Cutts having another bottle of beer; that's the ninth she has had to-day—seven is her regular allowance, and to-day she is exceeding it. She says it makes her limbs supple; if it does, it is a blessing, for she has much need of it. Her husband, Doctor Cutts, gets drunk twice a week, or so, to the great annoyance of everybody; and, under the influence of mania-potu, fancies himself the Pope of Rome; makes his wife alternately kneel and kiss his toe, and rise to bathe his head with vinegar, and this for two or three hours upon the stretch. Unfortunate couple!—he died shortly after our arrival, of delirium tremens, and she followed him in six months. Some wag, with more fun than good taste, wrote on her tombstone, with a pencil,—

"Of drinking ale, died Mrs. Cutts—
Perhaps you'll think it queer;
She lived to drink some forty butts
Of Hodgson's bitter beer."

That stout, red faced man, helping her to the ninth bottle, is Major Golding, formerly of the Punglepoore Fencibles; he is not in the army now. He has made a fortune by insuring the lives of healthy,

* *Gilia coronopifolia*.

† *Gilia tricolor*.

ruddy faced, fair haired cadets. Of seventeen that he insured, nine died in two years, and he pocketed the policies.

The Major says the game is up, for insurance companies require a direct interest on a life now, before they will grant a policy. Moreover, availing themselves of his experience, one of the large companies have made him their Indian agent, at a liberal salary; that's how he is here now. He will take premiums from thin, dark, or sallow men, or even consumptives, in India; but you must pay high to insure such men as he speculated on in olden time.

One more sketch, and I come to the one with which the happiest epoch of my life is associated. The tea things have been removed, but wine is on the table. Observe that tall, handsome man, with that fragile, but very lovely girl by his side. He is proposing the health of Captain Leechline and his officers, in a neat and appropriate speech. There is no awkward hesitation; no humming and hawing, so common on such occasions; he speaks fluently, easily, and all he says is in good taste, and to the point. That is Mr. Nathan King, and the lady beside him is his sister. They are from New York; they came together, but they went go back together. Mr. Nathan King went to England with his mother, sister, and younger brother—they to make a European tour, and *he* to proceed to Calcutta on commercial business connected with his New York firm. He proposed going out in an English vessel, because of the superior comforts of a first class passenger ship, and the pleasure of educated society on board. But how comes his sister there? Well, thus it happened: they were the guests of Mr. Hadley, a large merchant in London. His son, Captain Hadley, of the Bengal artillery, was at home on leave. Of course Miss Lizzie King wished to know all about Calcutta, where her brother was

going. Now Capt. Hadley was a polite man—a very polite man—and he afforded her every information in his power, until the subject got threadbare. Then he found her voice so sweet, that he must needs enquire a great deal about New York; not that he cared so much about that, as the manner it was told, and so it came about that he persuaded her that Calcutta, *with him*, was better than New York, *without him*; besides, she would be able to see to her brother, who was delicate, whilst he was there. This last settled the matter, and so—and so—they got married; and she is to have her European tour when Hadley next gets leave. That is he, huzzaing so vociferously in answer to his brother-in-law's toast. Look at the merry sparkle of his clear blue eyes, the frank expression of his face, and how tender his glance, when he turns towards her. I had but little fear for their future, and so it has proved. I dined with them since he retired, at their pretty place in Devonshire, twelve years ago, and found that indeed "*they twain were one.*"

The next morning all was anxiety to have a fair view of Madras, and soon after daylight the poop was thronged by passengers, wholly occupied with the novel scene around them. Masoolah boatmen, catamaran men, in a state of almost perfect nudity, raising blushes on fair cheeks, albeit soon to become inured to the spectacle; native servants, with their tasteful, snowy garments, contrasting with their gay colored, close fitting jackets and fancy turbans, flitted to and fro, soliciting employment from the passengers, and, with humble but graceful salaams, producing their testimonials of character. Who can account for that wonderful grace of motion, characteristic of the inhabitants of the immense Indian peninsula. Is it innate? is it the result of early training? or, is it that the extreme exclusiveness of the many

castes renders each desirous to study and acquire an appearance that shall be creditable to his people? We hold that it arises from the natural delicacy of their physical organization, added to pride of caste, and aided by the total absence of restraint from any of the torturous appliances of civilized costumes. That the extreme poetry of motion, observable in the females, is mainly attributable to their habit of carrying light vessels of water on the head is indisputable, and has been proved by the dignity of carriage that some European ladies have acquired, in late years, by adopting such exercises as a main element of calisthenics.

A party of us were, by nine o'clock, approaching in one of the native boats the outer line of the fearful and continuous surf, which rages at Madras. Be it known that the whole force of the sea of the Bay of Bengal breaks on this line of coast, without protection of any kind. The result of the undertow is the formation of a sand bank, about one hundred and fifty yards from the beach; and which would probably become, in time, higher, but that the strong currents running along the coast and inclining somewhat from it, carries off the higher particles of sand which are in agitation from the action of the surf. Inside of this bank the water is tolerably deep, till the edge of the steep beach is reached. Now when the swell which comes in is light, the impediment of this outer bank causes but a slight break on the crest of the incoming wave, and the risk is consequently small. When, however, the rise of the wave, (from the blowing of the north-east monsoon, from October to March), is enlarged, in precisely the same proportion is the danger increased. Then the sea, meeting the obstruction, breaks with terrible force, cresting with a height of many feet, and then dispersing itself in the boiling foam in the deeper water

inside. When this point is reached, the danger may be said to be past; although the violence of the blow the boat receives, on striking the beach, is often the cause of much inconvenience and considerable amusement—the more so as if, before another surf strikes her, the boat is not hauled sufficiently high up, the result is a cloud of spray, enough to half drown the unlucky wights who are seated in her.

Terrible as the aspect of this surf is, yet were it not for the formation of the bank, landing would be impossible; but for the dispersing of the heavy wave, before it approaches the beach, by the means thus provided by nature, the volume of it would be sufficient, when it struck the shore, to break at one blow the very strongest construction of human ingenuity.

As we came close to the *outer* break, the ten boatmen laid on their oars, watching the waves as they rolled in, and just rowing a little or backing a little, so as to keep stationary. Seeing a smaller wave approaching, the steersman suddenly urged them ahead, and, with frantic yells, every muscle was strained to keep the boat on the *shoulder* of the wave, as it rolled in. By their wonderful judgment the bow of the boat, carried by the curling swell, with fearful velocity, was but three or four feet behind the crest when it broke. A few more strokes, and we were beyond the reach of the next following wave when it should break. Had we been but a few feet further on, and the wave broken *under* the boat, then the stern being lifted up by the last part of it, would have caused the bow to strike on the bank and upset her endways, landing the passengers in the hissing foam inside. On the other hand, had the boat been too far behind the break of the swell, before she could have got beyond the reach of the next wave, it would overtake her, break over her, and fill if not capsize her.

A few seconds more, and, with a blow that threw most of us into the bottom of the boat, we struck the beach, were hauled up a few feet, and on the shoulders of all but nude boatmen, carried from the boat and placed on dry land.

Miss Palmer, myself, and Miss Crown, whom I had persuaded to accompany us, together with a married lady, Mrs. Southwick, who played propriety, were soon seated in a carriage *en route* to the house of Capt. Geddes, four miles from town. Capt. Geddes was a cousin of mine, an artillery officer, holding a staff appointment at the presidency.

The extreme flatness of the country, with the exception indeed of St. Thomas Mount, and Armegon Hill, in the distance, detracts much from its beauty; still the pretty houses, embosomed in a perfect garland of flowers and tropical trees, the classic simplicity of the female costume, and the waving of the garments of the males, formed a picture at once enlivening and novel. As we passed through a portion of the outskirts, where the natives most do congregate, and where a small bazaar is situated, the noise, the jabbering in different dialects, made a perfect Babel of sounds. The dust and hubbub, despite the attractive strangeness of the scene, was almost unbearable, and glad we were when we emerged from the crowded district.

Leaving the ladies, who were most cordially welcome, to pass the day in the manner usual in India—i. e., doing nothing—I returned to the town to make the few visits allowed by our limited stay.

Land of unbounded hospitality; it is indeed difficult to refuse the many kindnesses so freely pressed upon you on every side. Capt. Geddes, who had been off to the ship to see me, and had missed me, I saw at his office; and, being much engaged, he entrusted me to the care of a friend till dinner time. Mr. Brooke, the name of the gentleman, proved a per-

fect paragon of a cicerone, and to some of the notabilities to whom he introduced me we will presently refer, certain that some amusement may be gleaned from their histories.

[*To be continued.*]

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

PREDICTION OF THE WEATHER.

M. Arago is decidedly of opinion that the influences of the moon and of comets on the changes of the weather are almost insensible; and, therefore, that the prediction of the weather can never be a branch of actronomy, properly so called. And yet our satellite and comets have, at certain periods, been considered as preponderating stars in meteorology. Again, M. Arago believes that he is in a condition to deduce from his investigations this important result:—*Whatever may be the progress of sciences, never will observers, who are trustworthy, and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather.*

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Mr. Alexander Nasmyth considers that, in addition to the ordinary diseases of teeth, called decay, the effeminacy of social life, the almost exclusive and unremitting exercise of the mental faculties, and a consequently superinduced morbid, nervous susceptibility, cause disease to appear in the sockets of the teeth, which produces their expulsion, although the bodies of the teeth themselves may be perfectly sound. That peculiarity, of which both modern and ancient social life affords abundant examples, is frequently found to have existed in the sockets of the ancient Egyptians, but never to have been observed in races of men who have followed a natural course of life.

MINING LAWS OF THE "FLOWERY DISTRICT," NEVADA TERRITORY.

[From the *Territorial Enterprise*.]

ARTICLE 1. The bounds of this district shall be, on the south and west by the Seven Mile Cañon; on the north by the Iron Mountains; and on the east by Carson River. All quartz claims located in this district shall be two hundred feet on the lead, including all its dips, angles and spurs.

ART. 2. All discoverers of new quartz veins shall be entitled to an additional claim of two hundred feet.

ART. 3. All claims shall be worked within thirty days after location, to the amount of two days to each claim per month, and the owner can work to the amount of fifty dollars as soon after the location as he may choose, which amount of work being done, shall exempt his claim from work for six months thereafter.

ART. 4. All rights of the claimants of a ledge shall always be the whole width of the said ledge, extending a sufficient distance on each side of the ledge, the entire distance of his claim to enable him to work to the best advantage, and if the corner stakes are not at first placed on the ledge by the location, on account of the ledge not being distinctly marked they may be changed so as to correspond to the course of the vein when that shall become known.

ART. 5. All claims shall be properly recorded within five days from the time of location.

ART. 6. All surface or placer claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 7. All ravine and gulch claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 8. All surface and ravine claims shall be worked within ten days after

sufficient water can be had to work said claims.

ART. 9. All claims not worked according to the laws of this district, shall be forfeited, and subjected to relocation.

ART. 10. There shall be a Recorder elected who shall be entitled to the sum of one dollar for each claim recorded. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to go on the ground, and see that stakes are set in their proper places, before recording the claims.

ART. 11. Every company shall, within ten days of the time of location of its claims, survey their ground and place good substantial marks at each end of the same, and define by notice the direction which they claim. Said lines shall not debar the owners of claims from the benefit of all dips, angles and spurs; provided, that such dips, angles and spurs be clearly shown; and all ground within the bounds of said marks shall be the lawful property of the first locator.

ART. 12. All persons holding claims in this district, shall, within ten days of the passage of these laws, survey their claims and set their stakes and marks.

ART. 13. The Recorder shall keep a suitable book or books in which the laws of this district shall be plainly written, and all records of claims, deeds, transfers and surveys shall be registered distinctly, and said records shall at all times be open to the inspection of the public, and said Recorder is required to post in two conspicuous places a copy of the laws of this district.

ART. 14. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to duly record the original notices in letters instead of figures, where figures occur, and shall give to each locator of claim or claims a certified copy of the same.

ART. 15. These laws shall be applicable to companies as far as practicable, and in all company claims, work in accordance with these laws on any portion of their ground, shall be sufficient to secure the whole.

ART. 16. All laws and parts of laws heretofore made in conflict with the spirit and meaning of these laws, are hereby repealed.

Passed March 2d, 1860.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

"This is death in life ; to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual, Without one feebly-struggling sense of an airier spiritual realm."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

EVERY hope, every aspiration after the unattainable, every passion ungratified, has its castle in the air. We all build them. In childhood, they are generally like the cottage in "Hop-o'-er-my-Thumb;" walls, rafters, and furniture of sugar and cake; windows of crystal candy; their occupants having nothing to do but amuse themselves the live-long day. Their construction then is comparatively simple, and if never absolutely realized, a fortnight of holidays, with an occasional ounce or so of building materials console the architect. Not so in riper years—when longings expand into wider fields of possessions, if it be but seldom we turn aside from the active present, so much the dearer are our etchings of the future.

There is a class of men styled "day dreamers," and such the world justly condemns. Extremes are reprehensible; yet are we all day dreamers to some extent, and no more to be censured on that account, than for enjoying a due amount of recreation.

Castle-building has its good and bad effects, according to the character and foundation of the structure. It is valuable as an index and moulder of the disposition, an incentive to labor, and a consolation for disappointment. We have defined these ærial realms to be soul-longings. As good fountains pour forth sweet waters, so the aspirations of a noble soul are the highest expressions of its refined nature. A mere common-place, practical man, however much such a disposition may avail for the acquisition of worldly esteem or property, is constructed on too small a scale; what "filthy

lucre" will buy, comprises all his ideas of the true, beautiful or good.

The materials of the individual's "castle," then, are drawn from his nature. We can judge of each from the other, and shall find the characteristics of both endlessly varied. The world is full of men, and each with his peculiarity; moreover, should we subdivide characters into classes, the number would be well nigh infinite; from these, then, let us pick up specimens as they occur to us at random. Some we shall drop suddenly with a shiver, or glance at only partially, hiding as much of the filth as is practicable: upon others, the mind will dwell lovingly and lingeringly; we would fain hold them in a perpetual embrace, and, as it is, only let them go when we have prayed long and hoped that we have appropriated some of their excellencies.

We have already referred to childhood's golden edifice, rosy with mirth, and boundless in its supply of unsatiating sweets. Who does not recognize it (if he deign not *now* to look so far back, one day this shall be his sole delight), as his own fairy ideal? One who cannot, is to be pitied; he is either that hard-faced, purse with no outlet individual, who prides himself on his contempt for poetry and sentiment, or worse yet—a thorough, self-acknowledged rascal;—when a boy, one could warrant he was famous for grand bargains, and petty thefts too occasionally; he had the faculty of getting himself bravely out of scrapes at the expense of a school-mate, and was never so absurdly honest as to own up boldly, "I did it!" and take the deserved flogging. Not he! He was too *sharp* for that, and much preferred to see the innocent suffer. We should find his "castles" preceding him all along, filled with self, and bright dollars, and but the reflection of his life-motive. That they are not fully realized, all the better for him; but, alas! they are enough so to make the stream of his ex-

istence turbid, and its outflow—we shudder to think *whither*. Policy has been his motto, inscribed on his air-castles, and still deeper in his heart. Who contributed so munificently to orphan asylums and relief funds, yet turned the fatherless and the widow from his doors? True, he belonged to the church on earth, but not of such, we fear, is the kingdom of Heaven.

Then, again, there is the man of ultra piety. His title, though not a just one, is sufficient to designate him. It is intended neither to class him with the former, nor yet present him as the converse. We chance upon him as upon some misshapen stone, valuable for little else than as a specimen. While innocent of evil intentions, he is an injury to society, by exhibiting religion in a false aspect. In childhood his heart structures were ruthlessly torn down; substitutions were made; select chapters from the Old Testament, in place of fairy tales—for such pictures as “Goody Two Shoes,” the bears that eat up naughty children. In the case before us, (rare exception!), riper years have not brought about a reaction. If his eyes had been opened, they would have looked too far in an opposite direction; and, for the bigot, we should have had the atheist—for the gloomy christian, (!) the reckless libertine. As he is, so are his “castles.” Sometimes, perhaps, what he crushes as wicked inspirations, build for him afar off—so far that his hope cannot attain unto it—a mansion where joyous laughter, unrestrained, is the music and pleasures to him denied the fire upon the hearthstone. Seldom does he anticipate happiness in this life. “Across the river” is his home, “planned by Infinite Benevolence”—a vast church, on the mundane order, where songs of gloom re-echo through one perpetual, dreary Sabbath. Not a ray of sunshine, not a note of joy, not a breath of freedom?

’Tis false! Better deny God’s existence, than his holiest attribute.

Look at the lazy man’s “castle”—filled with servants, every thing done at his behest. In it, he pictures himself rich, without labor; learned, without study; righteous, without the pangs of self-denial. *He* live thus? If he build on strong resolution, with perseverance and industry, he may find the wealth, be the sage and the saint too. But this is not he. With such foundations, the castle belongs to some one else. And to whom, but the man of energy and will? He builds but for to-day; fills with giant purpose, and spends less time in prayer than work. To-morrow, his ideal exists as a reality. His home is larger than had been his hopes.

How many “castles in the air” the lover builds—and how grand! Each is peerless, in his eyes, as a casket from the rich jewel it contains. Of all men he buildeth most recklessly; thinking overmuch of his queen, he chooses but a cottage for her palace—tears down this merely for the pleasure of reërecting that; and, after all, his structure is so shabbily put together that, were it more earthly, we should fear for the health of its fair occupant. Within is provided naught but *love*—naught else for food or drink. Over his cottage clouds are never to hang—the moon never to wane.

But enough. Select any individual, study his habits and motives, and you can readily picture his ideal.

This is eminently a practical and systematic age. No science is regarded worthy the name, which cannot be reduced to first principles; no operation, physical or metaphysical, worth performing, reasons and rules for which can not be stated. To suit the times, then, we conclude with some general hints, in regard to ærial architecture, which may serve for a moral.

First, never build on too grand a scale

—materials are abundant; every wish adds a wing to the structure—every hope a dome or a turret; all the more reason for regarding the rule. 'Tis sad, as you are looking with straining eyes, towards your fairy palace, to find the clouds, where the sunlight was shining, fading away, and with them your picture. Sadder still, if your building has been too lofty, to see it crumbling into ruins. Always count the cost, and then build upon probabilities.

Secondly, build upon faith. This rule is a check upon running to extremes, and may be regarded as a corollary of the preceding. It is not the part of wisdom, in planning for the future, to forget the substantial duties of the present.

Finally—which should have been first—build conscientiously. As a man thinketh, so is he. We are as responsible to moral law for our hopes as our acts. If wrong be one of the materials of our "castle," even if the hoped for be realized, we shall find true enjoyment absent. The world is full of disappointment. What a blessing that we can picture for ourselves a brighter future! With conscience for the corner-stone of each "castle in the air," whatever fate assails, we can still be confident of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

I sit and dream in my cabin door—
I stand in my native home once more;
I hear the music of the bees,
The song of the birds in the orchard trees,
The breezy whispering of the limes,
The music of the Sabbath chimes,
The song of the brook by the cottage door—
I hear them all, in my dream, once more.

And I hear sweet voices in my dream—
Like some sweet song to my ear they seem.

The shouts of children in their glee,
Ringing aloud in the meadows free;
The sound of the scythe, and the waken-
ing horn,
Calling them to the fields at morn;
The plow-boy, whistling, wildly gay,
"Over the hills and far away";
Or mocking at the black-bird's song,
Briskly caroling all day long; [stream—
The notes of the thrush, by the meadow
I hear them all again in my dream.

I dream once more;—'tis the hour of mirth,
And groups are gathering 'round the hearth;
And many a song, and legend old,
And tales of wondrous length are told.
My mother sits and sings so clear,
A song for my little brother's ear;
I know that song, and with spirits light,
Have sung it oft in the fields at night.
My father listens;—no minstrel's art
Like that could stir his echoing heart:
" 'Tis the same that in youth came warb-
ling to me,
"Sitting beneath the linden tree.
"We were lovers then—we are lovers now—
"Time changes naught save the locks on
the brow."

My grandsire talks, in his easy chair,
Of the seven years' war, and the heroes
there.

"Aye, those were giants, boys,—brave men,
"Who dared the lion in his den.

"God-like above them all was one,
"It was our glorious WASHINGTON!"

The granddame sits and smiles to hear
That tale, oft told, yet still so dear,
And oft a tear on her cheek appears,
As she wanders back through the misty
And thinks of one, her idol boy, [years,
Who left her one morn with a soldier's joy;
"God bless you, mother!" the last he said—
That night that fair young head was laid,
With eyes all death-glazed, among the slain,
Staring up to the stars, on Monmouth's plain.

Then comes a sound like a battle's roar—
I start,—and my sleep and my dream are
o'er.

DRESS AS A FINE ART.

A RECENT paper in the "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "Daily Beauty," advanced some ideas, not altogether new, perhaps, on the subject of dress and personal appearance, which we would like to see generally circulated and adopted. Some may sneer at a deliberate attempt to make dress the subject of a magazine article, but we ought to premise that it is not our intention to say anything to encourage extravagance in dress, but rather to deprecate and crush, if possible, that *efflorescence* of gay attire which glorifies the drawing-room and illuminates the sidewalk.

I have faith in dress, as I have in whatever will make God's handiwork more personable, more attractive, more beautiful; and he, or she, who dresses meanly when they can afford to dress well, does violence to the purest instincts of our nature, and insults that innate sense of propriety which all have.

But how to dress well, how to so array ourself in ordinary garniture, which shall be in keeping with one's personal appearance, habits, character, and vocation, and be also attractive; how to group colors and forms in real harmony, to dress richly and yet "o'erstep not the modesty of nature"; these are things, the knowledge of which is not intuition to all, nor is their practice general, in our own country at least.

One of the principles of true taste, most frequently violated, is that of harmony of colors. The great Architect of the Universe has laid down certain unalterable laws, which regulate the juxtaposition of colors, just as those of music regulate the chords which produce harmonious or inharmonious sounds; and these laws can not be violated without inflicting pain upon the esthetic sense of the observer.

In the glory of the sunset sky, you see

no brilliant azure jarring against the glowing purple, orange and gold, of the vapory shapes luminous on the horizon. Search the whole floral kingdom through, and you will find no flowers in which decided blue and yellow are contrasted. Yet, how frequently do we see these colors worn, in odious discord, by both men and women. I remember once seeing a woman, richly and expensively dressed, with a blue gown, green shawl, yellow bonnet, and sky blue gloves. The force of contrast could no farther go—no law of harmony was left unoutraged—yet, she doubtless considered herself tastefully and elegantly dressed.

Now, it should be known that there are certain colors which should never be grouped with others; as, for instance, black and pale yellow are incongruous; blue with yellow or green are detestable. Blue, with black, white, or red, is good; and, as a general thing, black and white harmonize with all positive colors. Red, with buff, yellow, or bluish colors, is bad, but with a strong blue or green, is good; but a bright pink, with any yellow or yellowish color, is false and painful. The same principle holds good as applied to all the shadings of positive colors. Women of a sallow complexion should never wear light or pale pinks, as it obscures the complexion; nor should they wear blue, which imparts an unpleasant green tint; but they should wear strong reds, deep, rich browns, or neutral shades. Blue, in fact, is fatal to all complexions but the fair blondes. Nature has stamped this rule with her approval, by giving to such the bright blue eyes. Women of a florid complexion, should never wear white, especially white head-gear, as the contrast is too broad; but they should let their complexion be shaded off into quiet tints, neutral or secondary. Pale people, of a pure complexion, should wear bright colors, especially near the face, making a warm reflection there,

which is better than *rouge*. Such are very apt to affect white muslin and blue ribbons, which give them an icicle appearance—agreeable, if a hot day, but unnatural and false.

But, after all, the great sin of the fashionable world, is that of wearing too many positive hues, especially in the street. When will our women learn that glaring colors, flaunting plumes, streaming ribbons, and the like, seen in the street, on the railroad, or the steamer, are unmistakeable signs of inbred vulgarity, however sanctioned by fashion or by position? A woman who appears on the street in a brilliant dress, loaded with furbelows, or meteor-like bonnet, a flower-bed shawl, doth greatly fool herself if she thinks that she is anything else than a walking lay-figure to advertise her dry-goods dealer, withal. Let the women, to be dressed beautifully, choose quiet, rich shades; use sparingly all positive colors; eschew a redundancy of "trimming," and they will achieve a success before unknown. They may not attract the attention which would be directed to a red poppy in a bed of violets, but people would say, "how becomingly Mrs. Bashlen was dressed," and not "what a splendid dress she had on, it must have cost ten dollars a yard." Of low necks, bare arms, huge hoops, the fruitful themes of so many writers, I will say nothing, being convinced that the woman who has not grace enough to keep her from adopting the uniform of the courtesan, has not enough to heed any reproof, however severe.

One word about jewelry, and I have done with the women. It is ordained that everything on this fair earth shall have a useful end and aim. Even the humble flower, by the wayside, not only cheers the eye, but feeds the roving bee, purifies the air, and fills its little part in the great scheme of nature. So, also, no ornamentation should be merely for

show; flowers and bugles, spangles and the multitude of silken or grassy accessories, with which some women bedizen themselves, are of no earthly use, except to encourage extravagance and the dry goods trade. A bracelet upon a bare arm is a humbug, a dislocation, having no more propriety of place than the "barbaric pearl and gold" which some savages wear in their noses. Gold and precious stones pensile from cruelly pierced ear-lobes, are either indicative of weak eyes or weaker heads; they are sad relics of a barbarous age. A pin should fasten something; a bracelet should keep, or seem to keep, something in its place; a chain should carry something valuable, or useful, which otherwise were in danger of being lost. But a jeweled coronet on a Yankee woman's head, a huge pin flaming on her bosom, or chains and bracelets loading arms and neck, all give to the wearer the same charm which belongs to a jeweler's show-case—valuable for their market price only.

In the coming millenium of poets and painters there shall be no more "dress," but all shall be habited in what is seemingly beautiful, and the "eternal fitness of things" shall be the only rule of practice. In my next letter I shall have a few words to say to the sterner portion of my readers.

EASELMANN.

THE CARPENTER AND THE MAGIC STATUE.

WHEN Titus was emperor of Rome, he promulgated a decree, that the birth-day of his son should be kept sacred, and that no one should presume to do any labor on that day under the penalty of death. The emperor soon found that it was far easier to decree than to obtain the concurrence of his subjects in the decree. The law was continually evaded, and the judges and officers were unable to discover the offenders.

Then said Titus, "Call hither Virgil, the magician."

Virgil came at the emperor's command, and stood in his presence.

"Mighty magician," said Titus, "I have promulgated a law that no one should presume to labor on the birth-day of my son under a penalty of death."

"Thou hast, my Lord."

"Know now, that this law is constantly evaded, and that neither my judges nor my officers can discover the offenders."

"What my lord says is true."

"Virgil, we desire you to frame an image; some curious piece of art, which may reveal to us every transgressor of the law."

"It shall be as my lord desires," said the magician.

Not long after this, Virgil constructed a magic statue, and caused it to be erected in the centre of the city. By virtue of its secret powers, it acquainted the emperor with whatever was done amiss. Many and many were the persons convicted through the means of its informations, and no man was safe from its knowledge.

In Rome there lived a poor but industrious carpenter, named Focus, who cared little for the new edict, and every day pursued his laborious occupation.

"Misfortune take thee, thou tell-tale statue!" muttered he, as he lay in bed one night, and thought upon the numerous convictions procured by its means; "to-morrow thou and I must bandy a few words."

As soon as it was day-break, Focus arose, dressed himself, and went to the place where the statue stood; placing himself immediately before the figure, he then addressed it:—

"Statue! statue! many of our citizens die daily, by reason of your informations; now take this warning: if you accuse me, I will break your head."

Having thus spoken, Focus returned home to his usual work, though it was the prohibited day. About mid-day the king sent to the statue to inquire whether the law was being duly observed.

"Statue!" said the officers, "the emperor demands whether the edict is being strictly observed."

"Friends," rejoined the magic voice; "look up, see what is written on my forehead."

They obeyed the commands of the statue, and saw these lines on his brow:

"Times are altered.

Men grow worse.

[broken.]

He that speaks the truth has his head

"Friend," said the statue again, "go tell the emperor what thou hast read."

Now, when Titus heard what was written on the forehead of the statue, he was very wroth, and ordered his guards, and his officers, to watch before the statue, and see that no man did it injury. He bade them also require of the statue the name of the malefactor, and bring him before him directly.

"Declare, O statue!" said the officer of the emperor's guards, "who it is that threatens you."

"It is Focus, the carpenter," rejoined the figure; "he cares not for the edict, and never remits his labor; moreover, he menaces me with a broken head if I disclose his crime."

The guards soon discovered Focus at work as usual, and dragged him before the imperial presence.

"Man," said the emperor, "what is this that I hear of thee? Not only dost thou break the law, but dost also menace the statue, should it declare thy crime."

"It is even so, my lord; I cannot afford to keep the edict; a holiday to me is so much loss. Every day must I obtain eight pennies, and without incessant labor I have not the means of acquiring them. Holidays are well enough for the rich, but for the poor they are too often a curse."

"Eight pennies, Sir Villain—why eight pennies?"

"Every day throughout the year I am bound to repay two pence, which I borrowed in my youth; two other pence I lend; two I lose, and two I spend."

"Explain this," said Titus, interested in the man's replies.

"Two pence I repay that I borrowed in my youth; when I was a boy, my father expended daily upon me that sum: now he is poor and needs my assistance; therefore I return that which I formerly borrowed."

"Thou doest well."

"Two other pence I lend to my son, for his studies, even as my father did towards me, in the hope that hereafter he will do likewise."

"Again thou doest well; but how dost thou lose two pence a day?"

"I give them to my wife for her maintenance; she is wilful, contradictory, and passionate; these two, therefore, are lost to me on account of her disposition."

"Good again, Focus."

"The two last pennies I spend upon

myself in meat, drink and clothing. With less than this I cannot exist, nor can I obtain these eight pennies without incessant and unremitting labor; therefore, O emperor, a holiday to me is no blessing, but rather a curse; and thy edict, I, for one, cannot obey. You know now the truth; judge dispassionately."

"Friend, thou hast well spoken; go labor at thy trade."

Not long after this the emperor and his son both died, and there was no heir to the throne. Then the people remembered the wisdom of the poor carpenter, and tendered to him the empire. He governed as wisely as emperor as he had lived as a carpenter; and, at his death, his picture, bearing on the head eight pennies, was deposited among the effigies of the departed emperors.

LAST GIFTS OF THE DYING.

A gift for thee, mother!—this volume dear,
Cherished, and hallowed by many a tear;
I go where I need its guidance no more —
Faith becomes sight, on the heavenly shore.

A gift for thee, father! Thy Emma's face,
By an artist's hand, thou didst love to trace.
In the after years when thou scannest this
brow,
Think, father, thy child is an angel now!

A gift for thee, brother!—this lock of hair,
With amaranths, that bound it there;
When the brow that wore it is hidden from
thee,
Dear brother, this token may speak of me.

A gift for thee, sister!—this jeweled stone
Thou wilt wear for my sake, thy cherished
This ring, a token of love, that lies [one!
Too deep for words, and never dies!

One gift, aye, one, I to all impart; —
'Tis the deathless love of a trusting heart!
Love, pure, enduring, changeless, free,
Such as my Saviour gave to me!

THE FOUR SLAB STONES.

BY DOINGS.

I AM a great admirer of Tradition. I love to read Legends, and I love to hear them narrated. Anything connected with the history of the natives of America is particularly interesting, and there is much relating to the "poor Diggers," which, if sought out and brought to light, would astonish us with its natural beauties and delight us by its simple lesson; causing us at the same time to feel more compassion for, and to appreciate better the natures of, this poor, lost, rapidly dying out race. I know that there are many who feel and think as I do. Therefore, I take great pleasure in sending forth to the world the results of my own discovery, and, after the trouble and pains taken to obtain a correct and authenticated interpretation, I think that all will be pleased as they read, and give, as I do, the credit to "Sam."

One dull dreary day last fall — one of those days when the sun lies hid behind the clouds, and the air feels damp and close, when the light winds, as they murmur among the tree-tops, seem talking to us, and the roaring of the distant river comes dead and heavy, and mingling with the ivies of the woods, seem to endorse all that is said — such a day as timid persons, unaccustomed to the hills, see fancied forms in every stump and bush, and startle at any little rustle of the leaves — 'twas such a day, when, as Felix and myself were engaged in tracing out the lines of a quartz lead, we were led by its curve into a deep hollow, and among a thicket of chapparel. As we were twisting and turning, stooping and stretching, in order to work a safe passage through, and escape damage to either person or apparel, our attention was directed to an opening at the left, towards which we made our way. On breaking through the labyrinth of bushes into the

clearing — for such it appeared to be — we halted, and in no little amazement surveyed the scene before us. The open ground was in an irregular, circular form, and, in the centre, stood what seemed to be a cluster of shrubbery. That nature had no hand in the arrangement of things, as there exhibited, was very clear; and who could have done it, and what for? were questions which presented themselves and passed without satisfactory answers. Our first surprise over, we undertook to explore the ground, and if possible discover, by mark or sign, the object of this singular place. We first took the circumference, and finding nothing there to enlighten us, we approached the centre, and here we found within the shrubbery another clearing, — we discovered it by peeping through the bushes — and could also dimly see some object enclosed. Our curiosity increasing, we felt determined to have a thorough investigation, but our endeavors to force a way through were unsuccessful — the limbs and twigs refused to part for us — this led to a closer inspection, the result of which showed that the aforesaid limbs and twigs had at some time or other, probably in their youth, been twisted and interwoven together, and had so grown as to form an impenetrable barrier. Our desire now to see the whole grew stronger and stronger; we felt that to remove this mystery would be to make a great point, and as our vocabulary contained not the word baffle, we commenced a vigorous examination of the hedge for an opening. Four times did we traverse the circuit, each time unsuccessful, but each time more curious and determined than before; at length, the passage was found, overgrown with leaves and ivies, which we pushed aside and entered. Instead of passing directly through, we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees under and through the bushes half way round, when we sud-

denly emerged upon the inside. I cannot account for it, but this I assert: no sooner were we within, than a feeling of awe crept over us; we spoke in whispers and communicated by signs; it might have been imagination, but strange sounds seemed to fill the air, and echo followed echo through the hollow. That which we had so dimly seen through the bushes was located in about the centre, and more like criminals than honest men, we advanced to satisfy our yet craving curiosity. All that we saw were FOUR SLAB STONES, about two inches in thickness, rough and irregular in shape, set in the earth so as to form a square about eighteen inches each way, and the same depth. That was all. We gazed but for a moment, and then hastily, in silence, and with our hearts thumping up to our ribs, we made the best of our way out and sought the neighboring hills. When fairly out of the hollow, and not till then, did we stop to draw a long breath, and compare notes.

"What the d—l is it?" said Felix. I shook my head in reply.

"Did you hear the noises?" continued he.

"Yes, did you?"

"Why of course; what do you suppose they were?"

"Owls."

"Well," said he, going off into a horse laugh, "I wouldn't wonder if they were, and we a pair of fools to allow ourselves to get worked up in such a way. Let's go and get a shovel and dig the blamed stones up."

"No, no, no, no!" said I. "Don't touch them; there is something of interest connected with the place — something of Indian history, perhaps a legend, and oh, if it should be," continued I, brightening up, "I shall be made — I have long wanted to be the humble man of bringing something of the kind to light. 'Indian Sam' can tell us all about it,

and the first time he comes to camp we must take him with us down there, and I will write it out."

"Agreed," said Felix. "Now let's go home."

"Indian Sam" had heretofore been in the habit of passing our way and dropping in once or twice a week, and some times oftener; he had no particular days, but usually made his visit when going out or returning from hunting; his principal object in stopping seemed to be to inform us that he was very hungry, and to express a desire to partake of bread, and he rarely left without having his appetite, in some slight degree, appeased. A very friendly relation existed between "Sam" and ourselves. He could understand all that was said to him, and could speak our language well enough to be generally understood. He was always willing to do odd jobs, such as bringing wood and water, turning the grindstone, and other light work. He knew us all by name, and he had a wonderful faculty of knowing just when any of us discarded a garment. In short, we looked upon "Sam" as our "retainer," and to a great extent fed and clothed him.

I have thought proper to digress and mention the above facts, in order that you may know something of the character of the person I selected to interpret the mystery of the Stones, and to inspire you with confidence in his simple tale.

Our discovery was made in the early portion of the week, and each day after did I uniformly look for the coming of "Sam," yet he came not; the entire week passed, and his ugly visage had not smiled upon us — such was never known before. Sunday morning I arose with the determination to start out in search of his habitation, but when busily engaged over the fire with the fry pan, making preparation for breakfast, I heard not an unfamiliar grunt, followed with

"*Me mucho hungaly.*" The handle of the before-mentioned utensil went out of my hand like a hot coal, and springing to an upright position, I exclaimed, "Why 'Sam,' here you are! Where in thunder have you been?"

"Me hunt — plenty hunt — squirrel — say — me hungaly."

"All right, 'Sam,' *poco tiempo* — by and by you go prospect with me?"

"Si — yes — me prospect you — *poco tiempo* — bum by — plenty prospect me."

It is perhaps needless to say that that morning's repast was hurried over. I gave "Sam" an enormous slice of bread, and not only bread, but put butter on it, and syrup all over the butter. I also presented him with an old shirt, and a pair of pants — those pants with a little patching would have lasted me another month, but I gave them to "Sam," — and besides, a pair of boots which I had been saving up for the purpose of leathering pick-handles — yet, in the moment of frenzied generosity, I gave them to "Sam." Never was clothing and provision so bountifully lavished upon a Digger; and, as for the recipient, he must have thought the millenium had surely come, his grim and swarthy features lightened up, and his dull, bleared eyes actually sparkled with delight.

Fearing that, should we make known to our friend the immediate cause of so much liberality and kindness, some superstitious dread might prevent him from going with us, we had previously agreed to entice him near the place under the cover of prospecting, and then if he hesitated, we would with kind words and promises draw him to the spot, and coax from him all that he knew relating to the place either personally or traditionally.

'Twas early when we started — Felix, "Sam," and myself — all in excellent spirits; right glibly did we push along until just before reaching the place where we

intended to leave the trail and commence our descent into the hollow; here "Sam" began to lag — we called to him to come on, and resumed our way, turning off at the proper point, but "Sam's" pace was very slow, and his features serious — he scarcely seemed to move, and we halted for him to come up. He reached the turning off place in the trail, but kept on, at the same time increasing his speed. We called on him to come down, but he walked the faster, and turned not. Again we called, and this time he replied in his own language, and each word came like a volume of fear — each syllable came as though from a terror-stricken soul, and his gait became more and more rapid. We called once more, and made promises of reward, but the only response was those same Indian words, rather yelled than spoken, quivering as they came, and running at the top of his speed he passed out of sight behind the hill.

Remarkable as this may seem, 'TIS TRUE, and "Sam" has never been to our camp since.

My very dear and gentle reader, I have told you all I know about "these stones." You are not satisfied, neither am I, but if ever I do succeed in having the mystery unraveled, I pledge the honor of my pen to write it down.

SNOW-SHOES.*

It is interesting to notice the skill and contrivance with which man adapts himself to the different climates and physical peculiarities of the countries in which Providence has assigned him a dwelling. Places, which to us would seem utterly desolate, are not only rendered habitable, but are made to afford many of the pleasures and even luxuries of life. Natural difficulties are overcome with a readiness in the application of means which may well excite our admiration and esteem. In the chilly regions of the north, where the cold is too intense for the growth even of the rugged pine — where,

during a large portion of the year, the waters are bound up with frost, and the earth is hidden beneath deep snow, the Esquimaux uses both the ice and the snow in the construction of a dwelling, which he finds warm and comfortable, while the external air is often more than fifty degrees below zero. When the hunting grounds of the Indian are hidden beneath the same glittering mantle, on which we should suppose a foot heavier than that of a bird would find it impossible to tread with safety, the hunter and the traveler nevertheless fearlessly pursue their way by means of one of those skilful contrivances alluded to above. Experience has taught him that, by enlarging the surface of his foot, the slight cohesion among the particles of the snow beneath him is sufficient to support his body; and accordingly, he supplies himself with a pair of snow-shoes, with which he steps fearlessly forward over drifts which, without such aid, would prove fatal to him.

The snow-shoe in common use in the North American continent consists of two light bars of wood fastened together at their extremities, and bowed outwards by means of transverse bars inserted between them. The side bars are first brought into shape by means of a frame, and are dried before a fire. The front part of the shoe turns up like the prow of a boat, and the part behind terminates in an acute angle. The spaces between the bars are filled up with a fine netting of leathern thongs, except that part behind the main bar, which is occupied by the foot; the netting is there close and strong, and the foot is attached to the main bar by straps passing round the heel, but only fixing the toes, so that the heel rises after each step, and the tail of the shoe is dragged on the snow. Between the main bar and another in front of it, a small space is left, permitting the toes to descend a little in the act of raising the heel to make the step forward, which prevents their extremities from chafing. The length of a snow-shoe is from four to six feet, and the breadth one foot and a half to one and three-quarters, being adapted to the size of the wearer. The motion in walking in them is perfectly natural, for one shoe is level with the snow, when the edge of the other is passing over it. It is not easy to use snow-shoes among bushes without frequent overthrows, or to rise forwards without

* Reprinted from *Sharpe's London Magazine*.

help. Each shoe weighs about two pounds. The Northern Indian shoes differ a little from those of the Southern Indians, having a greater curvature on the outside of each shoe; one advantage of which is, that when the foot rises, the overbalanced side descends and throws off the snow. All the superiority of European art has been unable to improve the native contrivance of this useful machine.*

It is not difficult to walk in snow-shoes, but one unaccustomed to their use is sure to suffer severely from a violent inflammation and swelling of the instep and ankles, called by the Canadians *mal a raquette*. This disease seldom excites compassion in the more experienced travelers, who push on as fast as they can, regardless of the pain of the sufferer.

Snow-shoes are apt to get dragged, especially in frosty weather, rendering frequent halts necessary, in order to get rid of the incumbrance. When there is water under the snow, and the cold is severe, large lumps of ice form on the snow-shoes, and the foot at every step seems as if it were chained to the ground.

In traveling to any considerable distance over snowy regions, the party must, of course, carry with them sufficient provisions for the whole journey. These are generally conveyed on dog-sledges, made of two or three flat boards, curving upwards in front, and fastened together by transverse pieces of wood above. They are so thin, that if heavily laden, they bend with the inequalities of the surface over which they pass. The ordinary dog-sledges are eight or ten feet long, and very narrow, but the lading is secured to a lacing round the edge. The weight usually placed upon a sledge drawn by three dogs at the commencement of a journey, is not less than three hundred pounds, which, however, suffers a daily diminution from the consumption of provisions. The sledge itself weighs about thirty pounds. When the snow is hard frozen, or the track well-trodden, the rate of traveling is about two and a half miles an hour, including rests, or about fifteen miles a day. If the snow is loose, the speed is, of course, much less, and the fatigue greater.

The general dress of the winter traveler is a *capot*, with a hood to put up under the fur cap in windy weather, or

in the woods to keep the snow from the neck. The trowsers are of leather; and the feet are protected by moccasins of ox-hide, or, still better, of the skin of the deer. The very best are of the hide of the moose deer, but this substance is very scarce. The foot is first wrapped in a piece of blanket, cut for the purpose, and then thrust into the moccasin, which is fastened by thongs of soft leather passing round the ankles. The upper part of the moccasin is composed of loose flaps which are passed under the stocking, which reaches no lower than the ankle; by this contrivance the snow is kept out, and the foot is made warm and comfortable. The traveler's costume is completed by a blanket or leathern coat, secured by a belt round the waist, from which hang his fire-bag, knife, and hatchet.

Captain Head has given a lively description of a journey in Canada, in the depth of winter, when the snow was lying deep on the ground. The district was a wild one, without roads or even a track; the ground was too rough, and the snow too deep for a sleigh; and the party chose the frozen surface of a river as the smoothest path. They marched in single file, moving heavily along upon their snow-shoes, seldom speaking, except at the end of every half hour the foremost of the party yielded his place to one of the rest; the duty of the leader being the most laborious, he having to open a path for the others. During the day, a snow-storm had been threatening: "Still, however, we went on, and it grew darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track, directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I could hardly bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each, in his own mind, well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

"But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing; with bodies bent forward, and leaning on their collar, on they marched, drawing the tobogins* after them with a

* Franklin's first journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.

* A small hand-sledge for carrying provisions.

firm, indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it—it bid defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of the snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced." The party, therefore, halted, and sought the friendly shelter of a pine forest, where they leveled a maple tree, and having gathered some large pieces of bark, proceeded to shovel away the snow from a square spot of ground. "The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this, a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and pitchy matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing."

The place of encampment is usually called *the hut*, and as soon as the snow has been cleared away, is usually covered with pine branches, over which the party spread their blankets and coats, and sleep in warmth and comfort, by keeping a good fire at their feet, without any other canopy than the sky, even though the thermometer should be far below zero.

"The arrival at the place of encampment," says Franklin, "gives immediate occupation to every one of the party, and it is not until the sleeping place has been arranged, and a sufficiency of wood collected as fuel for the night, that the fire is allowed to be kindled. The dogs alone remain inactive during this busy scene, being kept harnessed to their burdens until the men have leisure to unpack the sledges, and hang upon the trees every article of provision out of the reach of these rapacious animals."

Similar in its uses to the snow-shoe is the snow-skate of the Norwegian, and is, indeed, a far more powerful and efficient machine. The *skies*, or snow-skates, consist of two thin, narrow pieces of fir, of

unequal lengths, and turned up in front. The longer skate, which measures about seven feet, is used on the left foot; the other, which is about two feet shorter, on the right. The width is about three inches and the thickness at the part where the foot is placed, about an inch. Strong loops of willow, or of fir root, are fixed to the sides, through which are passed the leather thongs for attaching the skate to the foot. The skates are smeared with pitch, and on the under side is a hollow groove to prevent slipping. The under side is also covered with seal-skin or rough bear-hide, for the same purpose.

During the wars between Sweden and Norway, two regiments were trained to the use of these skates, and were called *Skjelobere*, or skate-runners. These two battalions consisted of about six hundred men, and were drilled during winter. Their rifles were slung, and each man carried a staff, flattened at the end, to prevent it from sinking in the snow, and to assist him in leaping over such obstacles as stood in the way. They descended hills with wonderful rapidity; and in drawing up, they left room between the files to turn in the skates, which they did by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion which would seem to dislocate the ankle. "An army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops, which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence, the *Skjelobere*, still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

The skates are still in common use in Norway; the widely-dispersed inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, making use of them in winter; traversing mountains, lakes, and arms of the sea, as well as level ground, and often saving several leagues of the distance they are obliged to travel at other seasons. On a common road, a good skater will travel faster than a horse in a sleigh. His progress up hill, however, is slow and fatiguing, and on hard snow he would slip backwards but for the rough skin on the under surface of the skates. But he descends the steepest mountains with astonishing rapidity, avoiding precipices,

and guiding his flight with his pole. It is said that considerable skill and practice are required to become a good snow-skater.

SUNSHINE.

BY G. T. S.

BLESSED be God for sunshine! — and by sunshine I do not mean the mere shining of the natural sun; but that sunshine of the spirit that spreads its halo around him who possesses it, and makes him appear like one of those heavenly visitants sent to save and to bless. "A sunny spirit," said Dr. Johnson, "is worth more than a thousand pounds." He might have said *ten* thousand pounds, and then not have estimated it too highly — for indeed what is the wealth of all the world without it? The grumbler enjoys nothing with all his hoard of gains; his outward wealth is but a burlesque on his inward poverty. The cheerful man feels, as Frederica Bremer says, "like dancing with the whole world." His heart goes out, and leaps for joy among the green sunny highlands of existence; to him every spot, however waste, has its little oasis, with its bright rivulets and banks of flowers.

And then how every thing around him looks brighter for his smile — for he is like the sun, that brings joy and gladness wherever it goes. Every one feels happier for his presence,

"E'en children follow, with endearing wile,
And pluck his gown to share the good
man's smile;"

and the dumb animals seem to recognise him at once, and look up into his eyes as if to seek their friendly gaze.

"I know not why I am so happy," said Doddridge's little girl, "except that it is because I love every body, and every body loves me." Blessed be childhood! it had discovered a great truth, that it

takes many of us all our lives to learn — the power that dwells in that one word, — LOVE.

Some one said of a lady, remarkable for her equanimity, that her "smile was so sunny that it made the flowers bloom." I do not doubt it; and it was no miracle, either.

"But how can I possess cheerfulness?" says one, or "sunshine, as you call it, when it makes no part of my nature?" Believe me — like every thing else we possess, it requires cultivation.

If you arise in the morning with the disposition to make no effort during the day to bear and forbear, if you throw the reins on the mad neck of your passions, and suffer them to drive with you wherever they list, you must not wonder if they land you in a slough at last. Talk of sunshine to such an one? As well expect serenity in a mad man! As well expect that storms will not disturb the sea, as that passions, unchecked, will not disturb the sea of your mind. But if you start with the determination to keep cool and collected under provocation, you will find that every victory gives you fresh strength, and you will surely come off victorious, and you will do more than he who *taketh a city* — you will *rule a spirit*.

Our hearts should be like that fabled fountain of Anlethus, so beautifully recorded by the ancients, which, though it flowed out of the earth bitter and turbid at first, afterward, in its course, became sweet and pure, and transparent as crystal: —

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.

"Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over."

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 418.]

MR. TRESTO'S vast property fell to a cousin, Mr. Richard Tresto, who was a fashionable and stylish man of the world. His wife was his counterpart. Every thing that was not in vogue among the aristocracy, was discountenanced by them; and this sudden acquisition of property greatly facilitated their love of luxury. The mansion was refitted in princely style. Mr. Richard Tresto had three daughters, at this time, young ladies. Miss Emma was a plump, chubby girl, short, and with red coarse hair; there was little beauty in her composition. Her disposition was as disagreeable as she was homely. Mary was rather tall, with fair hair, and passable face, rather intellectual, proud, and envious of any who possessed more beauty than herself. Lucy, the youngest—near fourteen—was like her sister Emma in looks, but indolent, and rather good natured. A maiden aunt, was also a member of the family—Miss Ruth Mulford—who was past thirty. Ruth had been a beauty, and still was fine looking. There were marks of deep-rooted trouble on her countenance. These comprised Mr. Tresto's family, excepting numerous servants.

Amelia was retained in the family, as their pride would not let them suffer her to seek another home; but, notwithstanding this privilege was granted her, she was only looked upon as a menial, and compelled to give up her nice room for one among the servants. The Misses Tresto disliked Amelia at first sight, although she strove to please them. Miss Emma endeavored, in every way, to humble Amelia, and make her feel her dependence on their charity. Amelia was unprepared for this new treatment; she became melancholy and heart-sick; it

was not home to her now; the only pleasure she enjoyed was in rambling over the places where she and Caleb had gathered so many shells and flowers. How dear to her memory was the fond recollection of Caleb's kindness, and of his dear parents, who had been to her all that parents could be. "Oh! that I had died with them!" would often escape her lips.

She had lived with Mr. Richard Tresto about a year, and was in her fifteenth year. Her remarkable beauty attracted much attention; and, in consequence of this, she was kept out of sight as much as possible. Miss Ruth was always kind, and considerate of Amelia's feelings. Amelia soon perceived this, and her desolate and grateful heart loved her as if she were her only friend. Miss Ruth was not treated as one of the family, but as a servant. She received their ill treatment with mild patience and forbearance; she was always sewing for her proud relatives. Amelia was required to assist Miss Ruth in sewing.

"Miss Ruth," said Amelia, "you sew with as much diligence as if you were a hired seamstress."

"Yes, Amelia, I am always hurried with work; it comes in as fast as I get it out."

"I should think you would injure your health, sitting so much! Why don't you take a ride some times with the Misses Tresto? I know it would do you good."

"My dear," said Ruth, turning an inquiring look at Amelia, "why do you ask me such questions?"

"O, because I don't think they treat you quite right."

"I suppose it don't look quite right to you; but circumstances alter cases."

"Why, as Madam's sister, I should think you entitled to every privilege that sisters generally allow each other."

"I am only half-sister to Madam Tresto, and was never a favorite with her;

and I am also dependent on her for my support, just as you are, Amelia."

"But you have a more natural right to their sympathy."

"I never presume upon our relationship," said Ruth, "and there are some things in my history which somewhat justify their conduct toward me; but you are not old enough to know my misfortunes. You have much to learn, dear Amelia — perhaps bitter lessons — but I pray God you may be spared——"

"Oh! I hope I shall never know more bitter trials than I have passed through," said Amelia, bursting into tears; and, putting her arms around Ruth's neck, she besought her to love, cherish and advise her. Ruth dropped the half-finished garment from her hands, and pressing Amelia to her heart, gave way to a flood of tears. The fountains of her long pent up grief were broken up; hidden sorrows burst forth afresh.

Amelia was alarmed at her violent grief, and her own troubles were swallowed up in her sympathy for Miss Ruth. Young as she was, she could see that it was no trifling sorrow that could disturb the general calm exterior worn by Miss Ruth. From this time, Amelia laid all her trials open before her, ever receiving from her encouragement and good advice.

Not long after the occurrence just mentioned, Miss Emma Tresto returned from a watering-place, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen; company thronged the mansion; a large party was also given, which was attended by all the *elite* of Philadelphia, and was considered the most brilliant affair of the season.

Another important event was about to transpire; Miss Emma was to be married. Two weeks was all the impatient bridegroom could give her to prepare for the wedding. Hurry, bustle, and confusion appeared the order of the day. Milliners and dress-makers were all in

requisition. Miss Emma made the acquaintance of her intended at the Springs. He was represented as rich and accomplished; his personal appearance was quite prepossessing, and it was considered quite an eligible match. Miss Emma was fond of novelty, and this sudden and important acquaintance gave her inventive mind plenty of room to build wonderful air castles.

"He has quite a foreign accent," said she; "perhaps he is a nobleman. Yes, I know he is—and the dear, kind gentleman wants to surprise me. How delightful! Dundee! yes, it is a Scotch name! Lady Dundee is quite grand! I always *did* like to read of Scotch nobles, but never dreamed of being one of them. Pa is going to give me quite a fortune, and when I told Mr. Dundee, he said it was his love for me that induced him to wish a matrimonial alliance with his adored Emma. Ah, yes! now I think of it, I must take my traveling dresses up to Ruth's room, for she fits me better than any one else; she must finish all three this week."

Feeling quite consequential, Miss Emma went to Miss Ruth with the dresses.

"You must finish these dresses this week, Ruth; I *must* have them. We are going to Europe on a wedding tour."

"To-day is Wednesday, and the time is so short I don't think it possible for me to finish them," said Ruth, mildly.

"Yes, you can, and you must. You have got so lately that you don't earn your salt. Come, go about it; if you can't get through, call that little lazy huzzy, Amelia."

Saying this in an insulting manner, she slammed the door after her, and left poor Ruth to perform her hard task. Amelia soon after entered Ruth's room, and was surprised to see her weeping.

"What is the matter, dear friend?" said Amelia, affectionately kissing Ruth's tears from her eyes. Miss Emma has

been insulting you again. I hate her for her unkindness to you."

"No, child," said Ruth, "You must never indulge in such sentiments; they are unworthy of you; rather forgive and pity her."

"I cannot but feel contempt for any person who insults another without provocation," replied Amelia.

"There are many unpleasant things to endure in this heartless world, and to the friendless they often occur; and it would wear us to the grave to always feel resentment," said Ruth, "and we must possess our souls in patience. Ask of God, and he will enable you to perform a more difficult task than you have ever borne, or I either."

"You are so good, dear Ruth, that nothing appears hard to you. If I were as good as you are, it would not be difficult for me to endure insults with patience."

"I am not good, dear Amelia, but, with God's help, I hope to endure with patient forbearance all the evils that may fall to my lot."

"And I also hope you will pray for me, that I may, dear Ruth. My mother prayed for me on that fated vessel; — I remember it well—and my darling mother Tresto often prayed for me, kneeling by my bedside."

These fond recollections choked Amelia's utterance, and she wept sorrowfully.

"Do not weep, Amelia! Their prayers in your behalf will be answered; they will be like bread cast upon the waters, gathered after many days. Come, put your trust in God, and He will care for you! Come, now, Amelia, let us begin our sewing, and do all we can to finish these dresses."

"I hope we may be able to finish them," said Amelia, "for I dread to hear another scolding."

Steadily they plied their needles, until a late hour at night.

"You had better go to bed, Amelia," said the kind-hearted Ruth.

"No, I will sit up as long as you do."

"Well, just as you please."

Soon the clock struck three, and they folded their work and retired. Three successive days and nights found them working as if their lives depended on the finishing of the dresses. Sunday came, and one of the dresses was not finished.

"What will we do, Ruth? Emma will be so angry!"

"Do? why, we will have to take all she feels disposed to say."

They did not converse long before Miss Emma made a hasty appearance.

"Did you get the dresses done, Ruth?"

"The two traveling dresses are done; but the morning dress, not quite," replied Ruth.

"Did I not tell you that I must have these dresses?"

"Yes, but it was impossible for us to have them done."

"You hateful, old ungrateful thing! This is all we get for hiding your shame. Where would you be if it were not for us? — what would become of your child, that you are ashamed to own? You are a disgrace to our family, and I only wonder mother don't disown you altogether. I am sure I should. Don't you put in your gab, Miss Amelia; it is not wanted."

After exhausting her spite on poor Ruth, who now sat weeping and sobbing like a child, she snatched up the dresses and left the weeping girls alone.

"Dear Ruth," said Amelia, "how I pity you! How unfeeling in Emma to torture you! What did she mean? Have you a child, Ruth?"

"Yes, a dear little boy, Amelia, but I have never seen him since his birth; neither have I any knowledge of his whereabouts. Oh! Amelia, it is this that is near breaking my heart. It is not proper that I should tell you more at this time. I ought to bear my trials alone.

"I was more in fault than any one else."

"But, dear Ruth, may I not sympathize with you in your sorrows? I know there must be some sore trials and wrongs you have endured. Will you not tell me your history? I would dearly love to know how to comfort you."

"I cannot tell you at this time, dear Amelia; but, on some future occasion, perhaps I may. But leave me now, my friend, that I may regain my composure. These excitements quite overcome me."

Amelia arose, and kissing Ruth, she entered her own room. Her heart was full of sad thoughts; the events of the morning had not only grieved her, but it had opened her eyes to the real character of the Treсто family.

"Poor Ruth! yours is a life of trial. Would to heaven I could alleviate your sorrows! Oh!" thought Amelia, "if I were only rich, it would give me unspeakable pleasure to lighten her wearisome burden! How I wish that my will, in my locket, were worth something! If it is, she shall share it with me. She is so patient and kind that she seems the personification of goodness."

While in this train of thought, she took out her locket, and again examined the will, and the ring.

"Who knows that my dear father Treсто was right in the supposition that I will be rich when this will is tested?"

After tiring of examining the locket's contents, she locked it up in safety. Her thoughts were now in a melancholy train; a secret longing to visit the enchanting spots that Caleb and she used to visit in happy times gone by. Taking her straw hat, she was soon rambling over familiar spots. Soon she reached a favorite resort, where a large elm stood upon the bank of a little stream that run in its crooked course over pebbles of many colors. The clear dimpled water refreshed many a flower that grew on its banks. Amelia soon collected a number of her

favorite flowers, and seated herself on the grass under the shady elm. It was a beautiful day: the frosts of fall had turned the autumnal leaves with many variegated hues. The birds, too, were singing in the merry sunshine. All nature appeared lovely and rejoicing. Tears filled her eyes, as she contrasted the quiet of this beautiful retreat with the unpleasant scenes of the morning at the mansion. Falling upon her knees, she thanked God that she was still permitted to enjoy this quiet pleasure that nature afforded her. She arose with renewed confidence in the wisdom of God. The pure fresh air revived her drooping energies. She had risen from her grassy seat and stood gazing at the lovely scene around her, and calling to mind the many pleasant little romps she used to have with Caleb under the venerable elm that now towered above her head.

"My lamented brother, how I miss thy generous friendship! Oh, my Heavenly Father, why hast thou spared my unprofitable life!"

"To bless mankind," said a voice near her. Startled at this unexpected address, she gave a sudden bound, and fell nearly to the earth. A strong arm lifted her up.

"I beg pardon, Miss, for frightening you in this manner."

"You are forgiven," said Amelia, blushing scarlet, "but I did not know any person was near."

"You were thinking aloud, were you?" said Mr. Philips, with a smile.

"I was not conscious that I spoke aloud," replied Amelia, scarcely knowing what excuse to offer.

She was preparing to return to the mansion, when one of the gentlemen inquired "if he had the pleasure of meeting one of Mr. Treсто's daughters?"

"No, sir; I am not honored with that name. My name is Amelia Oldenburgh."

"We are most happy to meet so charm-

ing a lady in our morning ride. My name is Mr. Philips; and allow me to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Hunt."

Mr. Hunt cordially extended his hand to her, and, with many flattering praises of her youth and beauty, hoped for a continuance of so agreeable an acquaintance.

"Do you reside at the mansion, Miss Oldenburgh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amelia; and picking up her straw hat from the grass, where it had fallen, she bid the gentlemen good morning and returned to the house.

"Who is she, Uncle Hunt?" said Mr. Philips, much interested in the fair little stranger.

"An angel, perhaps," replied Mr. Hunt, "I never heard of her name before; but she is evidently a well-bred lady. May be a visitor at the mansion, on this wedding occasion."

"Yes, undoubtedly," returned Mr. Philips. "She must be a comparative stranger in these parts, else we should have heard of her rare beauty before this."

"True, Philips; I think she is the most beautiful young lady I have seen for many a long day. In fact, I don't think I ever saw her superior in this particular. It is a wonder that knave of a Dunbar don't try his lady-killing arts on this fair creature, instead of that red haired amazon, Emma Tresto, whom I consider the plainest woman of my acquaintance."

"He knows what he is about; it is the dimes. I guess by this time his pockets are empty—am I not correct, Uncle?"

"Doubtless you are, in this instance, Philips."

"Let us call on the ladies at the mansion, Uncle Hunt. Would you not like to see more of our little praying fairy?"

"Yes, I would like very much to feast my eyes on this rarity, but I never call on that detestable family—they and I must ever be strangers."

Mr. Hunt was a wealthy banker, a bachelor of forty summers, though time had stolen few of the graces from his manly brow. His tall, graceful figure, and piercing black eyes lost little in comparison with his nephew, who was not unlike his uncle in appearance, except in his mild hazel eyes. Mr. Philips was his uncle's junior partner in the banking business, and were both men of more than ordinary ability.

"Why, Uncle," said Mr. Philips, "can't you do away with this old grudge, and call with me this morning?"

"It would give me real pleasure to call on Miss Oldenburgh, were she in any other place except Mr. Tresto's; his offence to me is of such magnitude that I can never overlook it."

"Sorry for this," replied Mr. Philips, "as it deprives me of seeing that little witch that has quite charmed me. I really believe I am quite in love; perhaps, Uncle, you are afraid of the tender passion in your bachelor heart, lest you should be my rival. Am I not correct, Uncle, hey?"

"Not this time, Philips; you have nothing to fear in the shape of a rival. I admire her, as I do every lovely woman; but I have never loved but once. Then I gave all my heart, and it has never returned to me whole, but is still a captive. Time, nor circumstance, have ever altered my sentiments; though unworthy, as she has proved, my fond heart still clings to her image. The wounds I received from her, can never be healed by another."

"What has become of the fair truant, Uncle?"

"I do not know, Philips, neither have I enquired these six years. And now, nephew, I would caution you not to surrender your heart, too entirely, until you know of a certainty that the object is worthy of your devotion."

"Thank you for your timely advice;

but, early as it is given, I am like a charmed bird, ready to risk all for my charmer. There can be nothing evil in so fair an exterior."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Hunt, who had become quite melancholy, and out of his usual gay humor; "I hope not, for your sake."

Having now reached the place where they had tied their horses, they mounted and rode back to the city, Mr. Hunt with quite a damper on his spirits, and Mr. Philips with a new object in view that occupied all his thoughts.

[To be continued.]

"HE HAS GONE TO HIS REST."

I.

He has gone to his rest, with his laurels around him,
His great heart is beating with life's throbs no more;
All broken the ties to earth, that once bound him,
All ended his struggles, his labors all o'er.

II.

'Neath the sod of the valley, in sorrow they've laid him,
And the willow bends lowly above his cold grave;
His friends and his foes, in union, have paid him
The meed of the true to the name of the brave.

III.

He died not in battle, where bright sabres were gleaming,
He fell not as those who have filled glory's page,—
He passed not, like Corsican hero, while dreaming
Of fields where war's thunders still belched forth their rage;

IV.

But he died as the day dies, when sunlight is closing,
And nature is hushed in the stillness of rest;
He sank in death's arms, as an infant reposing
In silent content, on its mother's soft breast.

V.

Kind friends stood around him, as calmly he waited
The summons that bore him to the bright world on high;
And they knew by his smiles, as life's pulses abated,
That learning to live, he had found how to die.

VI.

Now sweetly he resteth, where others before him
Have resigned to old earth their fetters of clay;
The flag that he loved is still floating o'er him,
And his virtues shall live forever and aye.

M.

NATURAL FORCES.

We stand upon this green and rock-built earth to read its mysteries and understand its truths. We have not yet learned them all, and we never can—Nature rests upon the supernatural science, and floats on the great infinitude of Nescience—at bottom a miracle forever. Yet, in virtue of our mingled nature, the natural and the spiritual, we see the universe, not only *that* it is, but understand in some measure *how* it is. The reason in us stands over against the reason in nature, searching out its hidden mysteries and revealing those inner laws that formed its eternal architype in absolute mind, before ever the world was.—We see the universe about us, an aggregate of atoms, not powerless, lifeless and unmoved—not chaos “without form and void,” but subject to forces ever acting, continuous and irresistible—forces bringing order from disorder, and life from death—mysterious architects building by divine commission this wondrous temple of the world—working out in awful silence, and with fierce wild energy that unknown destiny—impalpable, insensible; yet we know they are, for we read their record everywhere, written on the adamant rock, and in the sparkling alphabet of heaven. Rude uncultured men acknowledge their being and their power—they recognize in teluric changes and organic growth, a mysterious agency. With their free open sense and childlike simplicity, they stand face to face with nature, owning and worshipping as is most natural, the divinities that they see rule. “In the black thunder cloud, is not the storm king veiled? Is not the thunder his angry voice, and the lightning the flash of his chariot wheel, as he passes on the swift winged tempest?”

Better to worship thus than not at all. There is often almost a prophecy in mythology—a strange insight, revealing in

the light phantom of a poet's dream, what laborious science by its tedious process, long afterward finds true. The fable of Prometheus is wonderful, who taught the ancients of a life breathing dignity in light. Newton has but changed the name of the Norsemen's Serpent of Midgard. But, now the guardian spirits have passed from the stream and the fountain, they dwell no more in the sparkling wave—no more in the silent forest—the Gods have left Olympus and the Giants their Jotun-heim. Yet, not now as usual has the ideal lost its beauty and its poetic interest in the real. Science reveals the spiritual in nature—the immaterial principles that pervade and animate gross matter, giving it a life semblance, moulding it to beauty or mouldering to decay—around which matter clings and aggregates and grows like the body round the soul. A stone is simply a stone to most men, yet in it are hidden mysteries that angels might explore with wonder—it lies inert, unheeded by the roadside, yet the power that binds it there, is the Serpent of Midgard, circling the universe—the ruling spirit that restrains all others in their wildest moods—it fashions the dew-drop on the flower and in obedience to it, the great orbs above us clasp their giant hands and mingle in the mystic dance forever. Two forces acting in constant antagonism preserve its solid form—heat and cohesion we name them. The solid, liquid and gaseous conditions are in no case necessary—all things tremble in the balance, between these opposing forces—one iota added to either side would send aloft the densest solid, in curling vapor, or make adamant of lightest ether. The forces of nature, wild and terrible as they are in their undirected energy, yet bow before the dignity of mind submissive to its decrees. Man was not made to labor only, but to stand in the channel circle of science, the arch evocator of its powers, and notwithstanding

ing the popular admiration for the unsisted industry of our ancestors, a nation's progress is measured by the amount of natural force substituted for mere muscular exertion.

Revolution changes growth, and decay is the order of the universe—forms cheering us with their beauty or startling with their terror, arise and disappear like phantoms of the night. Look on that crystal gem, that decks to-day the brow of beauty—forces at work in silence, beneath the earth's girdling ocean, or in some gold spangled cavern, have moulded the plastic element to that form of solid symmetry—destroy their equilibrium, and the diamond floats in air and invisible gas—impress it with new forces and it will take another form, bends in the towering tree or richly scented flower—let others again excite it, and it quickens with new energy, and the life force moulds it to a living thing, and fits it for the gladness and the glory of a soul—we are all of us made much of diamond dust.

The sun shining in its far distance, is the great magician that works these changes. Our planet began its course charged with a certain amount of physical forces, which are and ever will be indestructible. By an external agency the balance of these forces is destroyed, and in the constant effort to regain their equilibrium, all the phenomena of change, organic and inorganic appear. This disturbing agent is the sunbeam. There is a miracle in it—our earth, that slept before in its dark cold solitude, it wakes to life and gladness—it folds each day its robe of light around and crowns it with the blushing beauty of all living things. The amorphous rock, the crystal gem, in its dark hidden cavern, the rich tinted flowers and the bird that sings at heaven's high gate, owe each their form to its fairy touch. Every physical force it excites and regulates. It brings to our orb, not light alone nor heat alone, but activism ;

the mystery of radiant chemical force depends upon it—electricity and magnetism are twined in its silvery cord.—The sunbeam is an organ builder; the true promethean torch. "Light, offspring of heaven first born," is parent of life—darkness, the herald not alone of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," but nature's dire destroyer, dreaded death. The sunbeam never dies—as the warm life stream flows ever from its source, it sinks not unreturning in the dull cold earth, but phoenix like springs forth in that living verdure that waves its graceful forms and flings its incense on the breeze. The subtle spirit still lives embodied in the plant, and when the vegetable organism is again destroyed, freed from its prison bars, the mystic flame leaps forth radiant and sparkling in the joy of liberty. Flame is visible force—imprisoned sunbeams set free again. This is no poetic fancy, but certain fact. The miner digs from the bed, far down beneath many formations, the rocky anthracite, and the burning coal dissolves in genial flame, yet the light and heat that it gives forth to-day, is the same that ages ago floated across the wide abyss from the universal source. It was buried with the rank luxuriance of the palæozoic age, and there since then it has lain chained in that dungeon of sunbeam.

Mysterious agency, what monster that untutored men have reared to it their rugged altars, that pagan fire worshippers and Roman vestal virgins have tended the undying flame, when even philosophers must recognize it as the dim shadow of an infinite power that dwells behind the veil. The forces of nature then, as markers of the *useful*, teach man the utilitarian economist, all that can alleviate his material condition here.—As framers of the beautiful, they lend to man, the poet thinker, a holy light that shines not *on* but *through* these outward forms, revealing the universe as a fane

most vast and glorious, through whose transparent walls and crystal stones, a heaven born radiance streams—but, as creators, changers and supporters of them *all*, man, the angel—spirit they bear aloft, even to the presence chamber of “Him who spake and it was done.” Every flower and tree is an index pointing, every star a torch to light our pathway upward.

THE RAINBOW.

All nature shadows forth the imagery
Of things invisible. The rainbow's arch,
Clothed with auroral and purpureal gleams,
Is but the emblem of the circling wreath
That spans the mind at peace; all clouds
dispersed,
The waves of passion lulled to placid sleep,
And high-throned Reason's government up-
reared
To rule man's little universe—himself.

Conscience, which is gradual in its growth,
Is linked with hope, which lures man on-
ward still

Through early years and late; until the soul,
Which groaned with travail for full many
moons,

Receives new life, inhabits superior realms,
And breathes an air peculiar to itself;
The Gate called Beautiful hath oped its
portal

And let the weary traveler in. Ah, then
Man looketh down, and seeth how, step by
step,

By patient toil he gained the mountain top.
Then like a seer he stands, holding com-
munion [earth—

With beings angelic—whilom forms of
Whose words of wisdom, like the balmy airs
That blow from austral climes, inform the
soul

Of the realities of Paradise.

It must be so. These truths, writ every-
where,

That God is Love, and Heaven is Happiness,
Bespeak a state of peace, when man shall be
Like yonder star, whose fixed, eternal course

Joins in the harmonies of distant worlds,
Which move in order there. And thus the
soul,

Springing from chaos, marches by degrees
Through all the elements of natural things,
Till heaven's own light sheds its supernal
beams

Upon man's groping spirit, and conspires
To establish order where confusion reigned;
And his lost state, upon the eve of rest,
Is symbolized by the radiant bow of promise,
Presaging “peace on earth, good will to-
wards men.” L. W.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Continued from page 413.]

CHAPTER I.

New York once more.

“The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent,”
For England. SHAKESPEARE.

THE United States had won the long fought struggle for independence, and peace had been established with the mother country some three years, at the time we return to our tale.

Letters had at times been received from George Harrison, by Agnes, for a period extending over four years, after his departure from New York; but now, for upwards of eighteen months, not a word of intelligence of, or from him had she heard. Could it be that he was recreant to his vows? No; his last letter was sufficient to disabuse her mind of that idea, had it existed, and not for a minute did she entertain it.

George was now all she had to fill her aching heart; her brother and one cousin had both fallen in the cause of their country, and her aunt had died some months before.

Agnes was now rich; she had suc-

ceeded to the property of both father and brother, and this, added to her own fortune, rendered her income very large. At a liberal salary, her remaining cousin now acted as her agent in Virginia.

For two years she had resided in the house, formerly her brother's, in New York; and with her lived a distant relative, an elderly maiden lady, as protectress and companion. From Miss Nisbet she received the sincerest sympathy; the old lady's kindness and affection, and the tender interest she evidently felt, as well as exhibited, on the point nearest to her heart, had deservingly won for her a warm attachment on the part of Agnes.

"And to-morrow, dear Miss Nisbet, we shall be on the sea," said Miss Emerson, as, late in the evening, they sat in the drawing room. "Oh, you are kind to venture on such a voyage; I know you act in opposition to your own wishes, to gratify me, and me alone."

"Nay, Agnes, not so; it is my wish as well as your own to go. First, it is my duty; for to you I owe everything since my little all was swept away, and this anxiety of yours must be relieved, for it is fast telling upon your health; and now, dear Agnes, to bed, for we must be early astir in the morning. We will be soon in England, and then, by enquiries at the East India House, we can get recent intelligence of Harrison; perhaps, too, he may soon be home there; his last letter said in a year or two he hoped to leave India." Kissing Agnes affectionately, as they prepared to leave the room, she whispered softly, "and *I, too*, desire to hear of, and to see, this lover of yours; I feel an interest in him independent of you,—for—for—*his father* was the only man I ever loved—now that is *my* secret, which has not crossed my lips for nearly forty years."

"And did he love you?—but yes, he must have done; you never would have loved unsought."

"He did, truly; more truly than I deserved. He was high spirited and I was foolish, worse than foolish, and so we quarreled."

"And did you never make it up?"

"Never, Agnes—*never*. I had told him not to speak to me again—he was proud—it was our *last meeting*."

"Dear Miss Nisbet," said Agnes, affectionately embracing her, "how true it is, *every heart knoweth its own sorrows*."

"Yes," replied the old lady, "but remember your sorrows are relieved by *hope*, blessed *hope*, whilst I had none."

"And I have, too, the loving sympathy of a dear kinswoman to cheer me; aunty, you forget that," said Agnes, as she wound her arm around her, and led the way to their bedroom.

CHAPTER II.

In which the scene changes.

If I should meet thee, after long years,
How should I greet thee—with silence and tears?
BYRON.

It was a cold December afternoon, in the year 1784. The wind blew in fitful gusts from the south-east, throwing a cross sea into the anchorage of Spithead, outside the Isle of Wight. A large ship, bound to the Downs, had been compelled, by the change of wind, to seek shelter at the mother-bank, which is opposite to the anchorage referred to.

The passengers, who were numerous, had voyaged many thousands of miles, and were all anxious to land; but the roughness of the sea, the drizzling sleet, and the pitchy darkness, with which the evening appeared to be closing in, had, with one exception, persuaded them to await the following morning.

The exception in question was a young gentleman of some seven or eight and twenty, but long exposure and hardship had somewhat aged him, giving him the appearance of a much older man. His figure was tall and well proportioned;

his features, naturally handsome, were not improved by a scar extending from the right temple across his cheek, and the careful manner in which his rather profuse whiskers were trimmed to disguise it, showed that some remains of youthful dandyism were still there.

Agreeing at once to the extortionate demands of a boatman, to land him at Portsmouth, he, with a cordial farewell to his fellow passengers and the officers of the ship, descended into the boat, and enveloping himself in an immense cloak bid defiance to the weather. It was yet early, and after a passage of less than two hours he found himself entering the Royal George, then the principal hotel in Portsmouth.

A short time sufficed to change his apparel, and seated at a table near the fire, in the coffee-room, Colonel Beale enjoyed, for the first time for many a day, a quiet, luxurious, though solitary dinner, on English soil.

Having finished, he drew himself nearer to the fire and, lighting his cigar, sank into a reverie. The voices of three gentlemen, at an adjoining table, did not the least disturb him, until he caught the sound of a name which at once attracted his attention.

"I wonder," said the eldest of the party, "if this East Indian officer, so highly spoken of, is the same Beale with whom my brother was intimate in Madras, and whom he mentioned so often in his letters. He was wounded in Porto Novo, was aid-de-camp to Sir Eyre Coote at Vellore and Chittoor, and remained with him until he resigned the command to General Stuart, two years ago. You see, Mr. Hartley, there were two Beales taken prisoners, about six months after that, together with General Matthews and others, by Tippoo Saib; one of them escaped, and it is said that to information he gathered from the natives, and forwarded in a private letter to Sir Eyre,

may be attributed the successful negotiations, and the masterly *coup de main*, which eventuated in the treaty of peace with that eastern tyrant."

"I believe, sir," said Colonel Beale, turning towards the party, "I can answer your question. The Beale who escaped was the same who had been aid-de-camp to Sir Eyre; but you much overrate the slight service he rendered by his information; the credit is more fairly due to Sir Eyre Coote's and Warren Hasting's statesmanlike activity, which recovered the ground lost by the imbecile Madras authorities. The other Major Beale was assassinated with General Matthews in Tippoo's dungeons."

"Your statement, sir, with regard to that gallant soldier's identity, may be correct," replied the other, "but it is *you* who *underrate* the services of Colonel Beale, for I have myself seen Sir Eyre Coote's dispatches, written but two days before his lamented death, in fact the very day of his arrival at Madras. Might I ask, sir, your source of information?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the Colonel modestly, but firmly, "I have but just landed from the 'Tranquebar,' which arrived this afternoon from India. Sir Eyre Coote was ever generous, and this is but another proof of it. I am the officer to whom he showed such constant kindness—I am the Colonel Beale you have so flatteringly referred to."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the gentleman, rising and holding out his hand, "allow me to welcome you home. My brother, Lord Macdonald, of the Highlands, told me much of your early career in India. You saved his life, too, and in so daring a manner, during the time a desultory war was carried on by men totally unfit to be entrusted with commands, Monroe, Baillie, Lord Macartney, Stuart and Matthews. I am sure you will look on me as a friend—a warm friend. I am sorry, as I sail for the East

myself in the morning, it is but little I can see of you; but we must make the most of it. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Hartley, my secretary, and to Dr. Ewart—they both accompany me."

It was impossible to resist the cordiality of Mr. Macdonald, and Col. Beale could not but be cheered at such a reception on the night of his arrival. They were soon on the most friendly terms, and discussing the affairs of Indian conquest, at that time a subject of all-engrossing interest. Mr. Hartley, he discovered, was a younger brother of Capt. Hartley, and the latter, he learned, was with his regiment at Quebec, being the Major in command.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, a post chaise was waiting for Colonel Beale to convey him to the metropolis, which he preferred to a public conveyance, as he desired to commune with his own thoughts. His portmanteau was placed on the landing and a porter was on the point of carrying it down, when a door opened and a tall, pale, elderly lady, crossed the hall. Her eyes rested a moment on the portmanteau, in passing, and she observed the name painted upon it, 'Lt. Colonel Beale.'

"Who is the gentleman to whom this belongs?" said she, addressing the porter.

"Maam, it is a gentleman as came here last night from Hinda. Waiter says he heard him say to some other gents, last night in the coffee-room, that he was a going to London with dispatches. May be, maam, you may know him."

"Here, show me into a private room, if you have one vacant—quick; give him

this card, and say I wish particularly to see him for a moment, before he goes."

Almost immediately, Colonel Beale entered the room. He was evidently annoyed at the delay, but bowed courteously.

"Pardon me, for detaining you, sir, on the eve of your departure, but a gentleman of your name—but who then bore an *additional one*—professed to be attached to a very dear young friend of mine, whom I saw very recently. May I ask if you have any interest in any young lady in America, or knew any there, six years ago?"

"Agnes, oh! was it Agnes—my own Agnes? My dear madam, it is a whole year since I heard of her; when did you see her—tell me, oh, tell me all about her," and the Colonel grasped both her hands, and peered so closely into her face that even the old lady objected to such keen scrutiny of her somewhat faded features—for all women, even to the last, retain a little of the leaven of vanity. So, gently pushing him into a chair, she replied:

"Now be calm, and don't kiss me, sir. Agnes Emerson is in England; she is well; she is true to you, and has never doubted you—which is more than *I* can say. Now, don't get excited—*she is in this house*; we only came on shore this morning. Shall I go and prepare her to see you, for she is not strong?"

"Go, oh! yes go, and bring her quickly," cried Harrison, for it was none other than he.

"No, I will come for you—wait here."

In a few moments, which seemed hours to George, Miss Nisbet returned, and taking his hand led him to another room.

In an instant, Agnes was in his arms.

[To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.



AS MANY Californians are more or less excited, nowadays, concerning the silver mines of Washoe, and indulge in sundry day-dreamings of wealth,

in store for them, should they ever have the good fortune to reach that promised land; and, as we think that ninety-nine out of every hundred who go there will

A large, heavy, thick-set woman, with a neck like that of a miniature ox, had been arrested, and was then under trial, before the "Justice," on the charge of horse stealing! The trial proceeded rather informally, it is true, (as the prisoner frequently interrupted the proceedings by some ill-timed remarks), and after the jury had retired and remained out for a couple of hours, they informed the "court" that they could not agree. This announcement took the court and all the outsiders by surprise, and a second jury was impanelled, with the same result; and a third, with no better success, when the "Judge" rose and made the following remarks:

"Yes, yes," was shouted from an overwhelming majority; and, accordingly, three strangers were chosen, this Chair among the number.

Now arose a new difficulty to the "Judge," for, as there was no jail, they couldn't imprison her; and, if there had been, not

IF the following is not considered sufficiently lucid, as well as valuable, we have no hope of the reader being more interested in extending his own researches to other relatives or branches of the human family :—

Commenting on the Millennial theory of Mr. Labaugh, in his work on "Unfulfilled Prophecy," that the inhabitants of the new earth are not to be sick, to live generally 906 years, and to increase accordingly—a writer in the *Christian Intelligencer* states that at the end of 1,000 years, the Jews alone would number "more than 1,024,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, which would be more than 3,410,000,000,000,000,000,000 on each square mile of the earth's surface, or 5,000,000,000,000,000,000 on each acre, and more than 1,000,000,000,000,000 on each square yard!"

We think that the author of the above theory is entitled to an asphaltum medal, as large as a dinner plate; and that his eldest son should have the honor of possessing a christian name corresponding in length, and the number of letters in it, to the above figures, and we would suggest the following by way of commencement: Druimtighmillechattamgonariansanhusecom-ariacredentia Mulysacitanulehtrofetadidn-acrepordnatifycehporpdellifufnaunoyroeh-tahcusforohtuaeht. The latter name, if spelled out, and divided properly, backwards, will give our opinion (which is valuable on such subjects!) of the matter.

CORRECTION.—For "amalgamating with Her Majesty," on first page, read "amalgamating with hot mercury."—*Sierra Dem.*

A friend in the eastern States sends us the following:

Squire ———, of our town, is blessed with a remarkable long nose, and, being a man of great humor, it is often a source of much merriment between him and his friends. Last winter he was chosen our representative to Congress, and one day at the dinner table, at his hotel, a fellow-member, who sat opposite him, in order to call forth some wit from our representative, said to him, "Jim, look! there's a fly on your nose!"

"Is there?" said Jim. "Then brush it off; you are twice as near to it as I am."

On another occasion, as he was groping and trying to find his way in the dark, through one of the halls of the capitol, his nose suddenly came in contact with a huge stone pillar, "Dang it!" said he "who ever before heard of a man's nose being longer than his arms!"

He is the same eccentric genius who sometimes introduces himself into company, as, "Mr. Nose, gentlemen! Jim will soon be here—he is but a few steps behind!"

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following:

Old Peter ——— and his wife, of this town, are such inveterate drunkards that he buys whiskey by the barrel, and it may be seen, any time, standing in one corner of the kitchen, for old Peter says, "I love to have things handy."

One day, last fall, he had a new barrel of whisky rolled home, and placed in the old corner; and, in order to save time, old Peter had *both* ends of it tapped—one for himself, and one for his wife.

DANIEL WEBSTER was sometimes witty, as well as eloquent. Standing on the steps of the Capitol, one day, in company with a distinguished Southerner, a drove of mules passed along, when the southern gentleman laughingly said to Webster, "There goes some of your constituents, Webster." "Yes," said the latter quickly, "they are going south to teach school."

THE following "Aboriginal Romance" as related by the North San Juan Press, is well worthy of "a new relation" in our social chair.

The Derickson Brothers, at Freeman's Crossing, have living with them an Indian youth, indigenous to that vicinity, whose "white name" is Tom. He has been with them several years, is now eighteen years old, large, fat, broad-faced, well clad, semi-civilized, intelligent and useful, but decidedly averse to acquiring a knowledge of letters. He is gentle and obliging, yet exceedingly sensitive and independent, and not to be coaxed or driven to anything he dislikes. While strongly attached to his white friends, who have always been very kind to him, he retains a clinging affection for his race, and frequently makes brief visits to an adjoining "campody."

Mot long ago, Tom felt moving within him that power which, according to Coleridge, doth move the court, the camp, the grove. He felt attracted towards a dusky damsel of the pine woods, whose soft dark eyes—to say nothing of her low brow and stiff, black hair lying straight across it—had often bewitched his gaze; and, like Dr. Kane's faithful Esquimaux, Hans, he started off without warning to seek his affinity. It is presumed that she was soon wooed and won, and that the wedding ceremony was performed in the cathedral of the grand old woods, by the same priest who officiated in a similar capacity at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, some six thousand years ago. Tom being no Oviedo, and Mrs. Tom decidedly no Miss Bartlett, the attendance was small, confined to a few lords of the Manor and their dames. Not having to furnish a homestead, nor purchase a costly bridal outfit, nor buy even a single hooped skirt, the happy couple were able to begin house-keeping immediately, and receive the congratulations of their friends. An umbrageous oak formed at once their parlor, bed-chamber, kitchen and larder, where they could live in the same style of elegant simplicity which was in vogue—"When Adam dived and Eve span", and which some wise philosophers long to see again adopted.

But all that's bright must fade, as we need no poet come from Parnassus to tell us; and Tom's connubial bliss shared the common fate. Whether the lady he had chosen from all the world beside proved false and fickle, or her lord himself—like all his sex, "inconstant still and prone to change"—wearied of her unadorned charms, perhaps will never be known. Suffice it, that "love's young dream" lasted

but a few weeks for Tom, and he yearned again for the flesh pots of Freeman's Crossing. Acorns and grasshoppers are not the food of love, whatever music may be; for Tom's affection died and his flesh grew thin on such "provender"; while his garments owing to antiquity and his wife's shameful ignorance of sewing or inability to keep a Grover & Baker, became ragged and wofully scant of the requirements of civilized prejudice. His physical health suffered, likewise, and his eyes, that once "looked love to eyes that looked again," were afflicted with a greivous soreness. In this sorry plight—a warning to all who "love not wisely, but too well"—he was at last found by his white protectors and induced, in spite of his pride, to return to their home. There he lives now, a fatter and a wiser youth, divorced without legal process, and nowise inclined to sigh for "a tent in the wild wood, a home in the grove." In fact, the least allusion to his dream of love offends and annoys him.

To which let us append the following, which, though somewhat profane towards the fair one, has, like its author, considerable of the humorous in its composition; and will, moreover, tell its own story, and leave the reader to make "a moral" to suit:

THE BLUE RIBBON.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

'Twas common, quite common, and *dirty* I swear—a little blue string, neither costly nor rare; but 'twas from a tress of her own golden hair, and I vowed that, with the most tenderly care, I'd cherish the faded and crumpled affair, and next to my heart it I ever would wear. So I treasured the gift—the greasy blue string—as tho' 'twere the rarest and costliest thing a fortune of gold or of diamonds could bring; for I worshiped the maid and promised the ring, when winter should break into bright open spring—the hill-sides should blossom, and meadow birds sing. When parting, she clung to me lovingly nigh; leaned her head on my breast, with tears in her eye, and sobbed from her heart a most terrible sigh, saying, "If you leave me I surely shall die;" then I swore, by the moon in the heavens so high, I'd be true as the star on Bethlehem's sky! And she—what of

her, did you modestly say? O, nothing—only, one fine, pleasant day, she married a gentleman—rich, so they say—I wish he was buried six feet beneath clay! and she, the false jade, by his frozen side lay—bound down with "blue ribbons," and tied there to stay, till called by the horn on the great Judgment Day.

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

Our spring importations, both those of New York and Paris, are somewhat peculiar and varied in shape; indeed, no two that we have as yet seen have the same "contour," yet each claiming to be the true Pattern Bonnet. In one or two particulars, only, do they correspond, viz.: very large sized tips, and large brims, projecting over the forehead, and greatly curved at the sides. We do not wish to be understood as accepting these as reliable "pattern bonnets"; indeed, we know they cannot be, as the New York openings had not taken place prior to the sailing of the last steamer. We will, therefore advise our readers to defer their purchases for three or four weeks; as it is our province, however to advise you of whatever is newest, we will describe a few of the bonnets we have seen, claiming to be "models." The prettiest was a white shirred glacée silk, trimmed with a scarf of tulle, hemmed all round and having a surrounding of rich blonde lace, a finger wide; this scarf is placed on the left side of the brim and crosses to the right side, inclining gradually towards the crown, and attached to the cape. There is a boquet of roses and eg-lantine placed high on the left side, and a fall of the blonde fulled around the left side of the crown, falling over the cape and connecting the boquet with the scarf on the cape at the right side, where it is finished by another but smaller cluster of flowers. The face trimming is a full tulle cap, without flower or ornament of any kind, intended for those who wear the fashionable broad braid in their hair.

Another is green crape, plain, over a rice frame, with white tulle, puffed on the brim and cape, divided into small puffs by neat white satin piping cord, placed crosswise; a wreath of white and pink roses, with large crape leaves, ornament the sides, and across the crown; a barb of black lace falls from either side. Face trimming of full tabs of illusion, and a wreath of small pink roses across the top; wide pink ribbon strings, pearl edged.

Another, intended for a walking bonnet, is of checked Manilla, made over a rice frame, and trimmed in blue feathers, with a wide fall of chantilly lace encircling the front and hanging loosely at the sides. Inside, a full blonde *teali* and velvet flowers, and wide blue silk strings, edged with black blonde.

Straw and silk bonnets have to be lined this season, as the *ruché* can not be brought to the edge, as formerly, owing to the increased size of the bonnet.

We have occupied the space allotted us to bonnets alone; next month we have something to say in regard to dresses.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, were indiscriminately massacred at Indian Island, South Beach, Eagle Prairie, the Slide, and other rancherias on Eel river, Humboldt county, by an unknown party of whites.

A vein of Copper ore was discovered near Crescent City which yields from 25 to 33 per cent. of pure copper.

The steamers *Golden Age* and *Champion* sailed on the 20th of February the former with 305 passengers and \$1,260,629 in treasure; and the latter with 324 passengers, the U. S. Mails, and \$209,605 in treasure.

A daily mail has been established between Oakland, Alamo, and Martinez, Contra Costa County.

A Joint Committee of both houses of the Legislature was appointed to examine and report the advantages and disadvantages of San Francisco and Oakland for the permanent location of the State Capitol.

The will of the late Senator Broderick was filed on the 20th of February. John

A. McGlynn and George Wilkes sole legatees.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Co's steamer John L. Stephens arrived Feb. 29th, with 693 passengers.

The Cortez, (Vanderbilt Co) steamer arrived on the 3d ult. with 627 passengers and the U. S. Mails.

Several exceedingly rich quartz leads have been discovered near Jacksonville, Rogue River Valley, O. T.

Long Wharf, once the principal business street of this city, after being almost disused for several years, is again being repaired and newly planked.

A. Gray Morgan has been appointed Commissioner of Immigrants.

During the month of February 68,030 letters were sent overland to St. Louis, and 38,684 were received here.

The Golden Gate sailed on the 6th ult. with 360 passengers and \$924,000 in treasure. The Cortez with 242 passengers and \$145,847 in treasure, and the U. S. Mails. The total shipment of treasure being only \$1,069,847—the smallest shipment of money for eight years—that of Feb. 1852 being a fraction less than by last steamers.

Another party of convicts, nine in number, made their escape from the State Prison at San Quentin, on the 3d ult.

Roads are in process of construction from most of the principal mining towns of this state, and relays of animals placed thereon for passengers' conveyance, to the Washoe mines.

At the election of officers of the San Francisco Mercantile Library Association. on the 6th ult., for the ensuing year, 1,335 votes were polled, which resulted as follows:—For President, Wm. H. Stevens; Vice President, Wm. R. Garrison; Treasurer, J. G. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, R. B. Swain; Recording Secretary, Edward Hunt; Directors, Chas. W. Brooks, Frank Baker, S. P. Belknap, Wm. Norris, J. W. J. Pierson, John Shaw, H. C. Macy, Chas. R. Bond, Thomas Bennett.

That of the Mechanics' Institute, were as follows:—President, Thomas Tennent; Vice President, J. W. Cherry; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. F. Herrick; Recording Secretary, P. B. Dexter; Treasurer, John E. Kincaid; Directors, Gardner Elliot, Benjamin Dore, Paul Torquet, Henry L. King, J. P. Buckley, James A. Sperry, A. H. Houston.

An extensive newspaper correspondence, discussing the merits and demerits of a pa-

per currency, has been carried on with great vigor during the month.

A pack of Indians recently carried 125 pounds each on their backs, from Petaluma, Sonoma county, to long Valley, Mendocino county, a distance of 140 miles, and accomplished the task within six days.

A new paper entitled the Weekly Dispatch, has been issued at Lancha Plana, Amador county.

A large vein of marble, almost equal to the best Italian, the Northern Journal says has been discovered fifteen miles from Yreka.

The receipts of the Sacramento Valley Railroad were, for the last fifteen months \$270,293,50—out of which the nett profits were \$119,270,59.

The Hebrews of California have subscribed \$4,738, in aid of their suffering brethren in Morocco.

The miners of La Porte, Sierra county, have struck for a reduction in the price of water.

Wells, Fargo & Co. established a semi-weekly express to Washoe Valley.

A petrified yellow jacket was taken out of a shaft at San Andreas, over 100 feet below the surface of the earth.

A new town named Chico, has been laid out at Bidwell's Ranch. A post office has for several years been established here.

The Shasta Courier entered upon its ninth year of publication on the 10th ult.

The Tehama Flouring Mills were consumed by fire on the 9th ult. Loss \$100,000.

The fare by the steamer of the 20th ult. was first cabin, \$200; second cabin, \$140; steerage, \$90. An advance of about fifty per cent. on recent rates; on account,

doubtless of the amalgamation of the two companies, and the withdrawal of the Uncle Sam. The P. M. S. S. Co. plying on the Pacific side, and the Vanderbilt line on the Atlantic.

For the twenty-four hours ending 6, P. M. of the 15th ult., only one arrest was made by the police in the city and county of San Francisco, and that was for inebriety.

About twenty-two minutes past eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 15th ult., three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in Sacramento city and other places.

The new Catholic Cathedral of St. Francis, on Vallejo Street, San Francisco, was dedicated on the 17th ult., (St. Patrick's day).

On the 17th ult., a Japanese steam Corvette of ten guns and 292 tons register, named the Candinmarro, arrived here in forty days from Jeddo, Japan. This is the first Japanese steamer known to have entered this port, and was dispatched by the Government of Japan, in honor of the President of the United States, to announce the great officers of State who will represent that Government at Washington. The officers and crew of the U. S. Surveying schooner Fenimore Cooper, (sent there by the U. S. Government) returned in the Candinmarro.

On the morning of the 17th, an effigy of St. Patrick was found suspended to the liberty pole on the Plaza, San Francisco, and as the halyards could not be reached, in order to remove the effigy the pole was cut down by some incensed Irishmen.

The San Francisco Daily National was merged into the San Francisco Herald on the 20th ult.

Editor's Table.

THERE can be no possibility of misunderstanding the tendencies of the public mind at this juncture, concerning the discoveries of silver on the eastern side of the Sierras. Excitement is rapidly reaching its climax. The indiscriminate swell of the tide of population towards Frazer river gives out a new concentric wave towards Washoe. Every steamboat, stage and pack or saddle train,

on every conceivable trail has passengers for Washoe. In every city, town and village, there are "Washoe blankets," "Washoe clothing, boots and shoes," "provisions and stores put up for Washoe;" "Washoe corn and bunion salve," "Washoe pistols, knives and shot guns," "Washoe maps," Guides to the silver mines of Washoe, &c., &c." *Ad Infinitum.*

Persons who do not get excited about

the immense fortunes (at least in prospect) at Washoe, are looked upon as behind the age, and foolishly allowing a good opportunity to pass for becoming suddenly rich. Within three months from this time we opine a different story and a new set of sentiments will be spoken from the same lips.

That there is silver, aye silver, in greater abundance than has ever before been discovered in a single vein in any part of the world, we are willing to concede to the Comstock lead, for its richness is almost fabulous; and further, we are willing to consent to the fact that others of great richness will also be discovered; yet, there is also another fact forcibly patent to our minds which is this: to the laborer who goes there with his strong arm and willing hands as his only prospecting capital, those mines will be comparatively a sealed book; and exposure, suffering, fatigue, and disappointment will write their severe characters in sweat and dust and lines of care upon his brow.

Speculators and monied capitalists will make—and lose—fortunes, no doubt. A few persons will find good paying mines, but the many will not.

One feature of this excitement gives us pain. Many persons of limited means, and some with families dependent upon them, in their haste to raise money, to start for the new El Dorado, are selling out their snug little homesteads at a great sacrifice, and soon their families will be homeless and unsheltered. Such we would entreat to pause before they commit so great an act of recklessness. Were the chances of their improving the condition of themselves and families more numerous and certain, we would have nothing to say.

Those persons who are “waiting for something to turn up,” might perhaps be conferring a favor upon themselves and the public, by emigrating to Washoe, and instead of “waiting,” go to work at turning something up. Others who are out of employ, might also do well to go, but we hope that few persons will throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, by leaving good

diggings *in hopes* of finding better; as it is a hard task to climb a second time to fortune.

For the past three years a large panoramic painting of California has been in progress, that will show what this State, at the present time, really is—the progress she has made, her natural wonders and resources, and her great works of industrial art, which have made the very name of California a synonym for energy and enterprise the world over. This work portrays, in accurate drawing and truthful color, the grandeur of our noble mountains, and the beauty of our fruitful, flower-decked plains; the vivid brightness of our noonday skies; the gorgeous glow of our sunsets, and the witchery of our moonlit nights; our cities and towns, and our mining and agricultural pursuits. In short, it is a miniature portrait of the whole State. We allude to Tirrell & Co.'s Panorama of California. Let us endeavor to describe this mammoth work of art. Having been allowed the run of the studio, while the work was in progress, we can speak by the card.

The preliminary sketching tour was commenced in July, 1857, and occupied over eighteen months; during which time Mr. Tirrell (who performed this labor, as well as the painting, entirely unassisted) traveled over the entire State, and brought back six large portfolios “stuffed full of sketches,” as he expresses it, as the result of his tramp. It is, indeed, a treat to look over those drawings, as every one of them bears the marks of a patient, loving study of nature; and if these travel-worn portfolios could speak, they would tell of many a long day's labor in the wild mountains, and beneath the burning sun in the foot-hills and plains of California.

The sketches having been obtained, the painting of the Panorama was commenced. Slowly the canvas began to “grow,” as each day's faithful labor was fixed upon it; and continued thus to grow for over fifteen months, until attaining its complete stat-

ure. And what a giant it is! It is eleven feet in height and two thousand three hundred feet in length; consequently contains twenty-five thousand three hundred square feet of canvas, on four huge cylinders, and not a foot of it that does not represent some characteristic of California. Nearly fifty cities and town are truthfully represented. San Francisco covers eighty feet in length; and not only is the whole city shown, but all the surrounding country; the Bay, the Golden Gate, and everything that can be seen from Telegraph Hill, in the complete circle of the horizon.

All the agricultural valleys; the Sacramento river, from its mouth to Sacramento city; every kind and description of mining, each represented by actual views of different claims. The natural wonders of the State; the Geysers, Mount Shasta, three scenes in the Big Tree Groves, and seven in the Yo-Semite Valley. An Indian "cry," an Indian Fandango; all the varieties of forest trees and wild flowers. Ditches and flumes; steamboats, big wagons and stage coaches. Sunlight, moonlight, and firelight; rain, snow, and dust; everything, in short, that a traveler would wish to see in a six months' journey over the State, are typified in this Panorama.

The different views are enlivened by upwards of three thousand figures. There are nearly one hundred large scenes in all, besides scenes of "little bits" of foliage, rocks, trees, and incidents, introduced between them to keep them apart. The painting is no mere "daub," as the artistic execution is excellent. Dozens of the views are worthy of being cut out and framed. Among the best, (selecting at hap-hazard), are a sunset scene effect at Nevada; an effect of rain at a sluicing scene near Jackson; another of a moonlight at Stockton, and still another on the Sacramento river, with the steamboat Queen City lighted up, &c., &c.

We hope that every lover of the beautiful, unique, and wonderful, will go and see this "counterfeit presentment" of our glorious State; knowing that while they will

be both delighted and instructed, they will also be patronizing a deserving home-made work, and which, should the artist think proper to transport it to the east, to show what California really is to "the old folks at home," will do the State much laudable and praiseworthy service.

Steamship opposition is again at an end between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the Vanderbilt line; the two companies having united their interests; the former to run on the Pacific between San Francisco and Panama, and the latter on the Atlantic, between Aspinwall and New York and New Orleans. Past opposition rates have been ruinously low, but as these companies have made money out of the traveling public by charging exorbitant rates of fare, the public have little or no sympathy for them in such losses.

The rates of fare for the steamer of the 20th ult. were first cabin, \$200; second cabin, \$140; steerage, 90; and if they are permanently kept at this price we consider it a tolerably fair remunerative charge; until greater facilities of travel have been provided.

There can be no hope for California until there is a good railroad stretching its iron arms across the country, and the fare put at a reasonably low figure—for this let us hope and unceasingly strive, until it is fully accomplished.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

L.—Many thanks to you for your good wishes and approval.

A.—Your *F. V.* is all descriptive introduction, without sequence, characters, or plot, therefore can not very well be called a "story."

R.—Bayard Taylor's "*Travels in El Dorado*" were published shortly after his return to New York, from this country, late in the fall of 1849, or early in the spring of 1850.

M., Placerville.—By no means. You adhere to the old adage of "Never quit a certainty for an uncertainty." We do not mean that you should make no effort to improve your condition, but that you keep in mind Davy Crockett's advice, "Be sure you are right," &c.

F., Red Dog.—Your effort at 15 was very creditable; but, though fine in sentiment, it is not sufficiently meritorious in execution to occupy a place in the Mag.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1860.

No. 11.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF MARIPOSA AND FREZNO.



SCENE IN THE FREZNO GROVE OF MAMMOTH TREES.

FOR several years after the discovery of the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County had astonished the world, that group of trees was supposed to be the only one of the kind in existence. But, during the latter part of July, or the beginning of August, 1855, Mr. Hogg, a hunter in the employ of the South Fork Merced Canal Company, while in the pursuit of his calling, saw one or more trees, of the same variety and genus as those of Calaveras, growing on one of the tributaries of Big Creek, and related the fact to Mr. Galen Clark and other acquaintances. Late in September or early in October ensuing, Mr. J. E. Clayton, civil engineer, residing in Mariposa, while running a line of survey for Col. J. C. Fremont, across some of the upper branches of the Fresno River, discovered other trees of the same class; but, like Mr. Hogg, passed on without further examination and exploration.

About the first of June, Mr. Milton Mann and Mr. Clark were conversing together on this subject, at Clark's Ranch on the South Fork of the Merced, when they mutually agreed to go out on a hunting excursion in the direction indicated by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Clayton, for the purpose of ascertaining definitely the locality, size and number of the trees mentioned.

Well mounted, they left Clark's Ranch, and proceeded up the divide between the South Fork of the Merced and Big Creek, in a south-eastern course, with the intention of making a circuit of several miles, if not at first successful; this plan being the most suggestive of their re-discovery.

When on the summit of the mountain, about four miles from Clark's, they saw the broad and towering tops of the mammoth trees, since known as the "Mariposa Grove," and shortly afterwards were walking among their immense trunks. A partial examination revealed the fact, that a second grove of trees had been

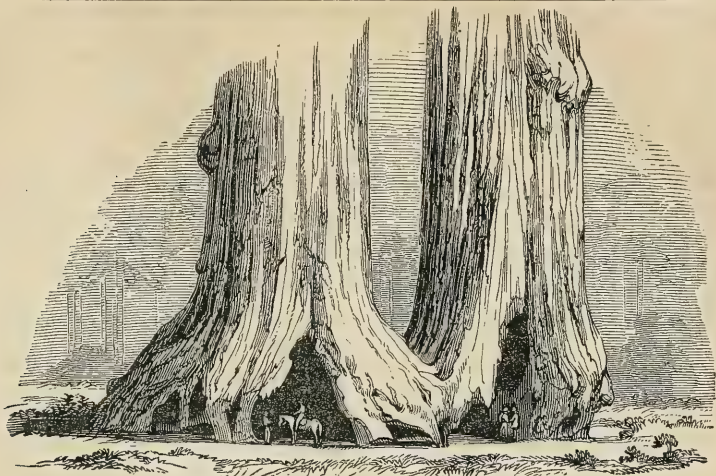
found, that was far more extensive than that of Calaveras, and many of the trees fully as large as those belonging to that world-renowned group.

Early the following spring, Mr. Clark discovered two smaller groves of large trees, of the same class and variety, each not exceeding a quarter of a mile in distance from the other.

About the end of July of the same year, he discovered another large grove upon the head waters of the Fresno; and two days afterwards, Mr. L. A. Holmes, of the Mariposa Gazette, and Judge Fitzhugh, while on a hunting excursion, saw the tracks of Mr. Clark's mule as they passed the same group; and as both these parties were very thirsty at the time, and near the top of the ridge, at sun-down, without water for themselves and animals, they were anxious to find this luxury and a good camping-place before dark. Consequently, they did not deem it best then to tarry to explore it; intending to pay this grove a visit at some early time of leisure in the future. This interesting task, however, seemed to be reserved for the writer and Mr. Clark, on the second and third days of July, 1859.

With this short epitome of the discovery of these additional wonders, we shall now give a brief narrative of a visit paid to them last year, when on our return from the Yo-Semite Valley.

Arriving at Clark's Ranch, (situated about half way between the Great Valley and Mariposa,) Mr. Galen Clark, the proprietor of the ranch, very kindly offered not only to guide us through the Mariposa Grove of mammoth trees, but also to conduct us to the Fresno Grove; observing that, although the latter had been discovered by himself the previous year, it had not as yet been examined or explored by any one. Of course, as the reader may guess, this offer was too generous, and too much in accordance with



"THE TWINS," IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE.

[*Sketched from nature, by G. TIRRELL.*]

our wishes, to be declined. Our preparations completed, and when about to mount into the saddle, we both stood waiting. "Are you ready?" asked our guide. "Quite," was the prompt rejoinder; "but haven't you forgotten your hat, Mr. Clark?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I never have been able to wear a hat since I had the fever, some years ago, and I like to go without now better than I did then to wear one." So much for habit!

With our fire-arms across our shoulders, and our blankets and a couple of days' provisions at the back of our saddles, we proceeded for a short distance through the thick, heavy grass of the ranch, and commenced the gradual ascent of a well timbered side-hill, on the edge of the valley, and up and over numerous low ridges, all of which were more or less covered with wild flowers, on our way to the Mariposa Grove. Although the trail was well worn and good, yet, on account of the long ascent to the summit of the ridge, it was with no small pleasure that we found ourselves in the vicinity of the grove.

Who can picture, in language, or on

canvas, all the sublime depths of wonder that flow to the soul in thrilling and intense surprise, when the eye looks upon these great marvels? Long vistas of forest shades, formed by immense trunks of trees, extending hither and thither; now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty taxodiums, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed dogwood; while the high moaning sweep of the pines, and the low whispering swell of the firs, sung awe-inspiring anthems to their great Planter.

The Indians, in years that are past, have, with Vandal hands, set portions of this magnificent forest on fire; so that burnt stumps of trees and blackened underbrush frown upon you from several points. The trunk of one prostrate tree, when first measured, was found to be thirty-two feet in diameter, without its bark; and by evidences then existing, it was estimated to have been about four hundred and thirty feet in altitude, and nearly one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, when standing. Now, but a small portion of it remains, and even that is charred and burned to such a degree, that it is scarcely recognisable

Indeed, many of the largest and noblest looking are badly deformed from this cause. Still, beautiful clumps of from three to ten trees in each, and others standing alone, are numerous, sound, and well formed.

"Passing up the ravine, or basin," says Mr. J. Lamson, who kindly sent us the sketch from which this engraving is made—"we came to a large stem, whose top had been stripped of its branches, giving it somewhat the resemblance of an immense spear, and forcibly reminding one of Milton's description of Satan's weapon of that name:

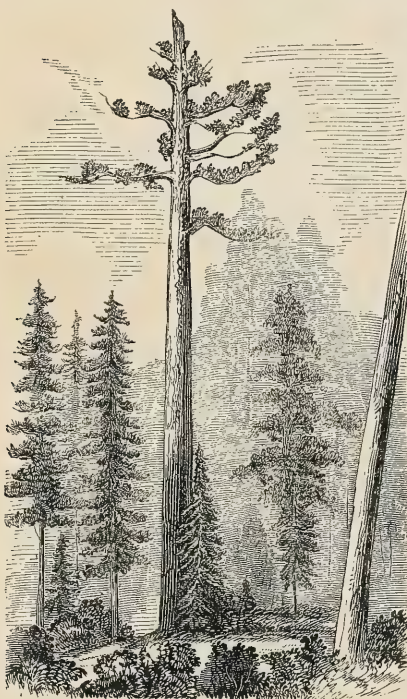
"To equal which, the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

Believing this to be far greater than any tree Milton ever dreamed of, and fully equal to the wants of any reasonable

Prince of Darkness, in compliment to the poet and his hero we named it 'Satan's Spear.' Its circumference is seventy-eight feet.

"Several rods to the left of this is another large trunk, with a dilapidated top, presenting the appearance of a tower, and is called 'The Giant's Tower'; seventy feet in circumference. Beyond this stand two double trees, which have been named 'The Twin Sisters.' Still further on is a tree with a straight and slender body, and a profusion of beautiful foliage; near which frowned a savage looking monster, with a scarred and knotted trunk, and gnarled and broken branches, bringing to one's recollection the story of 'Beauty and the Beast.' Crossing the ravine near 'Satan's Spear,' there are many fine trees upon the side and summit of the ridge. One of the finest, whose circumference is sixty feet, and whose top consists of a mass of foliage of exceeding beauty, is called 'The Queen of the Forest.' Above these stands 'The Artist's Encampment,' seventy-seven feet in circumference, though so large a portion of its trunk has decayed or been burned away to a height of thirty feet, as materially to lessen its dimensions."

This grove of mammoth trees consists of six hundred, more or less, about one fourth of which were measured by Col. Warren, of the California Farmer, and Mr. G. Clark, in 1857, and their circumference is given on page 396, Vol. III., of this Magazine; but their altitude has not yet been ascertained. It must not be supposed that these large taxodiums monopolize the one mile by a quarter of a mile of ground over which they are scattered; as some of the tallest, largest and most graceful of sugar pines and Douglas firs we ever saw, add their beauty of form and foliage to the group, and contribute much to the imposing grandeur of the effect.



SATAN'S SPEAR.

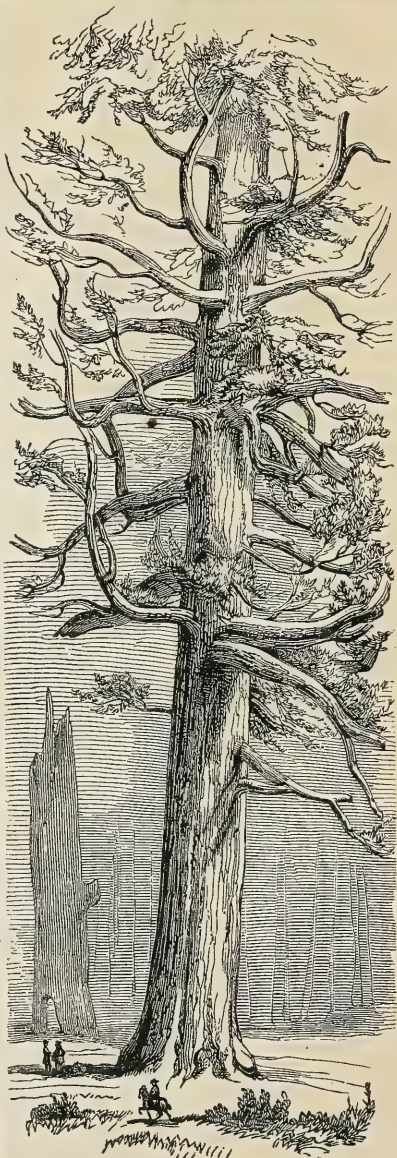
Crossing a low ridge to the south-westward of the large grove, is another small one, before alluded to, in which there are many fine trees. We measured one sturdy, gnarled old fellow, which, although badly burned, and the bark almost gone, so that a large portion of its original size was lost, is nevertheless still ninety feet in circumference, and which we took the liberty of naming the "Grizzled Giant."

An immense trunk lay stretched upon the ground, that measured 264 feet in length, although a considerable portion of its crown has been burned away. This was named by Mrs. J. C. Fremont, "King Arthur, the Prostrate Monarch."

Leaving this, the 'South Grove,' we struck across Big Creek and its branches, in a course almost due south, as near as the rugged, rock-bound mountain spurs would permit, in the direction of the Fresno group; some of whose majestic and feathery tops could be seen from the ridge we had just left behind.

Apparently these trees were not more than six miles distant from the Mariposa Grove; but which, owing to the trailless course we had to take, down and across the spurs of Big Creek, were not less than ten miles. About six o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the foot of some of the mammoth trees, that stood on the ridge like sentinel guards to the grove. These were from fifty to sixty feet only in circumference.

As the sun was fast sinking, we deemed it the most prudent course to look out for a good camping-ground. Fortunately, we discovered at first the only patch of grass to be found for several miles; and, as we were making our way through the forest, feeling that most probably we were the first whites who had ever broken its profound solitudes, we heard a splashing sound proceeding from the direction of the bright green we had seen. This, with the rustling of bushes, re-



THE GRIZZLED GIANT.

[From nature, by G. TIRREL.]

mind us that we were invading the secluded home of the grizzly bear, and that good sport or danger would soon give variety to our employments.

Hastily dismounting and unsaddling our animals, we picketed them in the swampy grass plat, still wet with the recent spirtings of several bears' feet that had hurriedly left it; then kindling a fire, to indicate by its smoke the direction of our camp, we started quietly out on a bear hunt.

Cautiously peering over a low ridge, but a few yards from camp, we saw two large bears slowly moving away, when a slight sound from us arrested their attention and progress. Mr. Clark was about raising his rifle to fire, when we whispered—"Hold, Mr. C., if you please—let us have the first shot at that immense fellow there." "With pleasure," was the prompt response, and, at a distance of twenty-five yards, a heavy charge of pistol balls from an excellent shot-gun was poured into his body just behind the shoulder, when he made a plunge of a few feet, and, wheeling round, stood for a few moments as though debating in his own mind whether he should return the attack, or retreat; but a ball from the unerring rifle of our obliging guide determined him upon the latter course. The other had preceded him.

We immediately started in pursuit; and although their course could readily be followed by the blood dropping from their wounds, a dense mass of chapparal prevented us from getting sight of either again; although we walked around upon the look-out until the darkness compelled us to return to camp, where, after supper, we were soon soundly sleeping.

Early the next morning we followed up the divertisement, for a few hours; but meeting with no game larger than a grouse, we commenced the exploration of the grove.

This consists of about five hundred trees of the taxodium family, on about as many acres of dense forest land, gently undulating. The two largest we could find measured eighty-one feet each in

circumference, well formed, and straight from the ground to the top. The others, equally sound and straight, were from fifty-one feet to seventy-five feet in circumference. The Sugar Pines (*Pinus Lambertiana*), were remarkably large; one that was prostrate near our camp measured twenty-nine feet and six inches in circumference, and two hundred and thirty-seven feet in length. Fire has not desolated and deformed this, like the groves of Calaveras and Mariposa.

It ought here to be remarked that Mr. L. A. Holmes and Judge Fitzhugh saw an extensive grove of much larger trees than these on the head waters of the San Joaquin River, about twelve miles east of those on the Fresno; but, as they have never been explored, we are not able yet to describe them.

All of these trees are precisely of the same genus and variety as those of Calaveras, and will abundantly reward visitors to spend a day or two here, on their way to the Yo-Semite Valley.

CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

No. 1 of the above group is the beautiful Butterfly Tulip, or *Calochortus venustus*. The spots on the petals of this flower invariably suggest to the most casual observer their similarity to those ocellate marks so common on the wings of butterflies; hence the common name. This flower is often variously painted and spotted, but is always sufficiently characteristic to be readily recognized by a careful observance of the figure. An oblong cluster or bunch of loose hairs or beards may be noticed within, a little above the base of each petal. By culture they become branched and many-flowered. They are among the most beautiful flowers of California; furnishing the gayest of garden and yard plants, and are also great favorites for parlor



boquets, on account of their lasting beauty. Such handsome bulbs as these, requiring so little labor, and scarcely any care, ought to be cultivated by every true lover of the beauties of nature.

The bulbs may be taken up after the leaves wither, kept dry until another season—i. e., treated as tulips—and set in borders in the spring; their sprouting in a common temperature will indicate the proper time. Even this trouble is needless in our climate. They thrive wonderfully well in pots. Any one who would take the trouble to collect only our native plants, would surprise and charm both himself and others, by their beauty and variety. We have at least two yellow species, a bright fiery red

one—probably new and undescribed—and a lilac, and a large purple species, which is also found in Oregon. There are one or two other equivocal species. There bulbs bloom in May and June, to August, and even much later in some localities.

No. 2 is a species of the Gum Weed—*Madia Dissitiflora*. The stem and narrow leaves are hairy and glandular, especially towards the tops of the branches, where the little flower heads are almost a continuous mass of clammy glands. This and a broader leaved species (*M. sativa*) are considered great nuisances by the traveler in this country. One careless sweep of the pantaloons over these weeds is quite sufficient to set the seal of filth, and from that time thenceforth,

dirt! dirt! is found on every side, and pretty effectually grained in, as our experience proves.

We may be able hereafter to refresh the reader's recollection in regard to several other species, which would be more readily recognized if represented of the natural size.

Now we decidedly protest against the abusive language so often denounced against these Gum Weeds. One of them (*M. sativa*) is cultivated in Chili for the seed, from which a valuable oil is extracted. Our California canary bird is also very fond of the seed, as any one may see by their early eagerness to obtain them. But we prize this and several other kindred plants, chiefly for the fragrant autumnal odor they exhale to the passing breeze. These ethereal odors induce a corresponding state of serenity and peaceful rapture, entrancing our soul by a magic spell, far away in the sweet elysian fields of fancy. Will the mere matter of fact reader pardon us, if we chance to believe this is not all a *fancy*? No, indeed, by no means. To us it is one of the most thrilling realities of life. Were we properly to attend to odors, a vast field of delightful science would open up before us; but we can only allude to it now. (It would afford us pleasure to write you a philosophical essay on odors, *i. e.* our *philosophy*—not that we wish to provoke discussion with those who differ—the subject, we think, is not so much of *argument* as of *feeling*.) Did you ever inspire any sweet odor, without at the same time inspiring some agreeable perception of the mind and heart, above the mere nasal sensation? It would be exceedingly interesting had we an exact history of the state of each affection awakened by certain odors. True, the ideal train would be somewhat varied with respect to the individual; but like tones in music to the ear, or color in optics to the eye, they must fall into an orderly arrangement, or *science*, upon some

principle, in man. The French, it is confessed, are eminent in this knowledge and art. Surely a subject of such refined and elevated use, must subserve some great and wise end worthy of our notice.

No. 3 is a pretty bulb, blooming in May and June; the flowers are yellow, marked by green lines along the back of the center of the divisions of the border. This plant (*Calliprora lutea*) is very common in most parts of California, shooting its bright flowers out of black, cracky, prairie-like soils, harder than bricks. It is a plant of easy culture.

No. 4 is an exceedingly delicate, rare, and showy species of the Monkey Flower (*Mimulus longipes*). The two lobes of the upper lip are perfectly white, and the three lobes of the lower lip a bright, delicate straw yellow; the throat below purple spotted; the tube long and spotted on the under side; the plaited calyx cup also spotted; the flower stems as long, usually longer than the leaves; leaves narrow lanceolate. Found in damp, shady, rich soils, in the vicinity of Stockton, and probably elsewhere.

No. 5 is an erratic form of the American cowslip (*Dodecatheon Meadia*). The straight, trim, main flower-stem, in favorable localities, grows to a foot or more in height; but the common arrangement of the flower is an umbel, or radiated, umbrella like form, at the top of the scape. This is an exceedingly beautiful and fragrant perennial, with only a radiated cluster of spatulate leaves growing out of a little abrupt bulblet or crown, and lying almost flat upon the ground.

No. 6 is the Purple Flax Primrose (*Enothera Viminea*—*ver intermedia*.) Found abundantly in this vicinity and southward. The plant grows to two or three feet in height, with many erect branches; the whole form slender, twiggy; the bark reddish or lustrous brown, with strong shining fibres, like hemp, often used by the Indians for making cords. The leaves are narrow, and



THE GOLDEN STAR TULIP.

shaped; flowers deep rich purple, rarely rose-colored, about one inch broad, blooming in May and June. Perhaps this plant might be useful for economical cultivation.

of the same family—the Red Spotted Primrose (*Ornothera Amoena*). The flower of this species is nearly twice the size of the former; color, a light pale pink or rose, with a red spot at the base

Fig. 82 x 225 / 14 x 225 (whole page)

of each petal. The stem is seldom more than a foot high,, branching from below, | and somewhat arching above, so that the flowers incline to one side, looking up-

wards. This beautiful primrose has long since found its way into cultivation; it is not known by whom it was first introduced.

The adjoining outline will aid those not familiar with technical descriptions, to recognize a common bulbous plant of California, closely allied to the Butterfly Tulip (No. 1) of the preceding group. This flower is known as the Golden Star Tulip (*Cyclobothra nitida*). These bulbs are highly prized by the florist, and are becoming generally cultivated. There are five species, and perhaps more, all of which we hope to make known to the public in due time.

The marginal outline represents a leaf and a portion of the flowering stem of the far famed *Chia* of the Mexicans, (*Salvia cardnacea*.) The seeds infused in cold water, make a cooling mucilaginous summer drink, which is also very highly esteemed for its restorative and curative virtues, especially in internal mucous inflammations, fevers, and various chronic ailments. This *Chia* is also known as the Castle Plant. There is reason to believe that either writers have made some mistake, or there is another species, which by way of distinction, we will designate as the Lesser Chia (*Salvia Columbarieæ*.)

The species here represented is drawn from a plant raised by Col. T. J. Nevins, of



this city, in order to test this question. The plant abounds on light, sandy knolls of flat lands, in most parts of California, and is quite familiar to us. A thistle-

like cottony sage, with remarkably beautiful blue flowers, arranged in spinous whorls, or turrets, one above another.



LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

THE Mercantile Library Association of the City of San Francisco was organized January 10th, 1853, and the first election for officers held on the 25th of the same month, resulting in favor of the following named gentlemen :

President, David S. Turner ; *Vice President*, J. P. Haven ; *Recording Secretary*, Wm. H. Stevens ; *Corresponding Secretary*, Dr. Henry Gibbons ; *Treasurer*, Chas. E. Bowers, Jr. ; *Directors*, E. E. Dunbar, J. B. Crockett, D. H. Haskell, E. P. Flint.

A collection of about 1700 volumes, the property of General Hitchcock, was purchased as a foundation for the library. These, with two small book cases and a few files of newspapers and periodicals, composed the property of the Association. The rooms, which were badly lighted and poorly ventilated, were a portion of the building situated upon the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, then known as the California Exchange, and were opened to the public on the 1st of March, 1854.

During the year 1855, from the steady increase of members, it became evident that more ample accommodations would

soon be required, and arrangements were made for removal to Montgomery Block. The prosperity of the Association steadily increasing, a second removal was deemed necessary and expedient, and the month of December found it again seeking new quarters. Suitable and attractive rooms were found in the building at the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets, and were found to answer the requirements of the Association until this year, when still larger and more sightly quarters were procured in the new building, corner of Bush and Montgomery streets.

The first Librarian of the Association was Mr. Wm. D. Bickham, who continued to serve in that capacity for about a year, when he was succeeded by Mr. Horace Davis, who, owing to ill health, was compelled to resign in 1856. Mr. E. DeLela was appointed to fill the vacancy, but resigning soon after, the present incumbent, Mr. H. H. Moore, was elected, and has continued to discharge the duties of the office to the present time, with credit to himself, and advantage to the Association.

Many valuable donations have been made by members and others. Among them specially should be noted the valuable gift of Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., consisting of a full set of Audubon's Quadrupeds of America, 3 vols. royal 8 vo., costing \$175, and other costly works.

The number of volumes in the library at this date is about 12,000. The number added during the past year is 1500. The value of the books and works constituting the library, may be estimated at about \$20,000. The present paying members of the Association number 1000.

The news rooms now occupied by the Association, are the most attractive and commodious in the State, and cost for furnishing nearly four thousand dollars. The reading room, with a frontage on Bush street of twenty-five feet, extending

northerly fifty feet, is furnished with long reading tables and paper stands of the most approved patterns, which are abundantly and promptly supplied with the leading journals, magazines and reviews, both foreign and American. The library room, fronting on Montgomery street twenty-five feet, and extending back sixty-eight feet, is well lighted and peculiarly adapted for the uses intended. It is fitted with suitable shelves, and arranged with good taste and convenience. The chess room, having a frontage of twenty-five feet on Montgomery street, and fifty-two feet on Bush, is capable of accommodating forty tables.

The present income derived from assessments is at the rate of \$12,000 per year, and will be largely increased by receipts from lectures to be delivered during the coming season. The probable expenses for the year may be estimated at \$8,000. This sum is exclusive of the amount to be expended in the purchase of books.

This institution should commend itself to all, and especially the young men of this city. Its benefits are incalculable, and the vast amount of valuable knowledge to be gleaned from the shelves of its well filled library, should recommend it to the patronage of all. The number who daily and nightly visit the rooms has greatly increased, and this fact goes to prove that the members are availing themselves of the advantages to be derived therefrom. There is not a place in the State where the student, or the man of leisure, can pass his time more agreeably than at the rooms of the Association. It has never been in so prosperous a condition as at the present time. The contrast between the past and the present of the institution is very striking. The period is short, and the results, when a comparison is made with other institutions of a similar character, are truly surprising, as will be seen by the following statement:

Boston has the honor of instituting the first association of the kind in the United States, upon March 11th1820

New York, Nov. 19th.....1820

Philadelphia.....1821

Cincinnati.....1834

Baltimore.....1839

St. Louis.....1846

San Francisco.....1853

Brooklyn.....1858

The number of volumes possessed by each association, on the first of January 1860, was as follows:—

Boston19,000

Philadelphia.....16,800

Baltimore.....16,451

San Francisco.....11,400

New York.....55,300

Cincinnati.....21,000

St. Louis.....16,000

Brooklyn.....17,500

To the active exertions of the early members must be attributed much of its present healthy condition. They labored well and faithfully, and though often at a loss for the wherewithal to defray its necessary current expenses, yet full of hope they worked on, until at length their exertions were crowned with success, and they have now the pleasure of seeing the Institution placed upon a substantial and permanent basis. Many of the early patrons have made themselves life members, and two have contributed to the funds of the Association the handsome sum of five hundred dollars each.

The officers for the present year are: *President*, Wm. H. Stevens; *Vice President*, Wm. R. Garrison; *Corresponding Secretary*, R. B. Swain; *Recording Secretary*, Edward Hunt; *Treasurer*, J. G. Kellogg; *Directors*, Charles W. Brooks, Frank Baker, Wm. Norris, Charles R. Bond, J. W. J. Pierson, Thos. Bennett, John Shaw, D. P. Belknap, H. C. Macy; *Librarian*, H. H. Moore; *Assistant Librarians*, Danl. E. Webb, John J. Tayker.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA,

Founder of the Missions of California.

BY T. H. S.

THE following account of the death and burial of Father Junipero Serra, translated from the original Spanish, is taken from the old book of deaths, (beginning in 1770,) of the Mission of San Carlos del Carmelo. It was written out by Friar Palou, who, after Serra's death, returned to Mexico, and published his biography in 1787. Palou was shortly afterwards appointed guardian of the Franciscan college of San Fernando, in the city of Mexico—the mother institution for supplying the Missions of California with missionaries.

To this is appended autographs of the Missionaries, Governors and Officers of California, from 1770 to after 1830, taken from the Mss. records of the California Missions, now in the possession of the St. Mary's Catholic Library Association of San Francisco,* and which will appear in this magazine as room can be made. The accompanying portrait has never before been published in any work or country.

On the 29th of August, 1784, in the church of this Mission of San Carlos de Monterey, in the Presbitario on the Gospel side, before the altar of our Lady of Dolores, preceded by a vigilia, and singing high mass and the requiem, with all the ceremonies and functions prescribed in the manual of the order, for the funerals of the *Religious*, with the assistance of brother Don Christoval Dia, Chaplain of the Packet Boat San Carlos, anchored in this port, and the Rev. Fathers Preachers, Friars Buenaventura Sijar, Minister

* We give this entirely on account of its historical value in California, and not from any religious preference we feel for this or any other particular sect or form of worship. [Ed.]

of the Mission of San Antonio, and Mathias de Santa Catalina, Minister of this Mission, I gave ecclesiastical sepulture to the body of the Rev. Father Lecturer Friar Junipero Serra, president and founder of these Missions, son of the Holy Province of Malorca, where he took his habit on the 14th of September, 1730, aged 19 years, 9 months and 21 days, and proving to be a true Collegiate Religious, and where he read with great acceptance the course of Philosophy; I having the honor of being one of his scholars. When the course was finished he was appointed Professor of First Sacred

elevation and estimation, touched by God for some grand design, and lending him his hands in all the honors that he had or might expect, he desired to occupy the talents which God had given to him in the conversion of the Gentile Indians, and having obtained his Licence and Patent, he joined, in the year 1749, the mission that was then in Cadiz for the Apostolic College for the propagation of the faith, of San Fernando in Mexico, where he arrived on the first day of January, 1750. He remained in that College till the beginning of June of the same year, when he was sent to the missions of the Sierra Gorda, (which had been founded for six years,) and worked with watchfulness and zeal, and was a great example to all.

Nine years after he was recalled from his charge of these Missions, to preside over the intended foundations at the river San Saba, but this being frustrated by the death of the Viceroy, prevented the conquest thereof. He remained in the College, in the employment of the Missions, and assisted in the duties of the sainted tribunal of the faith, as his Commissary had ordered him, discharging this service to the satisfaction of that tribunal. In this exercise of the missions amongst the Brethren, he remained till June, 1767, and was then called by the Rev. Father Guardian of the College, and named President of the sixteen missions of old California, which had been administered previously by the Rev. Fathers, the Ex-Jesuits. He remained one year in Old California, with the said missions of Loretto under his charge, and during that period visited those establishments several times, both those to the south and the north of that place.

In April, 1769, he left Loretto, by land, with the expedition to discover the port of San Diego, and arrived at the frontier of ancient California. On his way he founded the mission of San Fernando de



PORTRAIT OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

Theology in the University of the Island of Malorca, where he was honored with the tassel (borla) of Doctor of that faculty, having filled the Professor's chair to the satisfaction of the University, and the Holy Province; he being considered by all very learned and eloquent in the pulpit, and attracting the attention of both Universities, who recommended and praised his sermons, as of the greatest importance. He being of the greatest

Villacatta, and arriving at the port of San Diego, rested there, whilst the expedition went to look for the port of Monterey. He founded the mission of San Diego in 1770. He then went up by sea to the discovery of this port, and immediately lent hand to found this mission, and continued, as circumstances would permit, to found the remainder of the missions, which may be seen up to the present time, in the parochial books of foundation. In fourteen years in California he traveled a great deal, and once went to Mexico to procure means for these spiritual conquests; and the rest of his travels was visiting the Missions of California, to animate, with his holy zeal and prudence, all his subjects. His visits were made oftener after he received the faculty to confirm, which his zeal made him solicit. During the time that he exercised that faculty, (which expired on the tenth of July last,) he confirmed 56,307 souls.

About one month and a-half after the said faculty had expired, his Reverence delivered up his soul to his Creator, at the age of seventy years and nine months, except four days; wearing the religious habit fifty-three years, eleven months and four days, and an apostolic missionary thirty-five years, four months and a half.

He prepared himself to die, repeating the general confession, and finding that the complaint in his chest was getting worse, and that he had some fever. On the twenty-seventh of this month, after repeating the divine offices, including the third, he went on foot to the church and received the last sacred rites on his knees, to the edification of the people and a great many persons who assisted, and received the holy viaticum, with the same ceremony ordained in the Roman Seraphic Ritual; and when the ceremony commenced, our said Father was then on his knees, intoning with his sonorous

voice, appearing as if there was no alteration in the verse "*Antum ergo vo*," so to our astonishment that we could not accompany him. In this fervent devotion he received the sacrament, and in the same posture gave orations to our Lord, after which he returned to his room. At night he asked for the Holy Oil, and rehearsed with us Fathers the Penitential Psalms and the Litanies. The remainder of the same night he passed giving thanks to God, sometimes on his knees and at other times sitting on the floor, without going to bed, and always dressed in his habit and cloak. At the break of day he asked me to supplicate the indulgence of Mary for those who were kneeling. He was then reconciled, returning his thanks. In fine, on the 28th day, in the morning, he was visited by the Captain of the bark Don Joseph Canizares, and his Father Chaplain, and received them sitting, giving them his thanks for their visit, and likewise embraced the Chaplain; both of these friends giving thanks to God that, after traveling over so much land, they had arrived at last to throw a little earth on to his remains. A few minutes after he said he felt some fear, and asked them to read aloud the recommendation for the soul, which they did. He then responded the same as if he was in good health, and exclaimed with delight—"thank God I am now without fear, and have nothing to care for; I feel better, and will take a little soup." He then got up and sat down at the table, and after taking a portion wished to rest, and laid down, taking nothing off but his cloak. He lay tranquilly for a short time, and then rested in the Lord; for, without making any sign further, he delivered his spirit unto the Creator, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth day, being the Feast Day of San Augustin, Doctor of the Church.

When the bells began to toll, all the

little town was in a state of commotion; the Indians crying and lamenting the death of their good Father, and likewise all the people of reason on shore and on board ship; all asking for a remnant of the habit he had worn; and they came to that extreme, that in the church they cut out some pieces from the habit that he died in, he being put in the coffin without anything being taken from his body. Before he died he had ordered, (without letting any of those present know,) the carpenter of the Presidio to make his coffin to bury his body. We promised to give them, if they would stop, a "tunica" of the deceased Father to make them a scapulary, and they did so. Notwithstanding they were guarding his body in the church, many of the people went in and took some memorials from his body; they were moved to do this by the great fame of the perfect and exemplary Father. His funeral was attended by all the people ashore and from on board ship, and showing all the honors they could to their deceased Father; the Captain of the bark giving him, with his artillery, all the honors of a General; the same honors being answered by the Royal Presidio of Monterey. The same honors were repeated on the fourth day of September, with vigils and high mass, assisted by the same people, and with another clergyman, which was the Rev. Father Antonia Paterna, Minister of the Mission of San Luis Obispo, who could not arrive in time for the funeral, but was here to assist in the honors of the mass on this latter occasion.

And so that everything said may appear, I sign this in said mission, on the 5th day of September, 1784.

FRIAR FRANCO PALOU.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

It is well ascertained now, that the body of the founder of the California Missions lies under the altar of the old

Mission Church of San Carlos del Carmelo, three miles from Monterey, and which is now covered with the rubbish of the roof, which fell in during the winter of 1852. Attempts were made in 1855, by the Cura of Monterey, to clear away the rubbish, and disinter the body; but the labor was so expensive that the funds gave out.

VAMPIRE BATS.—Dr. George Gardner, in his Travels in the interior of Brazil, describes these singular creatures as peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Paraguay and the Isthmus of Darien, where they attack the fleshy parts of men, horses, calves, and pigs, and voraciously suck their fill of blood. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction; and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged; these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood from both man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires of which travelers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the New World. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre-bat, are of the most carnivorous character; the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood, but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, pigs, mules, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, Dr. Gardner is led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue. The doctor killed some that measured two feet between the tips of the wings.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Thou art welcome to our home, stranger; 'tis true 'tis an humble one,
I would give thee better welcome, but my race is almost run,
Old and wearied I am and palsied, and my eyes are growing dim,
But their sight would soon return again, could I but look on him.

He was my eldest born, my pride, the flower of my flock;
Strong was his frame like an oak, and firm his feet stood like a rock.
He left me—whither he wandered, 'tis not for me to know—
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago.

They said he wandered o'er the seas, to lands far richer than these;
Some said he sailed o'er the Spanish Main, and some o'er the Indian seas.
I know not—only this I know, as I journey down the hill,
He is with me, nestling near my heart; he is with me, living still!

He is with me: when the husker's song rings from the meadows clear,
I go to the window and listen—it is Harry's voice I hear!
I hear him whistling to his team, as he drives to the fields at morn;
His laugh is ringing, in the shout of the reapers, with the corn

Last night he stood beside my bed—I saw him, in my dream—
And, through the casement, on his face, I saw the moonlight gleam.
'Mother!' he said;—'twas a foolish dream!—he went away, I know,
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago.

Should you e'er meet my wandering boy, bear him these words from me:
'I am old, and I watch through the weary years, waiting his face to see.
I am old, and I watch through the weary years, as they pass me silently by;
I long to gaze on his winsome face, and lay me down and die.'

"His face!—thou art gazing on it now!—mother, it is no dream!
Thine eyes are dim for the wasting years;—things are not what they seem.
Yet, the heart will speak;—'tis he! the same as when thou saw'st him go,
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago!"

DRESS AS A FINE ART.

I will now endeavor to redeem the promise made in a previous paper, and say something about the dress of men, who, like women, have taste, fancy, and fashion in these matters, although they all unfortunately have to succumb to the

inexorable law of custom, which has clothed all men in the same lugubrious hue.

In the picturesque olden time—in the days of Holbein, Rubens and Vandyke—the same variety of hues and tints now monopolized by the female world alone, was then the property of both men and

women. Gay cavaliers and courtiers fluttered in orange, scarlet and purple, while the lower strata of society had for every-day wear the hodden gray, buff jerkin and leathern doublet, and on holiday occasions shone bravely in the same hues worn by their betters, only softened off to a soberer tint, as befitted their humbler walk in life. A holiday throng must have been a rare sight for a painter, when the gaily draperied and bannered streets were filled with the streaming crowds of people dressed in rainbow hues. No black masses of masculines with stove-pipe hats to offend the eye, but all variegated, yet harmonious, the colors of a flower-bed mingled and intermingled in the moving throng.

But all this went out with the royalty of Charles the First, of unhappy memory. With the Roundheads came in the black coats, the short hair, and the closely fitting doublet of the present day. Purplings, rufflings, love-locks and gay clothing went out with the Stuarts, and the loose habits of that dynasty have never been revived, at least in the literal sense. Woman alone has been allowed, through the mutations of many centuries, to keep her finery and her variegated catalogue of colors.

A black coat and pantaloons, with a white waistcoat, are now regarded as the exact standard upon which all men who would be the gloss of fashion must form themselves; and hence an evening party infallibly commends to the imagination of the observer the comparison of a flock of white-breasted blackbirds, (if such things be,) fluttering among beds of flowers of every hue.

A gaily dressed lady uses her male companion as a foil; his "customary suit of solemn black" serves as a background on which her glowing colors are contrasted and exhibited.

Now, while I do protest against this most unnatural and foolish fashion, I

have not the hardihood to attempt to write it down, but only throw out a few hints which may serve to ameliorate the condition of those who feel the gall of the chain of almost immemorial custom.

But, in the first place, I would say a few words about the fitness of dress. Most men claim the right to dress as they please, without regard to any considerations of station, occupation, or ability. Now, no man—and, for that matter, no woman—has a right to encourage extravagance in anything, and costly dress indirectly invites competition; for men, being human, do not like to be outshone, and the prevailing extravagance in men's dress, in its way as bad as women's, is owing to men's dressing to the very utmost, and even to the excess of their means, without any sort of regard to their station in life. Let no man feel obliged so to dress that he advertises his calling thereby, nor yet so that the exact state of his finances shall be determined by a look at his apparel; still, a carpenter or plasterer in the same kind of garb as that worn by a clergyman or lawyer, or an artist in clothes similar to those of a bricklayer, seems to me to be absurd and wrong. Let a man dress according to his means and condition, and, if he is a man of taste, he will let the coarser parts of his dress be redeemed and ornamented by some costlier feature, as a vest or cravat. Let him read and improve upon Polonius' advice to his son—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," &c.

But is it necessary that every man should conform to the rigid rule above mentioned, and let the suit of sables, crossed with white, be his only dress uniform? It seems to me not. It is true, that whatever is fashionable and customary seems best; but it is a very questionable best which clothes all men alike in the same color, allowing no difference for exercise of taste in hues, except in small matters. If we prefer, as it would seem

that a true taste would prefer, to modify the prevailing style, why not adopt such hues as claret, olive, or brown?—thus breaking the sable charm, and yet keeping near enough to conventionality not to be singular. But let us have no more black habited men, cut across the middle by a white vest. Save your snowy waistcoat for light trousers; but, if you must wear black, connect the bust to your terminations by a dark vest.

Spotless linen is a mark of innate refinement; but fancy-figured shirt-fronts, collars, &c., are suggestive of economy in laundry bills, and are too closely bordering on the “flash” for men of taste to wear. The same rule applies to “stunning” waistcoats, in which the busts of some men bloom and bud. Gloves on a man’s hands, except as coverings from heat or cold, are effeminate and weak. The cobbler ashamed of his calling, or the dyer whose hand is “subdued to what it works in,” may hide their week-day employments under tinted rat or kid skin; but a clean, shapely hand looks as well uncovered as gloved. If gloves are worn, let them be of quiet hues, no azure or lemon color, at least so long as men wear their present jackdaw plumage.

The remarks made in a former paper about jewelry, will apply with equal force to the present subject. Men, who profess to be practical and utilitarian, ought to remember that jewelry on their persons should be worn very sparingly, and always have a real use. Rings on fingers, with a stone of the size of a breakfast plate; flaming brilliants on shirt fronts, gilded ox-chains hanging from watches, jeweled sleeve-buttons, and the like, are as surely indicative of innate vulgarity as are flaunting ribbons on the opposite sex.

Every man who wishes well of his kind will bless the memory of those Hungarians, who, some years ago, introduced to this country the soft hat. If there is

anything about the dress of a man that is under all circumstances incongruous and unequal to its vocation, it is the so-called “stove-pipe” hat. Stiff and rigid, it towers far above the head of its wearer, like the glittering helmet of Hector, which so astonished his infant offspring in its mother’s arms. Brittle and nappy, the least blow fractures it, and the slightest touch ruffles its shining surface, while its narrow brim, stiff as a tin collar, serves only as a partial relief to the vast superstructure, rising far above the wearer’s caput, inviting the rays of the sun, and making a hot-air chamber over the golden bowl which contains the brain. But the soft hat, convenient and pliable, unruffled by untoward accident, shades the wearer’s face, and, from its facile character, assimilates itself to the physique which it crowns. Commend to me the soft hat, but give me no more “stove-pipes.”

From what has been written, the reader will see what the writer considers the pattern of dressing well: to eschew all decided colors so far as possible, but to endeavor to mix different shades of color into one’s garniture, and to so array one’s self, that the appearance shall be cheerful, yet quiet; rich, but not striking; and to so harmonize the whole, that the wearer shall seem to have all his garments from the same idea, and not as though each part were manufactured and fitted independently of the other.

Let black clothes be confined to those for whom they were originally intended, the clergy; but you and I, who are millers, carpenters, merchants, or what not, should eschew such solemn toggery, and remember that, while we cannot, with Pope, endorse the cynical maxim that “Dress makes the man, the want of it the fellow,” we can acknowledge, with Beecher, that man looks a great deal better dressed up.

EASELMANN.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Continued from page 473.]

CHAPTER III.

Which is very common place.

I come from my rest to him I love best,
That he may be happy and I may be blest.

BYRON.

"... .. And do I not look old, dearest, and you love me despite this disfiguring scar?"

"My own true love."

"And now, Agnes, we must talk no more; pray get ready, and let us start together for London. I have delayed in a manner hardly excusable, for these confounded dispatches must be delivered to-morrow. I will sleep at Guilford's, also you, dearest, and Miss Nisbet. I will start early in the morning from there, deliver my dispatches, and you will by starting four hours later, find me, my duty performed, ready to receive you on arrival at your hotel."

"But, George, why not go through to-night; I would not that blame rested on you on my account. Why delay?"

"Ah, Agnes," said George, "you don't quite understand me yet; true, I have been wrong to delay for this hour, but still it cannot matter much. I am forbid to travel except by daylight, for I have jewels from the East intrusted to me worth £20,000. They are for the King, a present from Tippoo, on conclusion of the peace. We can get to Guilford, now, in six hours. There is your carriage ready, how quick they have procured one."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and prepared to go, but he again put his arms around her. "One more word, Agnes; after to-morrow we part no more—is it not so?"

She hid her face in his bosom. "As you will, George, as you will."

"The first of January is the anniversary of my leaving England, wretched and disgraced; will you make it a joyful one by becoming mine on that day?"

Closer she nestled for a moment, muttered "yes," and was gone.

George's man servant and Miss Emerson's maid occupied one chaise, whilst in the other the Colonel squeezed himself with the two ladies. Miss Nisbet objected humorously to the arrangement, as not quite proper, but he carried his point in spite of her faint opposition.

On the journey the Colonel told of his Eastern career, so that the time appeared short, indeed, until they arrived about dusk at Guilford.

After the receipt of the letters from his father and brother, he had taken passage to India. He arrived there at the time that the news of the famous Hyder Ally's immense army leaving Seringapatam and marching towards the British frontier, fell like a thunderbolt upon the ears of the Supreme Madras government.

George immediately, under his first two names (George Beale), volunteered his services, and received in the dearth of officers a local Captain's commission, and the command of a wing of irregular troops, rapidly organized from the native population. And now it was that he showed the resources he possessed—marching ten to sixteen miles per day; three hours were yet steadily given to drilling his men. His energy was untiring. Beaten at Arcot, at Bellore he displayed his strategic ability by the masterly manner in which he extricated his handful of men from the midst of the opposing masses. After battles had been lost by the mismanagement of the dolts holding superior commands, with British forces, Sir Eyre Coote arrived and assumed the command. Such a man as the new commander-in-chief soon appreciated

George's merits and gallantry. He appointed him extra Aid-de-Camp, confirmed his commission, and gave him temporary commands on urgent occasions, wherever work was to be done. At the places mentioned by Mr. Macdonald in a previous chapter, he had time after time distinguished himself. He made himself master of the native language, in those days a rare thing and much required, when native interpreters were at best imperfect, and hard to depend upon.

Promoted to the rank of Major, he was one of the unfortunates with General Matthews, when that officer capitulated with the enemy and fell into the hands of the victorious Tippoo Saib, after the death of his father, Hyder Ally. From this captivity he made his escape, and assuming the native costume, passed through the very heart of the enemy, gaining information which proved invaluable. For this he was made Lieutenant Colonel, and sent, after the conclusion of the peace, to Europe, his health being much shattered.

To but one person had he acknowledged himself as George Beale Harrison, the cashiered officer, and this was to Sir Eyre Coote, his constant patron. That generous though irritable man, endeavored to persuade him to assume now the name he had vindicated beyond reproach; but, until he should know that he would be recognized by his father, he refused to do this.

The news which he afterwards received from the newspapers of his father's and second brother's death, destroyed the only desire he had to resume his own name amongst his countrymen. His eldest brother he felt less desire to communicate with, as he had behaved so harshly to him in his misfortunes. The urgent desire of Agnes, however, was that he should now be known by his full name; and before they reached the resting place for the night he had consented

to this, on condition that no communication as to his reasons for passing as George Beale should be made public, or reference made to others as to his actual family.

The next day George reached London early, having, as had been agreed, started at dawn from Guilford. He at once delivered his dispatches, and received the King's command the same evening to wait on his majesty at two o'clock the following day at Windsor.

CHAPTER IV.

Which introduces Royalty.

We too are friends to royalty. We love
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds
And reigns content within them. Him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far.

COWPER.

THERE was a quiet, family Hotel, in Dover street, one of the streets which run off from that great London artery, Picadilly. Here in comfortable, old-fashioned rooms, Agnes and Miss Nisbet were installed.

They had just concluded breakfast, when George arrived. He himself had taken up his quarters in the immediate neighborhood, for the short time that should elapse before Agnes and he should be united.

"Well, Agnes," said he, after the usual salutations had passed, and which had been very tender on the part of the lovers, pending which Miss Nisbet had been discreetly, not too industriously, poking and raking the fire. "Well Agnes, I was awoke by a very early call from Lord Macdonald, who had heard of my arrival. I made a confidant of him in everything; he has been most kind. I last night received the King's commands to attend him at Windsor to-day. Lord Macdonald is going there also, on official duty, he being deputy ranger of the park; his carriage will be here at 10 o'clock, and he wishes you and Miss Nis-

bet to accept seats. While I am in attendance at the Castle, he will show you all the points interesting in a historical point of view—the noble old park and all the many beauties of old Windsor. You will enjoy it much, and we shall be back again by eight or nine o'clock in the evening."

"Upon my word," said Miss Nisbet, "but you are a bold man to intrust your lady love to a young man; for you said Lord Macdonald was not over forty, and very fascinating too. I suppose you want me to play duenna, but I can assure you I shall do no such thing. I'll give him every opportunity."

"My dear Madam, you forget I am going myself, and can do my own watching."

"Oh, but you are so forgetful of proprieties," rejoined the old lady; "only think, two single men traveling with two unmarried women; joking aside, it looks so."

"Oh hang the proprieties," said the Colonel, laughing; "besides, Agnes and I are to be married in a few days, you know, and I forgot to mention that Lord Macdonald's married sister goes too."

"Ah, now you talk sensibly, you see *he* has some knowledge of the customs of society, although he does consent to drive five in a carriage."

It was a fine pretty day, and if rather cold for driving, still, even the winter scenery and the magnificent residences were the source of constant interest to Agnes, who remarked, "how much milder the English winter was, than that of New York."

George was dressed in his full uniform as a staff officer, and which was very handsome. It was etiquette to do so for presentation to the King. He had fancied that to Agnes it would appear an attractive attire, but he was much mistaken; for certain it is, that military uniforms detract from an elegant, pol-

ished man, nearly as much as they improve ordinary looking mortals.

Having left Agnes and her friend on arrival at Windsor to the care of Lord Macdonald and his sister, George proceeded to the Castle, and after a short interval was by an equerry ushered into the presence of Royalty.

George the Third was at no time of his life a striking looking man, and excepting upon state occasions, seldom surrounded by the usual forms and ceremonies attendant upon monarchs; and this latter was pleasing to our half-republican hero.

The presentation was by a high military officer in attendance, and the jewels from the East duly delivered. The King was not an admirer of gems, only esteeming them for their money value, so after a very cursory examination, they were handed to an officer of the household.

"Well, Colonel Beale," said his majesty, falling into the chatty way he was often apt to do, and which was by many considered as undignified, "so they tell us you have been very instrumental in concluding the treaty of peace."

"May it please your majesty, they attribute more merit than I deserve for my efforts to perform my duty."

"Modest, eh, proper, very proper in a young man, and your name has been frequently mentioned to us as an officer of high gallantry—great gallantry. Was your first active service in India, Sir?"

"It was not, your majesty."

"Where then, Sir?"

"I was attached, Sire, to your majesty's forces in America."

The King's face darkened, any reference to the lost Colonies, always soured him. "In what regiment?"

"I belonged to the—Regiment of Foot, may it please your majesty," said the Colonel, dreading the next question.

"Not much glory there, sir, not much

glory in fighting rebels—fighting rebels,” said the King, emphatically. “We hope to see you, Colonel Beale, at St. James, when we return there,” and with a slight inclination of the head the monarch passed through an adjoining door, and the audience terminated, greatly to George’s relief.

“It was fortunate that you disturbed his majesty by reference to America,” said the equerry, as he showed him out, “for he was in one of his inquisitive humors, and would have wormed out of you your whole history, your father’s, and grandfather’s too, for the matter of that. Will you not take some refreshment, we are just going to lunch?”

Declining the proffer, on the plea of Lord Macdonald’s waiting for him, George hastened to rejoin his party, not caring whether he ever had another interview with the King, on whose dominions the sun never sets.

The duties of Lord Macdonald delaying him at Windsor, they, after a hurried lunch, and a hasty walk to and through the state rooms of the palace, returned to London, accompanied by Lady Horton, Lord Macdonald’s sister.

The grandeur of the famed Windsor Castle, the many interesting episodes told of it by that lady, and her agreeable and polished manners, rendered the distance of twenty-six miles appear almost a short drive.

[*To be continued.*]

MY NATIVE STREAM.

Thy placid stream, sweet Merrimac,
Rolls proudly onward, wild and free,
Through mossy banks and gray old woods,
Fit haunts for poet’s minstrelsie;
And on thy sparkling bosom rest
Fair islets clothed in glowing dies,
Contrasting with thy dark blue wave,
As stars with yonder vaulted skies.
Upon thy banks, in childhood’s morn,
I passed full many a blithsome day,

Nor thought, as wave on wave rolled on,
That youth as fast would glide away.
Oft, gazing at the evening hour
Into thy mirror’d sky’s concave,
I wondered if the twinkling stars
Were bathing in thy limpid wave.

And oft I mark’d, with boyish glee,
Each new-born bubble’s world-like pride,
As, sparkling in the moon’s pale light,
It floats upon thy eddying tide;
But bright waves danced in gladness there,
And sportive kissed thy pebbly shore,
That since have found their ocean home,
And seek thy fond embrace no more.

And I from thy loved banks have strayed
To other lands—’neath other skies—
And scenes of pleasure, bright and gay,
Have met my weary, languid eyes;
But ah! I turn from all away;
Not fortune’s smile, nor golden dream,
Can win my thoughts from thy fair shores,
My love from thee, my native stream!

What though proud Avon’s sparkling wave
Was his whom nature calls her own—
Who wore the proudest wreath of fame
That poesy has ever known?
What though sweet Afton’s gentle stream
Has flowed in music’s numbers long,
And “bank’s and braes o’ bonnie Doon”
Are written in immortal song?

Thy sparkling wave is yet as fair
As Europe’s proudest stream may know,
As beautiful thy pebbly shore,
As musical thy onward flow;
And on thy banks as noble hearts
Thrill with the pride of honest worth,
As may be found in palace halls
Among the titled ones of earth.

May Liberty, like thee, fair stream,
Roll onward in its chainless might,
Sweeping from earth despotic Wrong,
And bringing seeds of truth to light.
Then may thy sons anew rejoice,
When Error’s withering breath is flown,
And one glad, universal voice
Shall make man’s full redemption known.

FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS

OF FATHER KINO AND THE INDIANS OF SONORA AND CALIFORNIA.

BY J. H. S.

The Indians of Sonora have been the subjects of antiquarian research among the savans of America and Europe for the last three hundred years; but the few facts gathered by casual travelers, priests and writers, are simply suggestive, and only furnish the basis on which to found more diligent investigations by educated men, who will now shortly be brought into more immediate contact with the inhabitants and resources of that remote and little known portion of the States of North America.

The northern part of Sonora and the northern regions of Ante-American California, appear to have been the ancient seat of empire and power of that race of Indians who afterwards established themselves in the valley of the city of Mexico; from thence they extended themselves east to the Gulf of Mexico, south and south-east to Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan, and west to the countries lying on the Pacific ocean, comprehended within the present States of Oaxaco, Michoacan and Jalisco.

The primary accounts of the first mentioned countries appeared in the travels of Cabeza de Vaca, in 1540—the second in those of de Niza—the third by Coronado—the fourth in the works of the Jesuit, Padre de Ribas, in 1645—but the most full of all are from the manuscripts of the celebrated Catholic missionary, Eusebio Francisco Kuhn or Kino, whose account is largely quoted in the laborious and excellent work of Venegas on the History of California, published at Madrid in 1757.

Eusebio Francisco Kuhn, or, as the Californians and Sonoranians call him, Kino, appears to have been a German by birth. He studied philosophy and math-

ematics at the University of Ingoldstadt, in the old Electorate of Bavaria, under the learned Jesuit, Professor Henrico Shearer, who is known to the literary world as an author of ability in geography and mathematics. Having devoted himself to the study of theology, Kino entered into holy orders, and became a member of the Society of Jesus; at which time this took place appears not to be stated in any of the Spanish works on Sonora and California; but he soon distinguished himself by his learning, zeal, industry and capacity; and it seems, from certain dates in Venegas' California, that he arrived in Mexico as a Missionary, about the year 1680.

Kino first entered into the field of his Sonora labors at the Mission of Dolores, of Alta Pimeria, in 1687; and the energy, ability, zeal, prudence, and marvelous courage he exhibited up to the time of his death, in 1710, forms one of the most inspiring themes to this day of the Spanish race who inhabit that portion of North Western Mexico, whose lands are bathed by the Sea of Cortez—of these latter times it has extended with accumulated honor to his memory among the English race, now become masters of that country of such wonderful fertility, salubrity and mineral wealth, and known at present throughout the civilized world as the State of California.

He is stated to have left his Alma Mater for America with the highest commendations from the Professors of that institution, and with the most flattering recommendations from the Elector of Bavaria. He was well instructed in all the exact sciences taught at that period in the schools of Europe, and particularly learned in the sciences of Cosmography, Architecture, Philosophy and Mathematics, as well as being an attentive observer of all physical facts relating to the remote countries in which the best periods of his life were passed; for it is stated by Ven-

egas, from Kino's manuscript History of the Missions of Sonora, that he spent thirty years of his time in the regions around the Gulf of California.

To show the indefatigable and intelligent character of the old missionary, it is stated that between the years of 1700 and 1706, he made no less than five expeditions from the Missions of Pimeria to the rivers Gila and Colorado, and crossed over the latter river in boats made of tule bulrushes. He first discovered the junction of the Gila and Colorado, and actually determined the fact of the junction of the continent with California, in October, 1700: the Indians stating at this time that it was only ten days journey from the river to the Pacific Ocean, and showing him ornaments of marine shells to prove the truth of their assertions. This was a point he had been struggling to ascertain ever since his arrival in Sonora, so as to send succors by land to the missionary establishments of the California peninsula.

The zeal and energy of his character was shown in his immense labors for converting the Pimas, Papagos, Yakis, Opatas, Gilenos, and the various Indian tribes inhabiting the north of Sonora. He established Christian villages, built churches, laid out fields with grain, fruits and vegetables, and stocked the pastures with domestic animals; explored the country in every direction; made careful and extensive vocabularies of the Indian tongues of his jurisdiction, comprising a circumference of three hundred leagues; assisted with the greatest zeal and energy the Missions of Lower California, during the perils of their first settlement; fought the Spanish officers inch by inch, in their attempts to enslave his neophytes to work in their mines of gold and silver, and the placers of pearl oysters; and by his influence with the high officials of Mexico, procured an order from King Charles the second, to forbid for five years after their

conversion, the employment of the mission Indians of Sonora, in any mining operation — this cedula was extended through his exertions, for twenty-five years longer after the 14th of May, 1686. In the expedition which sailed from Chacala, in Sinaloa, for the coast of Lower California, on the 18th of March, 1683, under the Admiral of the California Isidro Otendo de Antillon, who was also Governor of Sinaloa; he held a commission from the King, as Cosmographer to the expedition, and acted also as Chaplain to the forces. This expedition numbered over one hundred persons, and arrived at the Port of La Paz, where Cortez landed in 1536, after a passage of fourteen days. The crews attempted to make a settlement near this place, and Padre Kino to found a mission; but, the difficulties were found to be so great, that after spending twelve months time in the prosecution of their object, they returned disheartened and broken down, to the port of Matanchel, which lays a few leagues to the south of the river, at the mouth of which is situated the present town of San Blas; this latter port became the point of debarkation after 1769, of the supplies of the Franciscan missions of Upper California,

After this he appears on the stage again as preaching throughout Sinaloa and western Mexico, to raise funds from the pious to found the missions of California. Meeting with a man of similar spirit as himself in Padre Juan Maria Salva Tierra, the two commenced under great difficulties and expensive obstacles, the reduction of the Indians of California, by the Company of Jesus, to the faith and government of the Church of Rome, for the political empire of the monarchy of Spain. He continued to be the earnest and constant friend of Salva Tierra, Piccolo, Ugarte and the other zealous brethren of his order in California, until the time of his death.

This event seems to have occurred in the year 1710, as intimated in Venegas' California, vol. 2, pp. 107 and 503. As yet it is not certain at what mission in Sonora he died, or at what date, as Venegas gives no authority by which we can prove his statement as to the year even. But, it appears that after this year, we hear very little of his assistance or connection with his California friends, so that it is highly probable that Venegas is right. Where this wonderful man was buried, or what he said or did in the last moments of his active and heroic life, we are not informed by the historian.

But his memory remains to this day sacred in the recollections of the Indians and Spaniards of the Pimeria; a country so called by the Mexicans, after the Pima Indians, including the regions of the present Gadsden Purchase, south as far down as the Port of Guaymas, and east to the longitude of 110° west of Greenwich, or the line of the river San Jose, which empties into the Gulf of California, at the aforesaid port.

The reduction of the Indians of the southern half of Lower California, was completely effected by the Jesuits up to the year 1767, when they were expelled, by order of the Government of Spain, together with all the members of their order in the Viceroyalty of Mexico. This important epoch in the history of California, followed from the decree of Charles the third, dated the 2d of April, 1767, at the instigation of Count de Aranda; a statesman of Spain whose name is connected with some of the most important acts relating to the political history of the Spanish colonial Empire.

The Vice Roy of Mexico dispatched Don Gaspar de Portola, afterwards Governor of Alta California, to take possession of the Jesuit Establishments of the lower peninsula, and the Jesuits were afterwards conveyed to San Blas in the same vessel which brought back to Loret-

to, Father Junipero Serra and his new company of priests.

At the date of their expulsion the Jesuits had fourteen complete establishments in the peninsula, with two others not yet well settled. The most northern of these was that of San Ignacio, in the country of the Cochimils tribe, in latitude 28° or about half way to San Diego from Cape St. Lucas. This was founded in 1728 by Padre Juan Bautista Luyando, a wealthy Mexican, who built the mission and christianized the Indians with his own funds; (?) by unremitting and arduous labors, he established nine Christian villages, and formed the richest and the best cultivated and regulated establishment in Lower California. We are informed by Venegas, on p. 417, vol. 2 of his history, that Luyando broke down his health from hard labor and exposure, and retired from his mission about 1740. The fame of this old priest and his mission, is still patent in Lower California: many of the people of that country have informed the writer since 1848, that the mission Church is still a splendid one, and by far the best remaining in the peninsula; so well constructed were the entire buildings, enclosures, gardens and other fixtures of the establishment, that they remain in pristine splendor even at this date, over one hundred years from their construction. The valley in which it is situated, is said to be one of the most fertile, salubrious and picturesque, to be found in the whole mountain range of the Californias.

In a conversation we had a few weeks ago, with an intelligent Sonoranian, who is a native of Altar, in the north of that State, which is one of the principal towns of the ancient Pimeria, he informs us that the accounts given by Venegas, of the labors of Padre Kino, are not at all exaggerated, and that his memory is still freshly preserved in those countries with reverence and affection. The description

by Kino, of the physical features of those regions and their resources, mineral, agricultural and pastoral, and of their Indian tribes, is the most faithful, full, and reliable, even to this day; one hundred and fifty years after the date of his accounts.

This informant makes us aware of a fact which we have not met with before in any Spanish or other work of history on the countries under consideration, viz:—the actual place of sepulture of the Apostolical missionary and father of the Jesuit establishments of Alta Pimeria, and Baja California.

It appears that he was buried at the Mission Church of San Antonio, at the Pueblo of Oquitoa, which is situated six miles up the river Oquitoa from Altar; and in the midst of a fertile valley of grains, of excellent quality, such as wheat, maize and barley; and of fruits, as figs, grapes, sugar-cane, pomegranates, oranges, olives, &c. The river Oquitoa, is a branch of the San Ignacio, which empties into the Gulf about one hundred miles south of the mouth of the Colorado, as delineated in Herman Ehrenberg's new map of the Gadsden purchase—San Francisco, 1858.

At this church, which was built by Padre Kino, and is still in good preservation, his remains lie buried. There is also a tablet in the building erected to his memory, describing his death and heroic services in the cause of the gentiles of Pimeria and California. The people of the parish, which is stated to contain over six thousand souls of the *gente de razon*, still preserve the numerous traditions of his life and labors; and his actions, habits, customs and method of living, form the staple moral influence of this community in particular, but more or less shared in by all the populations inhabiting the old Jesuit villages of the Pimeria.

Oquitoa has, or had, several mills for

grinding grain. The wheat of this portion of Sonora, and of the valleys higher up towards the first mesas of the Mexican plateau, is said to be of a harder, sweeter and finer quality than any other species of this grain to be found on the north American continent—it is also said to keep longer, and the bread made from it is of a more sustentative quality than the other varieties cultivated in Mexico. Oquitoa, also contains within its jurisdiction several silver mines.

Of the existence of the portrait of Kino, we have no accounts. Of what place in Germany this remarkable man was a native of, we have not been made aware. Of his equally zealous and laborious companion Juan Maria Salva Tierra, we are informed by Venegas, p. 286, vol. 2, that he died at the city of Guadalajara, of an attack of the stone, on the 17th of July, 1717, and was buried at the chapel of our Lady of Loretto, in that city. The portrait of this California Apostle, still exists in good preservation, in the Mission church of the town of Loretto, in lower California, as we are informed by several natives of that place. Padre Salva Tierra had filled the office of Rector of the College of San Gregoria, in Guadalajara, about the year 1693. In this college there still exists a painting by him of the Virgin of Loretto, surrounded by a crowd of his kneeling converts of California Indians. He had entered on the spiritual conquest of these gentiles in 1697, so that he spent twenty years of his life in that country. He had also filled the office of Provincial of the Society of Jesus, in the Viceroyalty of Mexico, and that of Visitador of the Mission of Sinaloa and Sonora. It appears also from Venegas, that one of the right hand helpers of Padre Salva Tierra, was Don Fernando de Lancaster, Duke of Abrantes and a descendant of the Royal families of Castile, England and Portugal; he was Viceroy of New Spain in 1711.

The Pimeria Alta now belonging to our Government, is probably one of the richest countries in the world, in the valuable minerals of silver, gold and copper—the country is highly salubrious; the air pure; and the soil extremely fertile where water can be had for irrigation. It produces most of the fruits of the tropics, and the entire catalogue of grains and fruits of Italy and the countries of the Mediterranean. It contains as Padre Kino states, fertile plains for pasturing all domestic animals—the temperature off the coast, where it is extremely varied and hot, is described by him as benign and equable—the whole country according to his account is metalliferous; in some parts he says, exist mountains of silver in masses equal to those of Potosi in Peru. These accounts written about 1700, are entirely confirmed by the present inhabitants of Sonora, and by several gentlemen from California, of intelligence and education, who visited the country in 1854 and 1855, and also by the officers of the United States, who were sent out by our Government to survey the new line of territory as sold under the treaty of December, 1853, by Santa Anna, for ten millions of dollars. From the report of these officers, it would seem that the Alta Pimeria contains the shortest and most level line for a continental railroad of all our territories. All this country wants to make it prosperous, is the protection of an enlightened government.

We come now more particularly to speak of the present and former tribes of Indians, whose abiding place is among the valleys and mountains of this marvelous land. What we have to say is simply suggestive, and collected from reading and personal enquiry. In the year 1751, as Venegas states, there were twenty-five missions of the Jesuits, from Guaymas to the Rio Gila; or, within a circumference of three hundred and fifty

leagues, and covering the lands of the Yakis, Opatas, Topas, Teguiamas, Pimas, upper and lower, Seris, Papagos, Heguis, Tepoca, Coco Maricopas and Gilenos.

It appears from Venegas, that in 1751, the Jesuits had forty-one mission establishments within a circumference of 1050 miles, which included the present tribes of the Opatas, Topas, Yakis, Teguiamas, Pimas, upper and lower Seris, Tepocas, Guaymas and Sobaypuris; extending along the first spurs of the Sierra Madre, which bound Sonora on the East; the line of the river Gila, from the East, where it first flows into level lands to its junction with the Colorado at the present Fort Yuma; from the mouth of the Gila, South, and bounded by the main Colorado, until the turbulent waters of the latter empty into the Gulf of California; then following down the Gulf to the River Yaqui, or Hiaqui, and from thence South-east to the Sierra Madre again. The North-eastern boundaries of this country, from the earliest times of the Conquistadores, were inhabited by the Apaches, who have been from first to last, the deadly foe of the half civilized Indians of the country, as well as of the Jesuit establishments of the region in question—to this day they ravage the very same lands and have completely ruined in a commercial sense, the larger portion of the State of Sonora.—Venegas says, that the Apaches ravaged the country for seventy years previous to the year 1751, and depopulated several missions. They were and are still at deadly enmity with all the Indian tribes of the Pimeria and Sonora.

In 1731, there were seven new missions founded in Alta Pimeria, as follows:—

1. Nuestro Senora de Dolores, with two out pueblos.
2. San Ignacio, with two out pueblos.
3. Tibutamá, with nine out pueblos.
4. Caborca, with four out pueblos.
5. Suameca, with many out pueblos.

6. Guebabavi, with Spanish families
and many pueblos.

7. San Xavier del Bac, with many
pueblos.

[*Concluded next month.*]

THE SAILOR'S LAST APPEAL.

BY J. P. CARLTON.

Then come with me, my lovely May,
Beyond the deep blue sea;
In yonder ship we'll sail away,
And revel fancy free.

My love for thee shall know no bounds,
A sailor's heart is thine;
For then I'll hear those joyous sounds,
My peerless maid divine.

O! wilt thou be a seaman's bride,
And cross the briny deep?
The ocean then in peace we'll ride,
And rock our woes to sleep.

HABIT.

THE SIX PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

BY G. T. S.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
DRYDEN.

"Man," says Seneca, "is a bundle of
habits": and the immortal bard has said
that—

"They can almost change the course of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency."

For more than half that we do, the only
reason that we can assign is, "that we
have always done it." Talk of slavery!
What slavery is like that of habit? We
can have but little idea of the power with
which habit lords it over us, until we at-
tempt to break the chain which it has
forged for us; we then find, to our aston-
ishment how strong it is. Few have ever
properly estimated the tremendous
power of habit for good or evil.

"I trust everything, under God," said

Lord Brougham, "to habit; upon which,
in all all ages, the law-giver, as well as
the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his
reliance; habit, which makes everything
easy, and casts all difficulties upon a de-
viation from a wonted course, Make so-
briety a habit, and intemperance will be
hateful; make prudence a habit, and
reckless profligacy and waste will be
looked upon as most atrocious crimes.
Give a child the habit of sacredly regard-
ing truth, of carefully respecting the
property of others, and he will just as
likely think of rushing into an element
in which he cannot breathe, as of lying,
or cheating, or stealing."

Some amusing stories are told of the
effects of habit on different individuals.

A blind man in Edinburgh could find
his way to any part of the city, and there
was no lane or alley so obscure, but that
he was able to explore it, as readily as
though he had the best of seeing eyes.
A gentleman noticed that in these ex-
plorations he always carried a bunch of
small keys in his hand, which he kept
twirling between his fingers. One day
he happened to lay the keys down; the
gentleman picked them up, and as soon
as our blind friend missed them, he be-
came confused and lost his way, and had
to be guided home. Thus much of his
power of memory depended on his habit
of always twirling a bunch of keys be-
tween his fingers.

We once heard of a preacher who could
only preach with the thumb and forefinger
of his left hand clutched through the bot-
tom hole of his coat, a waggish servant
sewed up the button hole and the preach-
er got stuck at the beginning of his dis-
course, and had to dismiss his audience
with only half of a sermon, and all for
want of a button hole to clutch his fingers
in.

But the most amusing anecdote is told
of a gentleman in one of the New England
states. The habit this gentleman had was

one of frequently handling his spectacles.

He was a member of the legislature of his State, and when he rose to speak, he would first place his spectacles on his nose, suffer them to remain there a minute or two, throw them up and on his forehead, and finally fold them up and lay them before him on his desk.

One day a very important question came up in the legislature, and the fidgety member commenced a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the house, after a recess, he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability; but a few moments elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead.

At this juncture our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken, and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A *third*, *fourth*, and *fifth* were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled on the faces of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up into a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a *sixth* pair with the others, which caused a long and loud peal of laughter from all parts of the room. Presidents, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked round in astonishment at this curious interruption, but, raising his hand, he grasped the six pair of spectacles, and the whole force of the joke flashed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a triumphant majority, probably on account of the gentleman's silly and useless habit.

OLD MUSIC.

These waking hours, how dreary !

O ! sing me once again,
To soothe the spirit weary,
Some dear old-fashioned strain
From out the cherished numbers
Of olden minstrelsy,
That fills my dreamy slumbers
With thee, and only thee.

O ! tune thy lute to gladness—
There is soothing in its spell ;
The heart with cause for sadness
Loves olden music well ;
With passion's gust of feeling
Accompany the strain,
As, o'er my spirit stealing,
Old hopes revive again.

Old music is endearing,
And memories of old
To me are full as cheering
As when first heard and told.
O ! let us prize them dearer,
Those relics of the past,
Like links that draw us nearer,
In friendship to the last.

Like shells, that of the ocean
Their natal sounds retain,
My soul with fond emotion
Fills to some olden strain ;
And thine the power to measure
The bliss that these impart,
Shall I in secret pleasure
Still cherish them at heart ?

Stockton.

S. H. T.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 467.]

He was in haste to become better acquainted with Miss Oldenburgh. An opportunity soon offered for him to see her, as Mr. Dundas gave him a card of invitation to his wedding. Philips gladly accepted it, in hopes of again seeing Amelia and spending an evening in her society. The desired evening at length

arrived, and Mr. Philips, in his gayest costume, arrived at the mansion. He was welcomed by Mr. Tresto with more than ordinary cordiality. A large company had already assembled, and as he was presented to the ladies in the drawing-room, Miss Mary Tresto acted as hostess, and received him with many bewitching smiles. Everything was in the most gorgeous style. Miss Mary's tasteful dress became her tall figure, and Mr. Philips could not but give an abundance of agreeable flattery to her vanity. He had particularly interested her on several occasions, although their acquaintance was limited. She was never seen before in such a glow of spirits, and was quite the belle of the evening. Mr. Philips was watching with nervous impatience to get a glimpse of Miss Oldenburgh; but, in this he was doomed to disappointment, as she was not one of the party.—The marriage ceremony and the attending congratulations were at length through with; the hall was now lighted up and the music struck up for a dance. The happy pair took the lead; Mr. Philips gave his arm to Miss Mary, and they were soon whirling in the giddy rounds of the waltz. At length they tired and seated themselves for a chat. Unable longer to endure his suspense, Mr. Philips turned to Miss Mary and enquired for Miss Oldenburgh.

"Why, are you an acquaintance of hers, Mr. Philips?" asked Miss Mary. "No, I never saw her lovely face but once, Miss Mary; but I am quite captivated with her beauty I assure you."

"In love with a servant! quite a compliment to your taste, as a gentleman, Mr. Philips!"

"A servant in your house, did you say, Miss Mary? There is some mistake, surely."

"Not the least mistake in the world," replied Miss Mary, with a proud toss of her head; "and I can't for the life of me

imagine what made you think her other than a servant in our house. I assure you, Mr. Philips, no lady of such vulgar manners as Miss Oldenburgh, would be admitted to be at the mansion only in the capacity of a servant."

Mr. Philips bit his lips with vexation.

"Perhaps you would like to see this paragon," said Mary, observing his perplexity. "Shall I have her called?"

"No, do not trouble yourself," replied Mr. Philips, rising in disgust with his arrogant tormenter. Mary saw that she had gone too far, and she redoubled her efforts to keep him near her; but, regardless of her endeavors, he moved off to another group of ladies. He entertained them but a short time, and then Mary lost sight of him altogether.

Mr. Philips was in no very enviable mood. He was not prepared to hear that Amelia was a servant; still he could not withdraw his thoughts from her; he regretted having attended the party. There was now nothing in the gay assembly that could afford him amusement or pleasure; he began to feel it irksome, and to be rid of some clamorous friends, he walked into the garden, which was tastefully arranged near the house. A large grape arbor stood in one secluded corner of the garden; the grapes were still hanging in purple clusters thickly over the arbor; the moon shone brightly, and gave light enough to make a walk in such a spot delightful. Breaking off a nice bunch of the grapes, he seated himself on a bench in the arbor, and was eating the delicious fruit. He had not occupied the seat long, before he observed a lady approaching the very bench on which he sat. "Ruth!" she called. He had heard that voice before—it was Amelia's! How beautiful she looked in the surprise of the moment! Mr. Philips seized her hand, and declared that he had been looking for her all the evening. Amelia recognized him immediately, and could not

disguise the pleasure she felt in the unexpected meeting.

"You are looking more beautiful than when I first saw you, Amelia, and you have been constantly in my thoughts since that time. I have been quite disappointed in not seeing you among the guests at the wedding."

Amelia was about to reply to Mr. Philips, as Ruth made her appearance.

"Where have you been, Ruth? I have been looking for you."

"You appear to have agreeable company without me," said Ruth, with a smile.

"Mr. Philips, Miss Ruth Mulford," said Amelia.

"This is a beautiful evening, ladies; shall I have the pleasure of walking with you in this little paradise of a garden?" They went to the greenhouse, and Mr. Philips gathered a boquet of flowers for each of his pleasant companions.

"Is this the gentleman you met in your walk, the other morning, Amelia?" asked Ruth.

"The same," said Amelia; "and I found him here this evening, eating grapes."

"Yes; and though such nice fruit was quite a treat, there was a greater pleasure in store for me. I found Miss Oldenburgh in the arbor. That arbor is a propitious friend to me, this evening," replied Mr. Philips.

Ruth reminded Amelia that it was getting late, and they took a reluctant leave of Mr. Philips, and returned into the house. The object of his visit to the mansion was now accomplished, and Mr. Philips ordered his carriage and returned home.

Mr. Dundas secured his wife's marriage portion, and sailed for Europe. Miss Mary Tresto was quite in love with Mr. Philips, and was quite disappointed when he came to bid her good night. He had said enough about Amelia to excite

her jealousy. "Where could he have seen her? She had better not come in between me and Mr. Phillips! I will teach her better manners. By the by, I am so very sorry I did not get more of his sentiments relative to her. O, now I know how I can get all the information I desire. I can question her about him, and I shall soon know all that I wish. Amelia is quite a formidable rival; every one speaks of her beauty. Captain Tresto ought to have gone to dust for giving her the education she has. Philips appears to be aware of her accomplishments. I will do nothing further at present, until I know more correctly how matters stand, and until a favorable opportunity offers to question Amelia; then I can more fully determine the best course to pursue."

Mary did not wait many days after forming this resolution, before she, by way of excuse, took up a dress for Ruth and Amelia to make. She was unusually polite and considerate in her manner towards Amelia. Ruth and Amelia were both quite surprised at her mild soft words, so unlike her general deportment.

"I declare, Amelia, how beautiful your black dress looks! It sets so gracefully. Your clothes are peculiarly becoming, my dear; dont you think so Ruth?"

"Yes, Mary; no one that has any taste in the matter of dress, can help admiring Amelia's simple yet tasteful manner of wearing her clothing; but, Amelia does not deserve all the praise. Her elegant figure is grace itself, and her face is one of uncommon loveliness; with these advantages, it takes but little to add to make a complete toilet."

"You are quite a flatterer, Ruth," said Mary, rather provoked at Ruth's compliment to Amelia. "I suppose Amelia thinks her beauty has made quite a conquest with Mr. Philips?"

"No, Mary, you are mistaken," replied Amelia. "It would be sadly presumptuous to suppose a gentleman in love with

me, whose face I never saw but twice."

"When was that, pray?"

"I met him in a walk, and I saw him the evening Emma was married."

Mary endeavored to hide her real motives, and appeared to be angry with Mr. Philips, declaring him to be a man of no principle.

"Amelia," said she, "Mr. Philips is only seeking your ruin; any sensible person can see that, and you must drop this foolish flirting with him. I think Ruth ought to be a warning to you.—What would Mr. Philips want with a girl of your standing? It is preposterous, and for your own good I forbid your seeing him again."

Saying this, Mary went to her mother, with her budget of news.

"It is too bad, mother, that this poor wretch of a girl should stand in the way of my happiness;" and Mary wept tears of bitter disappointment. "Philips loves Amelia, I see it."

"Give yourself no more uneasiness, Mary, I have managed more difficult matters than this. Now, dry your eyes; he shall never marry Amelia. The thing is easily done. Amelia, I confess, is a formidable rival, with her beauty and accomplishments. Captain Tresto ought to have died for the crime of educating this little beggar, to be in the way of her betters."

"Well, Ma; you see to her, will you; watch her and him too? I leave all to you, mother; I know you will not see me disappointed."

Ruth and Amelia sat busily sewing, some time after Mary left the room; at length Ruth sighed so deeply, that Amelia looked up at her. Ruth was pale as a ghost, and as mournful as if she were to be beheaded.

"Why are you so sorrowful, my friend?" said Amelia.

"I don't know; perhaps I have the blues."

cessant sewing; it's enough to kill the strongest, much less you. Your pale cheek pains me to look at it. Ruth, I hope I am a heiress, just for your sake."

"You an heiress, Amelia! What reason have you to think of such an absurdity; are you insane?"

"No, Ruth; I am as rational as I ever was in my life; perhaps more so."

Amelia arose and went to her room, and returned with the locket in her hand; opening it, she handed Ruth a piece of paper that she took out of the locket:—"Read it, Ruth, and then tell me if there is not a chance of my being an heiress."

Ruth took the paper, and being an excellent German scholar, she read and re-read the paper. "How did you come by this, Amelia?" asked Ruth, almost doubting her own sanity.

"Why, my friend; it was given to me by an old man, on board that fated vessel, before my parents were drowned. I remember the man and what he said, quite distinctly; much more distinctly than the death of my parents. Their deaths I remember but very little—how it happened or what was the cause."

"Well, Amelia, you had better take good care of this paper; for it appears to be a will to your mother, made by an uncle. It may be of much value to you. You had better not say anything to Mr. Tresto's family about it, for I do not think any of the family too honest. I know it to my sorrow. I have reason to believe that I have been grossly swindled by Mr. Tresto."

Ruth handed Amelia the locket, and Amelia put it away with a conscious belief that it was valuable.

"What do you think was Miss Mary's object in cautioning me against Mr. Philips, Ruth?"

"Jealousy, I think. She loves Mr. Philips, Amelia; I could see it in her countenance when she was talking to you. Believe me, Amelia; you must be very

"No, Ruth, that is not it, it is this incautious how you act, and what you say. You would be in jeopardy every day, should you be preferred by Mr. Philips to Miss Mary."

While Ruth and Amelia were discussing this perplexing subject, Miss Mary and her mother were looking over letters that had just been brought from the office; among them was a letter for Amelia. Mary snatched up the letter, then turning the key in the door, she hastily devoured its contents. Her lips moved in painful anger, as she read line after line.

"What is it, my dear Mary?" said Madam Treсто, in alarm at Mary's agitation.

Mary crushed the letter in her hand, gnashing her teeth in her furious rage. "Read it, mother, and then you will be as angry as I am!"

Her mother took the crumpled letter and read it:—

"DEAR MISS OLDENBURGH—Pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you; but the interest I feel in you will not permit me to remain silent. There are reasons why I do not wish to visit you at Mr. Treсто's, which you must pardon me for not explaining. Permit me, my dear girl, to say that my affection for you is more than for all the world beside. Be candid with me, dear Amelia: is there hope for me? Will you ever be mine? Write me soon, as my suspense will be intolerable until I hear from you. I remain your devoted
W. PHILIPS."

"Well, well," said Madam Treсто, this is quite hasty. I rather think we will put a stop to his haste."

"He shall know what it is to love without hope," said Mary, allowing her resentment to absorb all her violent feelings. Her mother was astonished at Mary's ungovernable passion for Mr. Philips. She knew that Mary could not bear to be disappointed or contradicted in any desire she might have; now, there was one dear wish that would swallow up all others, and this she could not think

of giving up. The fatal letter she had just read had nearly driven her to madness; love and hatred were vying with each other, striving for the mastery.

"Amelia loves him, mother," said Mary, "but she shall never know that she has had a proposal from him. I will strangle her before she shall triumph over me, and marry Philips. The little beggar! to presume to interfere with my dearest feelings!"

"Mary," said Madam Treсто, "it would not be wise to strangle Amelia. There are easier means of managing the matter than that."

"Well, something has got to be done with her, or I will be her death," said Mary, in an angry tone.

"To murder her would only defeat yourself and bring destruction on your family. I will now give you my plan. If she were married to some other person, Mr. Philips would have to give her up. She must be compelled to take this step, if she will not take it willingly," said Madam Treсто.

"You are correct, mother. This is a capital plan, if it could be arranged as you say; but I don't see how it can be brought about."

"Well, there is Sara Douglas, who keeps Ruth's child over in Maryland—we have had to pay her largely for keeping the child, these six years; she has maintained herself and brother from this source. Now she has a proud heart, but is willing and obliging, and I think we could prevail on her and her brother to do anything they could, if well paid for it. Jesse Douglas is upon the whole a fine young man, well educated, and would be a very good match for Amelia. Now, if Jesse Douglas will marry Amelia, and go to England, or out west, we will give him a nice start in the world; and we must make some arrangements for them to take Ruth's child with them."

Mr. Treсто now came into the room,

where his wife and daughter were making large calculations relative to Amelia. Madam Tresto made him acquainted with the new arrangements that she and Mary had been talking of. Mr. Tresto had for some time been anxious to have Ruth's child at a greater distance; there were some things in Ruth's affairs that he dreaded to have come to light, and he was confident that if Ruth knew where her child was, she would see the child's father, and then all his villainy would be discovered. But, as it was, she did not know but that the child was under his father's care, and she also believed him to wish her to forget that any relationship existed. Mr. Tresto knew that Ruth felt that she had been shamefully treated by the father of her child, and as long as he could manage to keep her ignorant, matters would remain quiet. With these things harrowing up his mind, Mr. Tresto entered into his wife's plans, with a determination to have them accomplished.

There was no time to be lost, so he made a few hasty arrangements, and set out for Maryland. He had a pleasant little journey to Mr. Douglas's. When he called at the house, Miss Sara was alone, as her brother had gone to a little town not far distant, to secure a place of business.

"I am quite sorry my brother is not at home, Mr. Tresto," said Sara, noticing his uneasiness.

"So am I, Sara, for I have some important business to transact with him."

"Indeed," replied Sara, who was more like Jesse's mother than his sister; "perhaps I could be of some assistance. At any rate, I would like to know what it is that you have or wish to have to do with my brother."

"Well, Sara," said Mr. Tresto, "I don't know but it would be best for me to consult you;" and he made her acquainted with the object of his visit, col-

oring his story to suit his purpose. "I will give Jesse three thousand dollars to marry Amelia, and you are to keep little Philip into the bargain. What say you, Sara, to that?"

"I will do all I can to persuade my brother, Mr. Tresto."

"Well, madam, you can have until to-morrow to make up your mind. If you can not, why I know others that will gladly accept the bargain."

Saying this, he bade her good night, and returned to the hotel.

Poor Sara! to her this was a sore temptation. She had been well bred, by wealthy parents, but, when she attained the age of sixteen, her father failed, and in a fit of insanity committed suicide. Her mother had died previously to the failure. Jesse was eight years younger than herself; she had struggled with poverty, and had managed to educate her brother out of her own earnings. Jesse was a fine boy, always rather delicate, yet sprightly; ever at the head of his class. Sara was proud of her brother, and was as solicitous of his advancement as if she were his mother. Jesse was an obedient boy, never giving his sister any unnecessary trouble; he was now just twenty-one years of age, and anxious to do something to help Sara, who had used all the money she could get in his education. She was anxiously watching for his return, full of fear and hope.

"If he gets that place of book-keeper, we can live without accepting this bargain of Mr. Tresto's. Dear Jesse! I would feel dreadfully to see you unhappy! If I had not been so poor and dependent, I would have ordered him out of the house. It was a downright insult." And she drew a chair to the window, and through tears watched for Jesse. Presently she heard his footsteps, and met him at the door.

"Did you get the place, Jesse?"

"No, sister; I have had all my walk

for nothing; and, worse than all, I am quite discouraged."

Sara now wept afresh.

"What is the matter, sister," said Jesse, kissing her affectionately. "Don't feel so cast down."

"Mr. Tresto has been here, brother, and he has proposals for you."

"What, for me to murder some one, I should think, by your looks!"

"No, brother, but nearly as bad. He wishes you to marry a girl against her will, and keep little Philip. He says he will give you three thousand dollars to do it."

"Well, I should think it was a funny way to get married."

"You can have only until to-morrow to make up your mind. Isn't it awful, brother?"

"Yes, rather disagreeable business, marrying in this manner. What does Mr. Tresto expect to gain by this singular transaction? He is a grand rascal, Sara, I am certain of that."

"Yes, brother, and he wishes us to be made tools of, to carry out his villainy. He will take little Philip away if we do not accept his offer, and you know, Jesse, this is all our dependence at present for a living. What shall we do?"

"Go to bed, dear Sara, and in the morning we will talk the matter over. May-be Mr. Tresto will give me a better bargain than I imagine."

Sara retired with a sad heart. She went to bed and wet her pillow with her tears. Poor girl! She imagined her brother on a precipice of destruction, unable to extricate himself.

Jesse did not retire, but sat in uneasy and troubled thought. His sister's privations and incessant care for a living almost determined Jesse to run the risk of accepting Mr. Tresto's offer. "I would almost do anything for my dear, unselfish Sara. She has labored incessantly for

me, and shall I not do something for her sake? Three thousand dollars will give us quite a little start in the west, and as for this girl, after we are married she can do as she pleases—live with me or live alone."

He was persuading himself that he was justifiable in this questionable course, when the cock crew for daylight. He started to his feet, rubbed his eyes, and then took a short walk. The early refreshing morning air revived his drowsy spirits, and by the time he got back to the house, he determined to accept Mr. Tresto's offer. He made Sara a fire in her little kitchen. She was soon up, and their frugal meal was soon eaten. They had just returned to the parlor, when the bell tingle announced a call. Mr. Tresto was admitted, and Jesse involuntarily shrank from touching his extended hand. Mr. Tresto took a seat near Sara.

"Well, have you consulted over my proposals with your brother, Miss Sara?" demanded Mr. Tresto, impatiently.

"Yes," replied Jesse, "I have concluded to accept your three thousand dollars and marry the girl; what is her name?"

"Amelia Oldenburgh; and she is a beauty, I can tell you," said Mr. Tresto.

"And as for little Philip," replied Sara, "I would rather keep him than not, as I have become much attached to him, and it would be hard to part with him."

"You must also agree to go either back to England or out west. You must go secretly. Let no one know where you are going," added Mr. Tresto.

Jesse agreed to all, and Mr. Tresto promised to be at Mr. Douglas's in three weeks with Amelia. Handing Jesse five hundred dollars to bind the bargain, Mr. Tresto took leave of the Douglas' and returned home.

[To be continued.]

HOME-GATHERING SONG.

BY G. T. SPROUT.

We are all here, father! Many a day
Hath passed, since we turned from thy gaze away;
And now, far o'er valley, and mountain, and main,
We come to our native home again.

Father, we are here, all here!

We are all here, mother! Each day that rolled,
Brought back thy blessed look of gold;
Thy face, thy voice, thy loving care,
Sleeping or waking, was with us there.

Mother, we are here, all here!

We are all here, brother! Many a hand
Hath pledged us love, in the stranger's land;
Strong and warm, like the gushing vine,
Brother, we found no love like thine.

Brother, we are here, all here!

We are all here, sister! Faces bright
Have showered upon us their smiles of light,
Gentle and pure; but, far above,
Was a sister's smile and a sister's love.

Sister, we are here, all here!

We are here, all here!—sure earth hath known
No bliss like this, which we call our own;
Type of the joy in the "mansion fair,"
When we shall all be gathered there.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN FLORENCE AND PARTY.

Mr. George Davis, of New York City, who arrived in San Francisco in July, 1859, overland, via the South Pass, reported that (when the train with which he was passing up the valley of the Sweetwater, arrived about half-way between Independence Rock and the South Pass,) they found a wounded man lying on the road. They took him up and placed him in a wagon and conveyed him to their camp, a short distance off.

They saw that he was wounded in the hip and shoulder, so that he must die.

"He said his name was C. M. Hall, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, and late a resident of California. He started from Sacramento, to cross the Plains, on the 30th of April, in company with George Stevenson, a native of Pittsburg, Pa., David Moore, formerly of Lancaster county, Pa., and Captain Henry Florence, from Carlisle, Pa. When they arrived in the Sweetwater valley, Moore fell sick

and they camped for a few days, about half a mile from the road. While there, they noticed some Indians lurking about, but anticipated no danger. On the night of the 15th ultimo, they were all asleep in their camp, when a party of Indians, having first stolen their arms, attacked them. Hall was awakened by receiving two bullets in his body. He attempted to rise, but found himself unable to do so. He saw Florence spring up, apparently unhurt, and had attacked the largest Indian. Hall then fainted, and remained unconscious for some time. When he came to his senses, he found that he was striped of his clothing, and Florence was in sight, tied hand and foot, and the Indians were apparently holding a council. Soon after that he heard the tramp of horses, and the Indians and Florence disappeared. He remained where he was until morning, part of the time in a swoon, and part of the time conscious. He saw that everything that might have been of value to him had been taken from the camp, so he managed, in the course of the day, to get to the road, and there fell down and lay for two days without food or cover, till the

train in which Mr. Davis was came along.

"He died on the 19th ult., two days after being found. Mr. Davis' train spent several days in seeking for the Indians and for Florence, but found nothing save a trail leading towards the Crow nation, to which the Indians were supposed to belong."

Capt. Florence's friends made every exertion, through the various Indian Agents, to discover some trace of him, but to no purpose, and at last they were forced to believe that he added another to that numerous band who have fallen victims to savage brutality. A few weeks ago, however, Capt. F. made his appearance in the streets of San Francisco, hale and hearty as ever, and as a wish has been expressed by many to learn something of his sojourn among the Indians, and the means used to effect his escape, we have had an interview with him and procured the following statement, which we give in his own language :

"On the night of the attack, we had been lying around our camp fire until a late hour, relating our experiences in California, and drawing bright pictures of the future. We all had been more or less successful in California, and I, especially, had no reason to complain. I had fallen asleep and was dreaming of home, when I was suddenly aroused by the report of fire-arms. I sprang to my feet, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the lifeless forms of my companions lying around me. A stalwart savage struck at me with a war club, but I sprang aside, and before he had time to raise his club a second time, I had him by the throat and his club in my possession. Before I could use it, however, a dozen Indians were around me, and I received a heavy blow on the neck that brought me to the ground. They then bound me with our halter straps, after which they rifled our tent, stripped the dead bodies, and then dragged me a short distance.

After holding a council, which lasted about ten minutes, they brought up our mules and placed me on one of them. They then drove off at a furious speed, an Indian on each side of me, and the rest following. We traveled northward, crossing the Wind-river mountains, and at the opening of a plain, near the mouth of a dark ravine, we came on an encampment of Indians. We were received with a chorus of shouts and hideous yells. I was then marched in their midst, and such a babel of sounds as then ensued it would be impossible to describe. My hands and arms were swollen from the tightness of the bands, and I was so worn out with the fatigues I had undergone, (we had traveled twenty miles without stopping,) that I could not stand. They offered me some berries and dried bits of meat, but I could not eat. I lay with my hands bound behind me until early next morning, when they unbound my hands and placed me on a mule. We started at a rapid gait, which we kept up all day without stopping for refreshment or rest. My sufferings were appalling in the extreme. Late at night we came to a halt. I was again offered food, but I had no appetite. I had a burning fever, and my thirst almost consumed me ; my tongue clove close to the roof of my mouth, so that I could not articulate a syllable. We all went down to a small pool of muddy water, and I drank a large quantity, which made me feel still worse, so that I fell down utterly powerless. They dragged me to the camping ground, where I lay all night suffering the most excruciating agonies, which were still further aggravated by the thought that I would be obliged to travel still further the next morning. At daybreak we resumed our march, but my sufferings it would be impossible to describe ; about noon three of the savages left us, after which my reason forsook me ; I have a faint recollection of crossing great moun-

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. FLORENCE AND PARTY.

tains—when and where I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned I found myself sitting by the side of an Indian wigwam, and saw about two hundred savages in the full enjoyment of a war dance. It was evening, and they had a large fire burning, around which they danced (hideously painted) with shrill, fiendish cries, making at the time frightful grimaces.

“The females would gather around me, stare at me for a few minutes, and then with a wild shout mingle in the dance. They continued dancing till day-break, after which they slept until noon, when they assembled in council. The Chief arose and addressed them for about ten minutes. When he sat down a young Indian (one who assisted in my capture) made a very violent speech, which occupied about two hours in its delivery. When he had finished, the clothing and money taken from us was distributed amongst them. Our papers the Chief kept. The council broke up with a wild yell. They then took me to a lodge built of brush and grass, and placed three savages to guard me.

“The next morning I arose somewhat refreshed, though I was conscious only at short intervals; anything exciting would revive me for a time, but the greater part of that period is a blank. A vigilant watch was still maintained over me. If I had been able to retain my money, I might in my lucid moments have devised some means of escape; but the loss of all I possessed made me gloomy and desponding, and these feelings I allowed full scope, to the exclusion of everything else. I suffered greatly from hunger; at times we would have abundance; then again from three to five days would elapse without our being able to procure anything. I was finally reduced to a mere skeleton. I was so altered that no person would have recognized me as a white man.

“I would have been more at ease had I been aware that my friends knew of my capture; but I presumed that my companions had been killed, their bodies eaten by wolves, and all traces destroyed of our party. I now became convinced that they did not intend to kill me, as they began to show some little kindnesses. One day, after my reason had returned to me, I made up my mind that I would endeavor to effect my escape, which I might have accomplished had I known my whereabouts. I also endeavored to drive away the deep despondency which had taken possession of me, knowing that it would be necessary for me to have full possession of my reasoning faculties at such a time, and by so doing I improved somewhat.

“One day I noticed that several Indians arrived with packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain clothing. It had evidently belonged to a woman, and to girls about five and twelve years of age. There was also clothing suitable for a boy of fifteen years of age, and several blankets. I could not get any information as to where they had obtained them, but I had no doubt that there had been more murders committed.

A few days after this occurrence there was great excitement in the camp. I was taken to my lodge and dressed in the clothing of a white man. I knew that something was going on in my favor, but what, I could not imagine. I soon saw a train of mules, but not seeing any white men amongst them, I began to fear that I was going to be sold to another tribe. The party entered our camp amidst deafening yells, and the whole company gave themselves up to eating and drinking. I was kept out of sight, guarded by two Indians. The next day the Chief came with one of the new comers, who shook hands with me and informed me that he was a trader, and of Indian and French descent. This was probably a falsehood,

as he had no trace of Indian blood whatever. In the afternoon he came again, and asked me if I intended to stay with the Indians, if my friends were wealthy, and who they were, all of which I answered. I begged of him to buy me of the Indians, and told him he might retain all the money the Indians had if he would effect my release. He smiled as only a villain can smile, and said that the money could not be recovered. He then showed me my drafts for three thousand dollars, which the Chief had saved, and said that if I would transfer them to him, he would ransom me.

I informed him that this would make me a beggar; but he said it made no difference to him. I begged him to let me keep five hundred dollars, but he insisted upon having all. I saw expostulation was useless, and so I yielded. His name was Louis Nauvers, and he hailed from Kaw river. I believe that he was concerned in the robbery and murder of my companions, from the fact that the three savages who left us at the Wind River Mountains were in his company. After endorsing my drafts over to him, we started on our journey. At the end of the second day my reason again forsook me. I traveled from five to seven days, and in my ravings I undertook to kill the Frenchman. The next day he drove me from him. I left him and his vagabond Snakes—for they mostly all belonged to that tribe and the Arapahoes—and traveled two days, when suddenly I came upon the Overland Wagon Road. At nine o'clock that evening I came to an emigrant's camp. I told them my story, and they took me in and gave me something to eat. I had been without food since I left the Frenchman. We soon arrived at Soda Springs, from whence we came to Humboldt, where we wintered. As soon as the snow would admit I started for San Francisco, passing through Carson City, and on snow shoes across the Sierra

Nevada Mountains, and in due time arrived in safety in San Francisco."

Captain Florence describes these Indians as beings of the lowest order, living upon raw meat, sprinkled with gall; also on worms and reptiles.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A "BLUE."

They tell me I have fame! Whence came it, but from the sighing of my own heart for that which fame can never bring? At the shrine of youth and beauty, are offered the praise and homage of which the child of genius receives but the hollow echo! Last evening as I was singing and playing "the parting requiem," a manly form bent low above me, as if to catch each sound and word as they were breathed forth from the depths of my heart.

I felt his breath upon my cheek, suffusing it with a glow as if bathed in the perfumed waters of immortal youth. I listened in sanguine silence, when the song was ended, for words which wake our inner life, and kindle a holy flame on the desolate altar of the heart. At length he spoke—what music, music like the voice of one we love?—but, alas! like iron his words sank into my soul as he said, "you must once have been beautiful, and with such musical talent, you must have been captivating." Oh! could he but have seen the timid, chastened spirit within, that no longer demanded homage as a right, but now longed for something on which to lavish that wealth of the heart, refined by experience and suffering.—But, farewell! to the blissful, fleeting dreams of life; no more shall I listen to the words of love, which fall on the heart like dew, its melody no more to be awakened until the chords are swept by angel fingers in that world where beauty never fades, and our brightest dreams shall be more than realized.

LUNA.

OTHER DAYS.

In all the sequences of life,
 That serve to soothe our mortal cares,
 That buoys the spirit in the strife
 Of passing hours and coming years,
 There's none to memory so dear,
 Of brighter hues or warmer rays,
 Whose influence can truly cheer,
 Like joys we've shared in Other Days.

The mind may pierce the Future's gloom,
 And Hope, with vivifying gleam,
 Gild the dark vista to the tomb,
 With all the wealth of Fancy's dream;
 Fame, Honor, Glory! all of Earth,
 For which man's great ambition plays,
 Have few endearments that are worth
 The joys that were—of Other Days.

Of Other Days! When we were young,
 Untutored in the ways of guile;
 When Truth to boyhood's garland clung,
 And lent its charm to beauty's smile;
 When Innocence, with merry laugh,
 Resented the mischievous gaze,
 And it was ecstasy to quaff
 The nectar'd sweets of Other Days.

To think of these—to turn aside
 From life, and scan each bygone year,
 With all our cause for joy and pride,
 We must, 'betimes, let fall a tear.
 Thus, while we mourn the fair and brave,
 Who shared with us our youthful plays,
 We shed the tears we owe the grave,
 And smile in dreams of Other Days.

Stockton.

S. H. T.

Our Social Chair.

IT always does one good to read an excellent joke, especially when it is well told. There is almost as much "genius" required in the retailer as in the manufacturer. Both must be looked upon as public benefactors, inasmuch as all pleasurable relaxation, and distention of the muscles, from the relation of a laughable incident, not only improves the social qualities of the hearer, but increases his physical strength, and, consequently, adds to his longevity. Those, therefore, who would confer a blessing on mankind, had better cultivate the gracious and amiable art of joke making and retailing, and send Our Social Chair such as the following:

No State of the Union has a greater proportion of foreign or naturalized voting population than California. The judiciary is elective. These facts are necessary to understand and appreciate why the Judge in the following story was so *pat*-ronizing to Pat.

Shasta being the head of "*Wo-haw*" navigation, the hotels in this flourishing town were full to overflowing, when Judge B—— arrived and asked the Landlord for a room. The Landlord greatly regretted the fact, but "there was but one opportunity even

to sleep beneath his roof, and that in a double bed already occupied by 'a son of the Emerald Isle'—a miner from a neighboring county, who was well acquainted with Judge B—— by reputation."

The Judge, making a virtue of necessity, agreed to sleep with Pat for the night, and was shown into the room by Boniface, who waked him and told him who was to be his bedfellow. Pat was agreed. The landlord retired, and the Judge commenced the double process of undressing and reminding Pat of the great honor of which he was about to be the recipient, and at the same time talking of the "Ould Country," and in preparing Pat to give to him, the Judge, his support at the coming election. Conversing for some time after getting into bed, said the Judge:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you would have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yis, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'Ould Country' before ye'd been a Judge, too!"

The Judge waked up next morning and looked in the glass, to see whether a bad night's rest had injured his looks.

This reminds us of the following remarkably erudite and *just!* proceeding, as related by the Marysville *Appeal*:

A neighbor of a Marysville Justice of the Peace was accused of stealing horses found in his possession. The case was brought before the above mentioned "Squire," and two strangers were introduced as witnesses.

"Gentlemen," said the Squire, "I have heard the evidence agin the prisoner, and am keen to own that it is clare as daylight and as straight as a string. Wal, I know the prisoner, have knowed him for some yeers, and never knowed of his stealin nuthin in his life. These yerr witnesses is, no doubt, very clever gentiemen, and is very likely well knowed and believed in Sacramenter, but I *do* know the prisoner, and he might a had them hosses, but I'm setten yerr to do justice between man and man, and I can't find no neighbor of mine guilty of no stealin on the evidence of two strangers. Mr. Constable, adjourn court and discharge the *culprit*."

According to the San Diego *Herald*, the residents of that southerly California city must be exceedingly enterprising—over the left. One might suppose that their perfect indifference about everything, might preclude the advantages to be gained from a perusal of the following "first rate complimentary notice"—suggested by the discovery of some Guano islands adjacent—owing to its not being read:

People here are so cursed lazy that no one has ever had the enterprise to explore the coast, and we doubt if the surety of an independent fortune would induce the fitting out of a party to do so. A people in a climate like this, with a soil not excelled for productiveness on the globe, who send to San Francisco for their flour, potatoes, onions, beans, barley, etc., would not move from the Plaza for all the guano in the Pacific, unless there were the additional inducements of a fandango or a horse race.

"Among the negroes on the plantation of a friend of mine," writes a correspondent from Mississippi, "is Sambo, a jovial, broad faced "gemman of color," noted for his bravery, or, in other words, "pluck to the back bone." Come what will, Sambo is never known to "back out," or lose confidence in his own superior abilities to carry himself safely through; and wonderful are the stories that he tells of his amazing powers, and courage under difficul-

ties, in adventures both by "field and flood;" and they never cease to be a marvel among other less daring and presuming darkies on the plantation.

It chanced one night, last summer, as Sambo was recounting his daring exploits to his companions, as usual, one of them, in order to test his courage, laid a wager of five dollars that he could not stand one hour naked, exposed to the millions of mosquitoes that float at night, like a cloud, over the grounds on the margin of the river.

"Done!" said Sambo, and immediately he stripped himself for the trial, and proceeded to the spot appointed.

After having stood it like a hero for fifty minutes, his antagonist, fearing that he would win the wager, came up stealthily behind him, and tonched his back with a *live coal of fire*!

With a curse, and a bound full three feet into the air, Sambo yelled out, "By—I can't stand dat! I gibs it up! I could stand ten millions of *skeeturs*; but dat—dat was a bloody *gallinepper*!"

A father writes this:

My two little boys, James and John, attend the country school very regularly. James is eight years old; John sixteen. One day the teacher had occasion to call up James to his desk, for some misconduct, and proceeded to punish him according to the old method, by whipping the hand with a rattan. Six blows with the rattan was the punishment to be inflicted; but after he had dealt out three of them, John, who could restrain himself no longer, sprung from his seat to the master's desk, and holding out his hand, said, "Please, sir, give me the other *three* blows. I am willing to be whipped for *Jemmy*."

Suffice it to say that the other three blows were not given, and the boys took their seats amid the tears of the whole school.

A correspondent sends us the following:

A teacher in a Sabbath school was endeavoring to impress on the minds of his

pupils the duty of forgiveness. "See, boys," said he, "the Savior says, 'If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' This is what the Savior says, and now who of you would do it?"

The boys were silent, when a little red-headed urchin spoke up, "I would do it! I would turn to him the other cheek, and if he dared strike it, *I'd whale him, by jingo!*"

"DOINGS" TO THE CHAIR.

DEARLY BELOVED CHAIR:—Embrace me! Take me once more within thine arms; and if it so be that for what I may say I shall be rewarded with an approving hug, both myself and pen will regard it as a never-to-be-forgotten honor. And as the never ceasing wheels of Time roll on, &c., &c., *et cetera*. Please imagine that I have said all that is customary upon great occasions, and I will continue in my own small way.

I find, my dear Chair, that thou art an object of envy. I have seen all sorts of chairs—even benches and stools—come with their burdens of trial and tribulation, and seek sympathy from thy genial nature; all, all, appear to be discontented and unsatisfied with their lot, grumbling and loudly complaining, whilst thou alone art happy and content. And why? Simply because of thy humorous disposition and SOCIAL attributes, and because thy aim and desire is, to throw the mantle of Happiness over all. Thy mission is a sweet one, and thy works prove that nothing should live for self alone. But not to be tedious with a prologue, I will come to the principal cause of my being here. I, too, claim sympathy. I have been badly used. Hear my story and I am sure of your condolence. 'Tis thus:

I visited the cabin of one of my neighbors, the inmates of which had been making some rude arm chairs. As I settled down into one of them, I made the remark that it was made of Dogwood.

"No it is not!" said one of the company; "why do you think so?"

"My opinion was based upon the *bark*," said I.

"What!" rejoined another, "after living in the woods as long as you have, don't you know Oak bark from Dogwood?"

I had nothing to say; the rebuke was stunning, and I shortly after took my departure, regretting for the time that my lot was cast among such a people. I know, my dear Chair, that you feel for me; you cannot help it; but never mind. Confident of your sympathy and appreciation, I can forgive those fellows, and will now add something with the hope that you may smile.

Every one who has ever traveled from Sacramento on the Jackson road, will remember that after leaving "Cook's," the way for many miles is over a dry and arid plain, which settlers have often and again taken up and endeavored to improve. Tracts of land adjoining the road have been trenched, and the dirt, being thrown upon the inside answers, together with the ditch, the purpose of a fence. Passing through that region in the stage last fall, we saw a man hard at work throwing the dirt back into one of the ditches. As stage passengers generally observe and remark upon everything seen, this occasion was not lost, and numerous conjectures were made as to what could be the object, when the driver remarked that in his opinion it did not pay the man to stop there, and he was about to leave.

"Why so, Jimmy?" said one of the passengers.

"Because *he's taking away his improvements*," was the reply.

As the Chair loves to laugh, and as laughter is said to be contagious, before leaving I am going to relate an incident wherein the proof is conclusive.

Not many months ago I journeyed to the town of V—, and the supper table of its public house found me seated at one of its well filled sides. Just above me on the opposite side was a gentleman whom we all saluted as Colonel. Facing him was a man who, as I judged from the conversation, had just returned from a hunting excursion. He was relating to the Colonel a

circumstance which he considered as immoderately funny, and laughed most heartily in consequence—the Colonel joining in. Several at the lower end of the table halloed to know what was up, and if a good thing to let it out and give them a chance. Those in the vicinity said they couldn't see the point—didn't know where the laugh came in.

"Is it possible?" said the Colonel; "tell it again, Bill, and boys be ready; I'll tell you when it comes."

All ears were in attendance as Bill proceeded to report. The story was just nothing at all; there was really no laugh in it, but suddenly the Colonel, rapping with his knife upon the table, exclaimed: "Now, boys, laugh! here's the point;" and setting the example himself, Bill joined, those next in order down the table took it up, and like electricity it ran to the extreme ends. It was no make-believe, but a real and spontaneous burst, and louder than any laughed Bill, and the louder he laughed, the louder laughed the rest. Knives and forks were at a heavy discount, and the scene baffles description. Imagine a hundred men, fifty on each side of the table, with their faces drawn up into all kinds of shapes and expressions—some holding to their ribs for very pain—others endeavoring with their handkerchiefs to dam up floods of tears—bodies were surging backwards and forwards, this way and that, and some kept perfectly stiff while the head rolled all over the shoulders—all kinds of laughs were there, from the little te he, to the big ha, ha, and sonorous ho, ho. To make the scene, if possible, more ridiculous, Bill, in order to have more room, rose from his seat—the chair was too confining for his emotions—and his long lank form at times would tower high in air, open mouth, head back and chest expanded to its utmost, then every muscle would relax, and he would go down nearly upon his knees, and with a whoop! erect himself and laugh louder than ever. Waiters, with their arms full of dishes, were obliged to join in, and regardless of ex-

pense crockery was broken, and at every crack, laughter received a fresh impetus.

Mine host, an elderly and dignified personage, came rushing in from the bar room. Our hostess, an aged matron with a benevolent face, surrounded with the border of a white lace cap, came pattering out of the kitchen, and both surveyed the scene in calm astonishment. Their presence for perhaps an instant checked the flow of mirth; but the peculiarity of the expression stamped upon the features of this would-be sedate couple—the sort of half smile and half frown upon the proceedings—was fatal to all soberness, and if possible, with increased vehemence did the well of laughter burst from the company, in which "mine grave host," bringing both hands slap down upon his knees, joined with hearty zest; while mine hostess, after an effort to maintain the dignity of the house, mildly exclaimed "did you ever!" and toddled out of the room with her mouth full of apron, and the ribbons of the white cap shaking from the convulsions within. How long this state of affairs would have continued it is impossible to surmise, had not the boarders by ones, by twos, by threes and fours, rushed furiously from the room, leaving the landlord and waiters to contemplate an array of vacant chairs around a well provisioned table, and the viands scarcely touched.

After the following you will oblige me with my hat, for I must go. Periodicals of all descriptions have for a long time past teemed with the sayings of three and four year olds. Some of them have been as beautiful as they were astonishing. I am about to record one here, which I consider richly deserving a place among them:

Alie D—, or, as all her friends say, "our Alie," with her mother, made Sacramento a visit last fall, and on a shopping tour with several lady friends, the mother and daughter went to "Crocker's" store, near the door of which is one of those revolving frames for the exhibition of dress goods. The one in question was elegantly

and elaborately clothed with all those articles which ladies love to wear, even to the bonnet. The party having concluded their purchases in another portion of the store, were about to leave, when they noticed the subject of this standing in deep meditation before the dressed frame. So noiselessly did they approach the place, and so thoroughly engrossed was the mind of Miss Alie, that their presence was unknown, nor had she an idea that any one was taking notes. Her lovely little face, usually so full of smiles and dimples, was now calm and thoughtful, and her eyes of unsurpassable beauty were fixed intently upon the figure, while a little hand went out and turned it slowly round, and when it stopped again all was still and quiet; then a little voice, scarcely more than a whisper, said, "*I think her spirit must be in Heaven.*"

Is it any wonder that the mother in ecstasy clasped that darling in her arms, and before the little one knew what it meant, covered its little face with kisses?

Wishing you every degree of prosperity and happiness, I am, my dear Chair,

Ever socially thine,

DOINGS.

Fashions for May.

Cloaks.

The Pardesa is still the most approved style of mantle; the "Zebra Cloth" is preferred for material, but we opine only because it is warmer than silk, as this garment must not be wadded or lined. The depth of the back, and where it is seamed, is only about a finger's length shorter than the wearer's dress; it is quite pointed back and front—indeed nearly shawl-shaped, with a very deep, pointed yoke. To this yoke, and falling over the shawl-shaped skirt, is a hood which is also pointed, and finished with a large silk tassel. The bottom of the cloak is finished by a two inch wide bias-fold of the stripe of cloth. There must be a perfect fold also on the *yoke*, just around the shoulders, and at the top

of the hood a tassel is set on the fold at the seam in the back, and this tassel should be smaller than the one on the hood. Where this cloak is made of silk, the trimming should be of the silk also; the depth of the trimming around the bottom should not be less than one-eighth of a yard in depth, and laid on in small box plaits, formed by separating it so as to leave an inch on both edges to form a plaited ruffle; the hood of the same finish but only half the width. There are no sleeves to this new Pardessus, as owing to the enlargement they are not admissible. It takes nine yards, of yard wide silk, to cut and trim one. The Long Shawl is equally fashionable, and will, we presume, supersede the "Pardessus" as the summer advances.

The Home Dress,

Of which so much has been said in the Atlantic periodicals, is nearly given up as a failure. We refer to the "gored skirt," with skirt and corsage cut in one piece. They are the bane of dressmakers, and even when well executed and worn by the finest forms, they are still like the grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff, hard to find, and when found not worth the seeking after.

Carriage Dress.

Taffetas silk, dark green double skirts, the upper one trimmed with pink flowers, three in number, four, five and six inches wide. Body plain and pointed back and front. Sleeves tight, with up-turned cuff trimmed with "parsementerie." A cape of green silk trimmed with guifure lace. This fashionable cape has found general favor for its completeness and simplicity, and is worn not only with carriage dresses, but promenade and ball as well. For the last it is necessary; it should be of lace, but is preferred of the material of the dress for any other occasion. This cape, when of lace, is oftenest made circular; but when of silk or worsted goods, the pointed cape, pinned to the waist at points, is preferable. It is in both cases high in the throat, and fastened by a large brooch. Ball dresses are almost exclusively cut square-necked,

and moderately low. The tendency to trim in door dresses with velvet buttons, and also with silk buttons, encircled with black lace, is on the increase. Head dresses are not so elaborately trimmed as during the winter season. The collar and cuffs of the closed undersleeve are of "Valenciennes." There is a new style of lace called "Cambria, in imitation of Chantilly, which is quite low priced and very pretty.

The skirts of all dresses are box plaited on to a waistband; large double plaits in the back, smaller ones at the sides, and quite small shallow ones in front. The skirts are not as full as they were, and are not to be put on so as to have much fullness in front.

Fine zephyr worsted net undersleeves are much worn for the street.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

After the heavy rains that fell about the middle of March last, a crevasse two hundred feet in length was made in the levee, opposite the tannery, at Sacramento.

The same rains caused a pine tree, which grew on the side of a gulch, two miles west of Sonoma, to be torn up by the roots; thus revealing a vein of Cannel coal, about forty feet wide. It is said to burn well, and other veins have been found adjoining.

The streets of Placerville have been crowded with strangers, on their way to the Washoe mines in the Territory of Nevada.

A vein of coal has been found near Ione City, Amador county, says the *Calaveras Chronicle*. It is ten feet in thickness, and of as good quality as the best Pennsylvania coal.

The mail stage line running between Oakland and Stockton was discontinued, owing to the non payment of mail matter, according to contract.

The mail steamer *Sonora* sailed for Panama March 20th, with 550 passengers, and \$1,287,136 in treasure.

A bill creating the office of State Geologist passed the Legislature, and C. D. Whitney, of Vermont, was elected to the office, with a salary of \$6,000 per annum.

A grand public reception was given by the city of San Francisco to the Japanese Embassy, on the 22nd of March.

The *Golden Age* arrived on the 27th of March, with 984 passengers, and 2,690 packages of merchandise.

An intemperate young man, named George Yugle, offered to bet four bits, at San Juan, Nevada county, that he would be dead in fifteen minutes. In half an hour afterwards, he was found in a room cold and dead.

Digger Indians to the number of thirty, squaws included, assembled in the suburbs of Marysville, and had a pitched battle with stones, sticks, bottles, etc. Several of them had their faces disfigured.

The genuine Sugar Maple tree was recently discovered at Round Valley, Mendocino county, from which an excellent quality of sugar was obtained by Mr. Henley.

The mail steamship *Golden Age* carried away \$1,615,787, 530 passengers, and 32,241 letters, on the 5th ult.

The first Pony Express, of the Central Overland Horse Express Company, left the Alta Telegraph Company's office, at the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, at a few minutes before 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d ult.

The steamer *Champion* cleared at the Custom House for New York, by way of Cape Horn—the new arrangement of steamers making her presence here needless.

Several deaths have occurred in San Francisco during the month, from eating poisonous mushrooms.

A large and enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the American Theatre, San Francisco, on the 6th ult., against the "Parson's Bulkhead Bill."

The rates of fare by the *Golden Age* on the 5th ult., were, first cabin, \$257 50 and \$232 50; for second cabin, \$157,50; for steerage, \$107 50.

The first great "Pony Overland Express" arrived in Carson City, Nevada Territory, at half past 3 o'clock, p. m., on the 12th ult., and which left St. Joseph, Mo., April 3d, at 5 o'clock p. m., thus making the through trip in less than nine days, bringing St. Louis News up to the day of starting.

The "Parson's Bulkhead Bill" passed both houses of the Legislature on the 12th ult. and was vetoed by Gov. J. G. Downey on the 16th.

A trout was caught in Santa Rosa creek, which measured 22 inches in length, and weighed 2½ pounds.

Hay was selling in Carson Valley at \$200 per ton; lumber at from \$40 to \$60 per M. Daily wages for hands, \$5.

The *Sierra Citizen* says the average yield of gold from the quartz mills in the immediate vicinity of Jamison City, on the new trail from Downieville to Washoe, is \$50,000 per week.

The miners at Pine Grove, Sierra county, resolved in public meeting to permit no Chinamen to work in the mines of that district.

During a murder trial in Mariposa, one of the jurors went fast asleep in the box, and got angry with the Deputy Sheriff for arousing him.

The Golden Rock Water Company's ditch was completed to Big Oak Flat, and the water turned through it. It is forty miles long, has been nearly four years building, and cost \$400,000.

A new town has been laid off on Carson river, at what is known as Nick's Ranch.

The first number of the "Lancha Plana Dispatch" was issued at Lancha Plana, Amador county, by Heckendown & Payne.

The Golden Gate arrived on the 12th ult., with 803 passengers and 535 tons of freight.

The Hon. John C. Bell, Assemblyman from El Dorado county, was shot and stabbed in an affray with Dr. Stone, of the same county, on the 11th, and died from his wounds on the morning of the 16th ult.

The rates of passage by the John L. Stephens, on the 20th, were, 1st cabin \$250; 2d cabin \$175; steerage \$75. She carried away 396 passengers, and \$1,382,783.

Editor's Table.

IN THESE DAYS of enterprising foresightedness, it is difficult to determine or foresee what can or cannot be accomplished. Assisted by intelligence and undaunted will, the breath of the locomotive, the fire of the galvanic battery, horseflesh, and good riders, news has sped its winged flight across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the astonishingly short time of *nine days*.

At 5 o'clock p. m. of the 3d ult., the first "Overland Pony Express" left St. Joseph, Mo., with telegraphic intelligence from New York and St. Louis, up to the time of starting, and arrived (via Salt Lake City) at Carson City, Western Utah, at half past 3 p. m. of the 12th ult. From that point the news was immediately telegraphed to San Francisco, where its arrival created much exciting pleasure.

It is matter of congratulation to the people of California that this has been accomplished; not so much for the intrinsic value it may directly be—and that is great—but as indicating a higher point towards which our postal advancement should tend; and become a forcible appeal for the speedy introduction of the great Iron Horse, and a complete line of telegraph,

from one side of our continent to the other.

It is ever a cause of regret in noble and generous natures to see an individual becoming less worthy of their love and esteem. If this axiom be true in private life and character, it cannot be less so in public. It is an unpleasant task, when duty leads to the necessity of finding fault at any time, whether the subjects be personal friends or not. We confess to the weakness of disposition, if weakness it be, which prefers to praise rather than to censure; but we do not make a similar confession when right or wrong is the matter at issue. Therefore we cannot feel it our duty to overlook the many unrighteous acts of the present Legislature.

It is self-evident that either the State's prosperity, and the abundance of funds at its disposal, or a desire to be generous to individuals at the State's expense, has made our legislators extravagantly careless and reckless of its best interests. Monopolies most oppressive have been granted; public funds have been voted away; offices have been created; salaries have been raised, and almost every act passed has

showed the disposition "to have a good time," and "to give a good time," generally.

The great fact that public servants are elected to subserve the public good, and to be conservative of the public honor and pecuniary interests, has been much overlooked, and which will be felt in the State's prosperity for many years to come.

Unfortunately this is too much the result of indifference on the part of the people, in not attending to their interests at all primary elections, and aiding the nomination of high-minded and honorable men of good legislative abilities—but few of whom will accept of a nomination, owing to the dishonorable manner in which their characters are assailed by those of the opposite party, in order to defeat their election.

The official visit of the Japanese Embassy—which consisted of twenty gentlemen, some of whom are hereditary princes, and fifty-two servants—to the United States, although of apparent insignificance to many, may be attended with important results to this country and Japan. Its large and numerous islands, with their dense population, and various mineral, agricultural and mechanical products, may open up a profitable system of commercial intercourse between us, that may be mutually beneficial in its results, and this peaceful mission do more towards breaking up the spirit of exclusiveness entertained by the Japanese, than a victorious war could possibly have done.

Each member of this embassy seems much interested in all he sees, and excites much interest in return. If they are well and respectfully treated elsewhere, as they have been here, their report to their countrymen, on their return, will conciliate and impress them favorably in our behalf.

Their currency, of copper, silver and gold, is very curious, and is as follows: of copper there are three:

1st. *Za-ne*, or one cash, a round coin, about the size of an American nickel cent.

2d. *Quan-ai*, or 4-cash, a round coin, about the size of the old American cent.

3d. *Tempo*, or 10 cash, equal to 2 cents.

Of silver there are also three:

1st. The *It-ze-bu*, (or *E-che-boo*, as the Japanese pronounce it,) value 32 or 33 cents. Its weight with American silver is only 32 cents.

2d. The *Ne-che-yu*, or half e-che-boo, value 16 cents, eight being reckoned equal to a cobang.

3d. The *E-che-woo*, or quarter e-che-boo, value 8 cents, sixteen being equal to a cobang.

* * * * *			
* It-ze-bue. *			
* 32 Cents. *			
* * * * *			
		Ne-chee-yu.	E-che-woo.
		16 Cents.	8 Cents.

The GOLD COINS are these:

1st. The *O-bang*. This is of large size, of an oval shape, six inches in length, three and three-quarter inches in width, and of the thickness of an American five-dollar coin. The value is about \$95. It is probably the largest gold coin in the world.

2d. The *Co-bang* (or small bang) is of the same oval shape as the above, but of course is much smaller. It is a little larger than the 100-cash copper piece. Its value in Japan, prior to the interference of foreigners with their coins, was 138 cents. It was found to contain gold to the value of \$4 42. As soon as the drain on the gold coins commenced, the Japanese government called in the cobangs, and fixed their value at 12 *itzebues*, at which rate they now pass in Japan. There are four sizes of cobangs, varying in value from \$3 15 to \$4 42 each.

We were pleased to see that the city of San Francisco tendered the officers of this, the first Japanese Embassy, a public reception, which was promptly accepted: when the Board of Supervisors hospitably entertained them, and escorted them to the forts, arsenals, manufactories, and other sights of interest available on so short a visit.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Several favors received, which will be duly examined next month.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1860.

No. 12.

SALMON FISHERY ON THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

BY C. A. KIRKPATRICK.



GROUP OF SALMON FROM THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

MANY of the Pioneers of California, if they are not already aware of the fact, will be sorry to learn that the Salmon fish are fast disappearing from our waters—that is, upon all the streams upon which mining is carried on to any extent, and, in fact, we may say from all the streams of importance.

This may be attributed to three causes. First, the mining operations, by which the water is carried by ditches and flumes for miles out of its channel, and, when it again finds its natural course, it would scarcely be true to call such a muddy mass, *water*.

This being the case on all the tributaries, the fountain being impure the whole stream is polluted, and our beautiful and highly palatable fish, scorning to “live, move, and have their being” in such an impure element, are seeking other realms, where their native element is not made so unpleasant by man’s search for gold.

the shining sides of the merry fishes, as they hurried to their mountain retreats, to spend the “season” at the “Springs,” or returned to the busy scenes of their old ocean home, the crowded capital of all Fishdom—where stand in all their original splendor, the palaces of the real “Codfish Aristocracy.”

The second cause for the disappearance of the Salmon, is the navigation of the rivers, which has been shown in their leaving the Hudson, Connecticut, and other streams of the Eastern States, where they were once plentiful, and where the first cause spoken of did not exist.

The third cause is the immense destruction of the fish, which has been going on for the last ten years. Just note the recession.

In the year 1849, we had no trouble whatever in procuring all the salmon we wished, by just constructing a rude barb or spear of this kind ————o— } — waded out a few steps, and literally pick up all we desired.

In 1851, we could observe a great decrease, and since that time the fish have been gradually retreating beyond their pursuing destroyers, until, like the “poor Indian,” they are being driven westward into the sea.

But, before taking the final “plunge,” they seem to have turned at bay in one part of the Sacramento river, and here they are eagerly caught. Rio Vista is now the principal shipping point for the Salmon. This town is situated about forty-five miles below the city of Sacra-

ramento, and below the outlets of all the large sloughs, or at least two of the largest, Steamboat and Cache Creek sloughs—unite with the main, or old Sacramento river, just above this place; making the stream here about one-third of



FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE SACRAMENTO.

How well does the writer remember the good old days of '49, when he wished for no better mirror than the crystal waters of the “Rio de los Americanos,” Mokelumnes, or Los Mariposas, and how the pure water sparkled and flashed from



NIGHT SCENE ON THE OLD SACRAMENTO RIVER.

a mile wide. The reader will see that being upon the main river, so near its outlet into Suisun bay, not over twenty miles, and so far from the mining region, that there is a clearer and larger body of water than can be found any where else on the river. It is to this place that the fish now resort.

The Salmon are taken in this manner:

First, however, we will speak of the means, then the process:

Nets are constructed of stout shoethread, first made into skeins, then twisted into a cord about the size of common twine, after the fashion of making ropes. It is then, with a wooden needle, manufactured into a web of open net work from 780 to 1200 feet, or 130 to 200 fathoms

long, and 15 feet wide. On both sides of the net are small ropes, to which it is fastened. On the rope designated for the upper side, are placed, at intervals of five or six feet, pieces of cork or light wood, for the purpose of buoys; while on the other line, bits of lead are fastened to sink the net in the water. Now attach to one end of the upper line a small buoy, painted any dark color which can be easily distinguished, and at the other end make fast a line fifteen or twenty feet long, for the fisherman to hold, while his net floats, and the net is complete.

Whitehall boats are those most generally used in this branch of State industry, and which are from nineteen to twenty-two feet in length of keel, and from four

to five feet breadth of beam; this size and style being considered the best.

Now, the next thing wanted, is two fearless men; one to manage the boat, and the other to cast the net.

The net is then stowed in the after part of the boat, and everything made ready for a *haul*. Being at what is called the head of the *drift*, one of the men takes his place in the stern of the boat, and while the rower pulls across the stream, the net is thrown over the stern. Thus is formed a barrier or net work almost the entire width of the stream, and to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

The *drift* is the distance on the river which is passed after casting the net, and floating with the tide until it is drawn into the boat. This passage, and the drawing in of the net, completes the process of catching the salmon.

In coming in contact with the net, the head of the fish passes far enough through the meshes, or openings, to allow the strong threads of the net to fall back of and under the gill, and thus, they are

unable to escape, and are effectually *caught in the net* and drawn into the boat.

During the year 1852, there were probably as many fish caught in that part of the Sacramento river before alluded to, as at any time previous, and more than at any time since. Two men with one net and boat having caught as many as three hundred fish in the course of one night; the night being the best time to take them, on account of their being unable to see and avoid the net.

The fish which are caught in the spring, are much larger and nicer than those caught during the summer months; the former being really a bright *salmon color*, and the texture of the flesh firm and solid, while the latter, in appearance, might properly be called salmon color faded, and the flesh soft and unpalatable. This difference is no doubt owing to the temperature and composition of the water in which the fish may be sojourning; the cold, salt sea water hardening and coloring the flesh, while the warm, fresh river water tends to soften and bleach.



PAYING OUT THE SEINE.



HAULING IN THE SEINE.

In regard to the habits of this fish, but little seems to be known. They seem to be gregarious in their nature, traveling in herds, or as the fishermen call it "*schools*." They do not love a very cold climate, as is indicated by their not ascending the rivers on the northern coast, except in very limited numbers, until the month of July. In those streams where the current is very rapid, their rate of speed is supposed to be five or six miles an hour; but where the current is eddying and slow, not more than two miles an hour. It has been also ascertained that they will stop for two or three days in deep, still water; no doubt to rest and feed, as they choose such places where food can be easily procured.

There seems to be quite a difference in the size, flavor, and habits of the Salmon, as found in the Sacramento, Columbia and Frazer rivers; those of the Sacramento, being larger, more juicy and oily, and brighter colored. They are, however, more abundant in the North, and about half the average weight; the average of the former being fifteen pounds.

Although early in the spring some are caught in the North quite as large as any caught in the Sacramento, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds.

In the gulf of Georgia, and Bellingham Bay, and on the Columbia, Frazer and Lumna rivers, the salmon are taken by thousands; while we of the Sacramento, only get them by hundreds. One boat, last season, on the Fraser river, in one month, caught 13,860.

There is also one peculiarity with the fish of the North. Every second or third year there are but few salmon in those waters, their places being taken by a fish called the *Hone*, which come in great numbers, equal if not greater than the salmon. The two fish never come in any considerable numbers together.

In regard to the manner and power of reproduction of these fish, we shall not even present a supposition. Suffice it to say, that in portions of Frazer river—mentioning but one which they frequent—the water is so filled with their eggs as to render it unfit for use, and the air becomes tainted with the effluvia



INDIAN SPEARING SALMON.

of their decomposition. From this statement let the reader form his own conclusion in regard to the probable number of fish which might have been hatched, provided they had not been *bad eggs*!

But as this article is growing too lengthy, we will close it with a few words relating to the business of taking the salmon, and its importance as one of the resources of the Pacific coast.

From facts obtained from the obliging freight clerks of the C. S. N. Co.'s boats, we learn that from the principal shipping port of the Sacramento river, Rio Vista, there are an average of 150 fish, or 2,250 pounds, sent each day to market, for five months of the year, making

a total of 22,500 fish, or 337,500 pounds; the greater part of these are shipped, and used fresh in San Francisco. But this number forms but a small proportion of what are caught, the principal part being retained and salted, or smoked, or otherwise prepared for shipment to various parts of the world—many finding their way to Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific, as well as to New York, and other domestic ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

During the last summer, a new process, which had been for some time maturing, was at last brought to perfection, for putting up in a neat, portable style, the fish, all ready for the table, and ca-

pable of being transported to any climate, retaining all its original sweetness and flavor.

There are many other facts and subjects connected with this business which might be of interest to many; and if such should be found to be the case, the subject may, at some future time, be renewed.

But few persons who have ever walked the streets of any English city can forget the cry of "Pickled Salmon! Salmon, Oh! Fresh Pickled Salmon," from a pair of stentorian lungs: and the method of preserving those delicious fish on the Sacramento, very much resembles that adopted by the most celebrated, and best, of the English preserving houses.



A CHINESE SOLDIER.

THE CHINESE.

FROM recent advices, it would seem that the Anglo-French war with China, is at an end. What effect this will have upon the commercial prosperity of the world remains to be seen. How far its direct influence will be felt in California, is, at the least, problematical. Accord-

ing to past and present appearances, the advantages to be gained are almost exclusively in favor of the inhabitants of the Flowery Kingdom.

That country has sent a large tide of population upon our shores, filling up the unoccupied mineral lands, and thus directly excluding our own people from their working. A few traders, and would-

be philanthropists are in favor of this occupation; but the great bulk of the white working population, are unmistakably opposed to it, and with good reason.

Mining claims that a few years ago were considered too poor to justify their working by Americans, now, owing to the improvements introduced into the *modus operandi* of mining, would render these claims exceedingly profitable; but they are, or have been, pre-occupied and worked out by Chinamen.

If the Chinese by their physical or mental organization, habits and customs, could ever become citizens, the case would present altogether a different phase; but they cannot. All the wealth accumulated by their great industry—which is proverbial—is taken back to their native land; not to pay for the teas, sugars and silks exported, inasmuch as for these an additional drain is made, and to which we wish to offer no objection whatever, but, to enrich that country and people at the expense and impoverishment of our own; and it becomes a question of interesting importance whether or not we can afford to indulge in such a false species of generosity year after year.

If the maxim be true—and we do not doubt it for a moment—that “true charity begins at home,” it is time that some important movement was made to protect our mines from this wholesale pillage. It will be too late to close the stable door when the horse is stolen, and it should be borne in mind that already we have no less than seventy thousand Chinamen among us, three-fifths of whom are, directly or indirectly, engaged in mining and fishing; and their number is increasing at an immense ratio.

From the Commissioner of Emigrants, we learned that between the 13th and 23d of May, ultimo, only nine days, one thousand four hundred and eleven Chinese arrived at the port of San Francisco, alone; and as China contains some four

hundred millions of people, we may conclude “there are a few more left of the same sort.”

In the face of all this, it must be borne in mind that there is a vast amount of actual want among our own people, in a great measure resulting from several mining districts being overrun with this class of miners. It is true however, that a large income has been directly derived from this source for county and State purposes through the foreign miner's tax: but this cannot justify the wrong done.

We do not wish to be understood as sanctioning violent ejectment or harsh treatment of the Chinese; by no means: for, as our laws have permitted them to come, we think them fully entitled to all the protection those laws can give. Yet in view of the extent and rapid increase of the evil, we would urge the pressing necessity of the people petitioning our Legislature for the passage of such a law as will virtually amount to a prohibition of the Chinese *from the mines*.

The inducements for Chinamen to leave their native land must be more than ordinarily potential, inasmuch as it is a remarkable fact that although there are no less than six hundred and forty millions of acres of land capable of profitable tillage, most of which can be obtained by paying one-tenth of their produce to the Emperor, only about seven millions of acres are as yet under cultivation, and in these are included all the tea and rice plantations. This is the more remarkable, as all commercial employments, especially with foreign nations, being considered degrading, a preference is always given for the investment of money in land, and the pursuits of agriculture; these being considered the most honorable of all.

Besides, the mandarins—which consist of two classes, the civil and military—are almost exclusively chosen from the husbandmen and artisans. Even those

who have acquired wealth in other walks of life, will frequently engage in these occupations, the more readily to insure promotion to the honors and emoluments of office; and although their salary is barely sufficient for a decent maintenance, owing to the chances of public malfeasance in office, but few see the end of their term without accumulating great wealth. The system is productive of dishonesty, even among the mandarins; and, therefore, what can we expect from those who find their way to these shores, who are still lower in the scale of respectability, with a very few rare exceptions.

"In their moral qualities," says an eminent writer upon this subject, "the Chinese are a strange compound of vanity and meanness, affected gravity, and real frivolity—an utter want of all manly judgment and sense—combined with the most insidious art and cunning; the usual accompaniments of vulgar ignorance. The Tartar race are distinguished by a blunt and unstudied frankness of manner, and openness of disposition; but the true Chinese betray the most debasing servility of tone and manner—plausible, shy, and artful. They have not the slightest regard for truth, and will assert and deny anything with the most unblushing effrontery—being also entirely destitute of shame. The pain inflicted by the bamboo is the only consideration they attach to public and disgraceful corporeal punishment. They have neither sense of honor nor self-respect." "A Chinese prince, or powerful mandarin," says another authority, "will commit extortion or aggression whenever he can do it with impunity, and regards it as a matter of right attached to his station. A Chinese trader will cheat and defraud whenever it is in his power, and even piques himself upon his skill in overreaching, as a proof of his talent. A Chinese peasant will pilfer and steal whatever is within his

reach, whenever he can hope to escape detection; and the whole nation may be affirmed to have almost nothing in view but their own self-interest and security." We, however, are a believer in exceptions to all rules; and we hope there are some redeeming features in such wholesale condemnation. But yet, as a whole, this is a class that is inundating California; and we anxiously ask, where are these and other attendant evils to have their end, if our State Legislature does not take hold of the matter with a manly grip, that shall defy the elusive slipperiness of hold which interested men who endeavor to stave off legislation on this subject, are using for their own personal aggrandisement and advantage?

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Concluded from page 503.]

CHAPTER V.

Which ends our tale.

Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come snow;

We will stand by each other, however it blow:
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

LONGFELLOW.

The marriage of George Harrison and Agnes was strictly private, by their own desire. A license being first obtained at Doctor's Commons, they met at the Parish Church by appointment, and the ceremony was performed in so unostentatious a manner for persons of their appearance, as to call forth mutters of surprise from the sexton and clerk of the aristocratic church in Hanover Square. Miss Emerson was attended by Miss Nisbet, Lord McDonald's sister, and her husband; whilst Harrison was attended by Lord McDonald only. Some four or five days previously, after a long consultation with

his bride elect, George had sent in his resignation of their service to the East India Company, having determined to reside for the future in America, the home of his beloved Agnes.

The signatures of the bride and bridegroom and their witnesses being duly affixed to the register of the church, and a duplicate certificate of the marriage given by the clergyman, they started for a small country villa, to spend their honeymoon, some thirty miles from London, leaving Miss Nisbet as a guest with their friends until their return.

The sudden resignation of Colonel Beale, whose name had lately attracted so much public attention, and his sudden disappearance, caused some excitement. The King had again commanded his attendance, but the messengers had been unable to find him.

Several officers who had served with him in India, and who had called at his hotel to press their attentions upon him, were surprised one morning to hear that he had left the hotel for the country, and had made no mention of his probable return. With the exception of Lord McDonald, his brother-in-law, and sister, but a few ever heard more of Col. Beale.

At the desire of Agnes, though it went somewhat against the grain, Harrison had written to his eldest and only surviving brother. The letter was but brief; it apprised him that he had, under the name of George Beale, entered the East Indian army, had served in India for six years, had realized an independence, retired, and was now about to sail for America, with his wife. He added, that Lord Macdonald, whom he would be sure to meet, would give him all the particulars of his Indian career, if he felt any interest in him, and that it would always be his hope to hear of the health and prosperity of his only and elder brother, whose early kindnesses were still fresh in his memory.

To this letter George never received any reply, nor did he ever seek again to conciliate his haughty brother. But, unwittingly, he did him an injustice.

The letter his brother never received, and Lord McDonald *he never met*. It was not till 1815, thirty-five years after he had written to him the pithy note mentioned in an early part of this tale, that he had learned that Colonel Beale and George Harrison, his brother, were one and the same person. George had then been dead some years.

After the return of Harrison and his wife from their wedding trip, preparations were made for their speedy embarkation for New York. George disposed of the many jewels and valuables he had acquired in the East, and found that with the addition of their value, he was master of a considerable fortune. The whole of Agnes's property he had insisted on being settled strictly upon herself and any children she might have.

On the banks of James' River, on the plantation to which Agnes had succeeded, Harrison finally took up his permanent residence. Surrounded by attached domestics and many warm friends, and blessed in a union of heart, sentiment and high principle, they found the truest happiness that this world affords. Col. Harrison never left, but once for a short visit to Quebec, the land of his adoption—the birth-place of his beloved wife.

[THE END.]

RAIN IN CALIFORNIA, FOR THE LAST NINE YEARS.

DR. H. Gibbons has recently contributed an interesting article to the Alameda County *Herald*, on the amount of rain that has fallen from 1851 to 1859. His observations were made in San Francisco for the first seven years, and in Alameda for the last two years; during the winter and spring months. From this article, it appears that less rain falls on the eastern

side of the Bay than on the western, and which gradually diminishes towards the south. As it will prove valuable for reference, we transfer it to our columns:

1851.

This was a remarkably dry season. Up to the middle of March only three inches and four-tenths of rain had fallen since the last summer. Miners and farmers had given themselves over to famine. But on the 18th of March it began to rain, and for twenty-two days the raining temper continued, only eight days in that period being entirely dry. The quantity was comparatively small, ($2\frac{3}{4}$ inches,) but was so judiciously distributed as to answer every purpose. In the third week of April there were three rainy days, and then the clouds vanished. The last week of April was hot—then came the May fire—then cold, windy and dusty weather—then a sharp earthquake on the 15th. The rain was done now, beyond a doubt—so said all the old inhabitants; but I have the 17th of May noted in my book as the most rainy day of the season. The next two days were showery. This wound up the rainy season, with only seven inches of water.

1852.

Nearly six inches of rain fell on the first ten days of March, flooding the country. There were moderate showers late in the month. April was dry, with the exception of a light rain on the 22d. The 17th of May furnished the parting blessing, one-third of an inch of water then falling.

1853.

After a deluge in December and January, there were a few rains in February, and a drenching storm in March. April 11th and 13th, heavy showers; April 16th, the greatest rain on my record, three and a-quarter inches falling in the night. Light showers fell on the 19th and 20th, and more copious ones on the 28th and 29th. A south-easter on the 11th of May, with moderate rain, left us to the mercies of the dry season.

1854.

After a cold, rugged winter, and a heavy rain about the middle of March, the weather became dry. A pleasant shower on the 11th of April was set down by the weather-wise as the finale, but on the 20th came a southerly storm with copious rain. On the 24th was another

plentiful rain. Again on the 28th, a south-east storm poured down nearly two inches of water, which completed the arrangements for the summer.

1855.

During the last week of February and the first fortnight of March, rain fell almost incessantly, causing floods in the rivers. On the last two days of March were heavy rains. With April, the dry season set in; but it set out again on the 10th, and the water poured down daily for eight days, the sun being almost hidden for that time, and no less than five and a-half inches falling. The streams were much swollen. On the 27th, a great rain fell for some hours—everybody now agreed that the dry season was established. But on the 11th of May it rained freely, and a southeaster occurred on the 13th and 14th, during which one inch and a half fell, soaking the ground thoroughly. This is the heaviest rain, on my record, at so late a date. But even this was not the last. On the 19th and 20th, there was four-tenths of one inch.

1856.

January was rainy; February and March generally dry. On the last three days of March and the first day of April were copious rains. Then came dry weather and sea breezes, and the rains were done of course. But people were again mistaken, and from the 9th to the 14th, two and a quarter inches fell, saturating the soil again. On the last day of April was a heavy rain. In the early part of May the sea winds were violent, and the summer appeared to be fully installed. But, as if to baffle all predictions, a southerly storm with copious rain occurred on the 19th, and another on the 21st and 23d, brought half an inch of water. This is the latest rain in May on my record.

1857.

February was remarkably wet, giving eight and a half inches of water. The latter half of March furnished a number of moderate rains, amounting to one and a half inches. April set in dry, but people had learned by this time that April and May were certain to bring rain, and they were not to be again misled by appearances. They therefore expected rains, but no rain came.

1858.

Heavy rains at the end of March and

in the first week of April, the last rain being on the 7th, from which date the dry season set in with full force. On the 19th, 20th, and 21st of May, there was a noble effort at a rain storm, but the clouds parted with not enough water to lay the dust effectually.

1859.

February was a month of rain, and there were seasonable rains in March. April was dry, supplying only one rain of importance on the 8th. The opinion was unanimous that this was to be another rainless spring, like the last two. But a southeast storm set in on the first of May, and on that night and next day nearly two inches of water fell. This is the most extraordinary rain in May within the limits of my record. On the 22d and 28th, there were light showers.

It appears from the foregoing data, adds the writer, that copious rains have fallen in the majority of cases after this date, April 16th. There seems to be a tendency to a rain storm about the third week in May.

We add the following from the *Bulletin*:

Rain from July 1, 1856, to July 1, 1857.....	19.89
" July 1, 1857, to July 1, 1858.....	20.76
" July 1, 1858, to July 1, 1859.....	22.22
" July 1, 1859, to May 23, 8 A. M. 1860.	20.66
" during the month of May, 1855.....	1.88
" " 1856.....	0.76
" " 1857.....	0.05
" " 1858.....	0.34
" " 1859.....	1.55
" to 23d May, 8 A. M., 1860.....	2.34

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY SEKA-OTA.

It was a bitter cold morning in the month of December, 18—, that I was called out of bed to attend a patient in a remote part of a town near London.

As I drew on my gloves and wrapped my cloak about me, I felt certain I heard the quick respiration of some person in the porch, outside my office door. I was right. As I went out, an old man, leaning upon a crutch, muttered, anxiously, "For God's sake, come quickly!" I enquired the nature of the patient's malady, but the old man did not hear me, or was intent on reaching home as soon as

possible. We were silent during our ride, for I had discovered my companion was very deaf. When we reached the house, the old man got down from the carriage, pushed open the gate, and beckoned me to follow.

With some difficulty I climbed the rickety stairs, and entered the room where the patient lay. What desolation was there! Not a spark of fire burned upon the hearth, but a broken teapot was imbedded in the ashes, as if there was hope of warmth, although no appearance of fire. Twice did the old man raise the lid, nodding his head satisfactorily.

A chair, a deal table, an oaken chest with a heap of rags upon it, and a bed, comprised the furniture. Over the mantle-shelf hung a picture, a portrait. Strangely did it contrast with the appearance of this place, and I found myself gazing upon the handsome, manly countenance, forgetting my duty to the person, in the admiration of the work. A moan from the lips of the woman recalled my wandering thoughts, and I bent over her. Examining her pulse, I discovered that death had already commenced his work.

The old man looked wistfully at me; I gave him no answer, but asked for a cup; he handed one. Pouring some cordial into it, I placed it to the patient's mouth; with some difficulty she drank, opened her eyes, and uttered "Father." In a moment, the old man grasped my hand, and blessed me. "She will live!" he said. I could not undeceive him.

Again I examined the pulse; it was growing weaker every moment.

Evidently the woman had not observed me until then, for she turned her eyes enquiringly upon me, whispering, "I did hope I should see *him* again; but no, you are not—;" here she ceased speaking, and I requested her to drink more of the cordial. She did so, and said, "I am dying; I feel it here," placing her

hand upon her heart; "but it is not too soon, for I am a wreck—yes, light and life went, long ago." After a moment's pause, she turned her large black eyes full upon me and asked, "Is not this my last hour?" I nodded.

"I thought so," she replied.

She clasped her hands as if in prayer, called me to her side and requested me to bring the picture from the wall. I did so. She received it with an agonizing wail; caressed it; and never shall I forget the anguish with which she pressed it to her pale lips, nor the earnest look in those eyes already paled by the hand of death, as they gazed upon the canvas.

The old man did not comprehend her; but kissed the thin hand as it lay upon the tarnished frame, and smiled.

I scanned the features of the woman as she lay in repose, for the cordial had soothed her, and I saw deep lines of care traced upon her forehead; and time had woven many a silver thread with her raven locks. Her eyes retained their lustre and fullness; but want, pinching and gnawing, had been busy with her frame; she was almost a skeleton. Comfort had stalked abroad, and left this poor creature to sorrow and starve.

I asked if she had any request to make—to her father? She burst into tears, saying, "What will become of him? Alas, sir! we are alone in the world—without friends, without money."

I consoled her, promised I would take care of him, and give him a home. She seemed grateful, and taking my hand placed the picture within it. "Take this," she said, "take care of it forever. When I am dead, bury me in the village church-yard, under a yew-tree on the mountain slope, for I have loved that spot."

She said a few words to her father, but he was too deaf to know their purport; he laid his head upon the side of the bed and wept. Once more she gazed upon

the picture; once more murmured, "Father,"—then slowly sunk to sleep, the waking of which would be when the last trump summoned all to judgment.

She was buried as she had desired, and her father removed to a comfortable home in the village. I hung the picture upon the wall of my office, and often wondered if I should know its history.

A few years after this occurred, a carriage overturned, severely injuring the occupant. I was summoned to attend. The gentleman had fractured his skull and received several injuries, which kept him confined many weeks. By a servant, I learned he had been in London but a day, when the accident occurred.

After his recovery, he called at my office. I congratulated him, and was on the point of inviting him to drink some wine, when I observed he turned pale and staggered toward a chair. I was alarmed, and feared he was ill again. "No, no!" he said, vehemently, "but where did you get that portrait?"

After he became calm, I related, briefly, the circumstances connected with it. He listened, patiently, then burst into tears.

"It was given to poor, poor Mary; the only woman I ever loved. And she is dead!"

In the course of the day he related to me his history, bade me adieu, and left for Scotland. I shall give the recital in his own words:

"Twenty years ago, I left my Aunt's house; for she adopted me at an early age, my parents having died; and started for London. I was bent upon seeing all its sights previous to entering upon my arduous duties of clerkship at D— & Co.'s, a large importing house.

I took my seat in the earliest coach, and started upon my journey. The morning was cool, for it was October. The trees and meadows were sere and yellow, but the bracing air made me cheerful

and happy. There were three passengers beside myself; and as I fell into moody silence, planning for my future, I did not observe the sweet face of my nearest neighbor, until quite noon. When I did I was startled at beholding so much womanly beauty, not spiritual, but earthly.

I had never mixed much with ladies, my Aunt having but two lady friends, both maiden ladies, and consequently I saw none of the sweet, coqueting manners of young and beautiful girls, nor knew even the art of pleasing them by the alluring and courteous acts. We halted to take dinner. My diffidence almost prevented my offering to escort the ladies; however, I overcame it, and we went to the dining table. It was then I learned that they were going also to London.

When I re-entered the coach, I found my eyes constantly resting upon the sweet face before me. I felt for the first time in my life, a faint fluttering at my heart whenever her eyes met mine. I felt a new life upspringing in a heart which had known nothing but sorrow since childhood. Like all journeys, ours terminated. I accompanied my fellow passengers to an inn, where we remained until Mary Ashland—for this was my charmer's name—was placed at school. Mr. Ashland, her father, was an invalid; he was afflicted with the gout, and was ill-natured, dull, and morose, during the entire journey. Mrs. Ashland was an angel in disposition, and bore all her husband's complaints without a murmur.

Time wore on—month on month and year on year; Mary was still at school, I at D— & Co's. In the autumn of the fourth year, Mary left school and returned to Weldon Valley, her native place. O how tedious the hours; I had nothing to care for, now she had left London. I had been permitted by the instructress who had charge of Mary, to pass an hour with her on visiting days.

But these were over, and mechanically I strode every Friday to "The Young Ladies' Seminary," at Oakhill; but, alas, I had no right to raise the latch of the wicket gate, walk up the path to the door, and inquire for Miss Ashland; she was gone, and I was absolute, wretched, and unhappy.

My companion at the desk, one morning, bantered me upon my sorrowfulness, at the same time, handed me a letter. It was post-marked "Weldon Valley." Eagerly I tore it open. It was from Miss Ashland, inviting me to pass a month at her house. I readily accepted, and replied by return post. Oh, what a delightful month it was. There never was a more balmy June; at least so it seemed to me.

The estate of Mr. Ashland was not extensive. A few acres of land, well and carefully cultivated; a park, with a cottage completely embowered with woodbine and climbing roses, with a small flower garden, and clean gravelled walks; these were the great delight of an old and grey-haired gardener, who took great pride in showing them to visitors. In the rear of the house, a fine grove of elms partially concealed a summer-house. Thither I found myself wandering, with Mary leaning tenderly upon my arm, often at the witching hour of twilight. There I quoted poetry; apostrophised the moon, stars, and whispered vows of love. They were returned; and I sought Mr. Ashland the morning before I left, and asked Mary's hand in marriage. He placed it in my own, and said, "God bless you both!" Oh what a vision of delight rose before me as I pressed her hand to my lips. My heart was too full of happiness to utter a word.

I returned to London, to business, for I had but one thought, one hope. Mary and I corresponded monthly, and blessed letters they were; but I must hasten with my story.

My employer had business in India, and proposed that I should go there, promising ample remuneration. In a month I was ready to sail. Oh the terrible, painful task, of parting with my dear Mary! How should I bear it? The thought that I should return at the end of the year, made it seem less painful.

Mary and her mother came to London, to see me depart. Vividly indeed, does the picture come again before me of her dear self, standing on the pier, tearfully waving her hand, as we slowly sailed away. And long did I strain my eyes anxiously to the spot where I last saw her, but she was gone, and forever!

I arrived at my point of destination, after a pleasant voyage. Everything was prosperous. At the end of the year my employers established a house there, and placed me at the head. It was their desire to have me remain another twelve-month. I could scarcely restrain my tears while reading the letter. I deliberated between love and gold! I accepted, however, penning a tender letter to Mary, telling her of my misery at my decision, but thinking only of her comfort at some future day. Long and anxiously did I await a reply to my letter. It came not, and I raved. Could she have forgotten me? The thought was posterous!

Six months after, I chanced to read in a London paper—her marriage! *her* marriage! The paper fell from my hands. I know nothing of what followed for months. I was a madman! By degrees I recovered my health, and sailed for China. There I became rich; but what were riches to me? Keeping aloof from society, I secluded myself entirely from ladies. I became engrossed entirely in business, and devoted all time and thought to it. All literary pursuits I abhorred.

I received, one day, from London, a package. Papers giving me right and title to my Aunt's estate, she having died. I had ceased all communication

with her, and wondered how she knew my place of refuge. I flung the papers into a drawer, thinking little of them—but recurring to days gone by, ere hope had been blasted—"Oh, woman!" thought I, one day, as I untied the tape which secured the paper, "thou dost not know what misery thy fickleness creates." A paper, evidently disconnected, or not belonging to the deeds, fell to the floor. Heavens! It was a part of one of my letters to Mary. Upon the margin I read these words:

"MR. VERNON:—Your Aunt died this morning. She requested me to send the enclosed deed. Oh, Henry! She forgave you, for Arthur —, my husband, previous to his death, declared you were living, and in China. That he also intercepted our letters, which has caused me a life of misery. Forgive him and me. Farewell.

"MARY ASHLAND LEE."

I did not remain a week longer in China, but arranged my business hastily and set sail for England. But I am here alone, and forever!

* * * * *

I was strolling through St. Mary's Hospital, with the celebrated Dr. N——. We had that morning had a long discussion upon insanity, and to give me a faithful illustration of his argument, he drew me toward a cell, saying: "That man has been an inmate six months, and has never uttered a word but the name *Mary*. I recognized the gentleman I had so strangely met, Mr. Vernon. The next day he died.

SOME THINGS THAT I DONT APPROVE OF.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

DEAR PUBLIC:—

There are many things that I disapprove of, but I shall only ask you to listen to a few of them at present. There are things that I abominate, and could I have them otherwise, I certainly should. I deplore the circumstances that induce men to violate the dictates of their own consciences; and prostitute their talents to the public will. I know of no principle in society that is fraught with so much mischief, or so detrimental to human progress, as the tendency that most men have, of fostering ancient absurdities for

the simple compensation of public eclat.

The majority of people never ask themselves, is this or that course right? but, will this or that course be popular? How contemptible for man, instead of employing the noble attributes with which an Omnipotent Being has endowed him, to go around like an organist, whining out a certain set of tunes that have long since been worn threadbare. Such men not only never do anything for the advancement of the human family, but they religiously abuse all those who do.

Had men always labored as energetically to secure a respectful hearing for new subjects, as they have to annihilate them, we should this day have occupied a position which it will take us centuries yet to attain. This is no stretch of the imagination, and if you will only for one moment revert to history, and note the boundless abuse and vituperation that has been heaped upon every branch of science—and in fact every blessing which we now possess—by the mass, until the unfaltering few had established it upon an imperishable foundation, you will at once concur. I deplore the prospective wreck of that young man who evades the honest pursuit of industry, for the uncertain prospect of attaining prominence in the filthy, demoralizing ranks of political life. The first step downward towards destruction, is often, too often, to be traced to the first political aspiration. The first signs of political hankering in California are characteristic, and having been once observed, the symptoms can never be confounded with those of any other disease. When I see a young man hang month after month around a whiskey shop, without a cent of money in the world, or any ostensible means of support, I know that he is dreaming of politics; and, that he will at no very distant day be a controlling light in our little (?) band of California politicians.

Such are the symptoms, and they are easily identified. Sic—but I won't. I dislike to see truth treated as if it had the small-pox, and the community had never been vaccinated. Particularly do I deplore this in a public writer. The person who shoulders the task of writing for the public, assumes a responsibility of vast magnitude; and he, or she, who fails to appreciate it as such, should by all means retire from the field, in favor of those who can. In writing even a little newspaper paragraph, upon an or-

dinarily interesting theme, we are addressing a mighty audience, and perhaps swaying a corresponding influence in moulding the public mind; then how necessary is it that we should tolerate nothing from our pens which does not bear upon its face the impress of correct, healthful, and truthful teachings. I have been led into making these few remarks, from noticing a letter from California, in the April No. of Godey's Lady's Book, which is a tissue of misrepresentations. The writer commences by saying, that gold was first discovered in Coloma, thirty miles from Sacramento City. Now who does not know that Coloma is situated forty-seven miles from Sacramento City? Again the author says, "that Martin Wiemer discovered the first piece of gold." Now I was in eighteen hundred and fifty-one intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall, likewise with the whole Wiemer family, and they all often told me "that Mr. Marshall found the first piece of gold;" and I have no doubt but that they knew as much about it as any one. In the month of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, I was kindly honored with a view of the celebrated "*first chunk*," by its fair possessor, Mrs. Wiemer, it having been presented to her by Mr. Marshall. By the bye, where is that little yellow chunk of immortality now? At the time which I saw it, Mrs. Wiemer told me that Barnum, of New York city, had written her that he would give her six hundred dollars for it; but she informed me that she would not dispose of it, even at that exorbitant figure.

Next month I will furnish you with a further record of "some things that I don't approve of."

[For a full and reliable history of the discovery of gold in California—from Mr. Marshall and Gen. Sutter, themselves—we refer the letter writer in Godey's magazine to pages 194 to 203 of Vol. 2d, of this magazine. We might also add ours to the testimony of Mr. Carpenter, that Mrs. Wiemer, several years ago, showed us "the first piece of gold," so called, but made no pretension whatever that her little boy had found it, as stated by the aforesaid letter writer, and we regret to see that a journal so extensively circulated as Godey's, should diffuse such incorrect information on such a subject, especially to the young; and we hope Mr. Godey will correct the statement at his earliest convenience.—ED.]

FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS

OF FATHER KINO AND THE INDIANS OF SONORA AND CALIFORNIA.

BY T. H. S.

[Concluded, from page 509.]

After Kino's death in 1710, and up to 1725, many of the Christian pueblos established by him north of Dolores had become ruined, and the Indians reverted to their old customs. The Spanish government had no such accurate informant on the spot until the time of Padre Jacob Sedelmeyer.

To show the progress of geographical and historical knowledge of the Pimeria Alta, we shall here give an abstract account of the expeditions of the Jesuit Fathers, taken from Venegas' California.

Padre Kino started on his first voyage to the Gila, from the Mission of Dolores, on the 24th September, 1700. He says the Gila rises in the lands of the Apacheria, and, after receiving the Azul, flows west into the Colorado. On the borders of the Gila, as he followed its course west, he found large rancherias of Pimas, Coco Maricopas, and Opas: some of them followed him in friendly company down the river, for one hundred and fifty miles. Just before he arrived at the Colorado, he met with large numbers of Yumas.

At the point of junction of the Gila and Colorado, he mentions the high land of the neighborhood, which afforded him an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Around this vicinity he met with the tribes of the Quiquimas, Bagipos, Hoobonomas, and Cutguanes. The junction of the two rivers, where it forms a peninsula, he named San Dionysio, (probably the site of the present Fort Yuma), which he states is in *about* 35°. From the hills, he saw with a telescope the distant mountains of the Coast range of California. He returned to his mis-

sion of Dolores on the 30th of October, after a travel of 36 days, over 1200 miles of journey.

The second expedition of Kino was on the first of March, 1701, from Dolores, in company with Padre Juan Maria Salva Tierra, by the shore of the Gulf of California, passing by Bacapa, which is mentioned in the journey of Friar Marco de Niza. At a rancheria of the Quiquimas, 150 miles south of the mouth of the Gila and Colorado, which he named San Marcello, he describes it as situated between the mountains of the Santa Clara ridge and the sand Hills of the Gulf Coast, where the great river disembogues. With an astrolabe he made the latitude of an extinct volcano of these parts, to begin the parallel of 31° N. The Quiquimas were friendly to him—he baptised there an Indian, said to be 120 years of age. In this trip he was accompanied by Captain Juan Mateo Mange, who left an account of the journey, which Venegas says was published in France in the French language.

On the 21st of March, in the midst of sands and barren mountains, they saw distinctly from the shores of Sonora, the high ranges of the California peninsula, and viewed the distinct division of the two coasts by the waters of the Gulf, and the disembocation of the turbulent Colorado into salt water. This was in latitude 32° 35', which agrees with the Weimar map of 1851, with that of Fremont of 1848, and Ehrenberg's of 1854. But it must be borne in mind that the entire topography of the head of the California Gulf, and of that of the river Colorado, is extremely inexact, and every point on our maps relating to that region is *only approximate*. The best accounts (prior to 1848) known are those of Kino, and in Venegas' narration they are loose and difficult to be followed. Padre Kino in this voyage states that the country around the head of the gulf is one immense are-

nal or sandy desert. The communication from Sonora and the country around to the opposite shore of the peninsula, was known to the Indian tribes of those regions on both sides of the gulf.

In November, 1701, he sallied out on his third expedition to the north, and travelled among the Yumas and Quiquimas, where a Spanish captive was surrendered to him by the first mentioned tribe. The Colorado was passed by Kino on a raft of wood to the west bank. The Yumas passed on batteaus which could hold two or three hundred pounds weight.

The width of the Colorado where the Gila enters is stated by him as about two hundred yards. On the west side of the Colorado he found great numbers of Bagiopas, Cutguanes and Quiquimas, where he preached for the first time the Gospel of Christ. His interpreter was a Pima Indian; his language appears to be more or less understood by all the tribes of these two rivers, and the regions of the Alta Pimeria.

He describes the whole country on the west bank of the Colorado as thickly wooded—in parts it is in open grassy glades, with good lands for pasturage and cultivation. He enumerates the different tribes seen hereabouts as numbering 10,000 souls. The Indians told him they could pass over to the ocean in ten days, and showed him the shells of marine molusca to prove the truth of their statement. Here the old apostle was beset with an intense itching to travel on over to the south seas and then to continue on his journey unto the famous port of Monterey, and even to the stormy cape of Rodriguez Cabrillo, called now-a-days Mendocino. But he was stricken with age; fatigue and hardship began to set heavy on his frame, and he contented himself with writing a letter from the Colorado to Padre Salva Tierra, at Loretto, in Baja California, which he gave to a Quiquimas Indian to deliver; but the

message was never delivered by his wild courier.

In February, 1702, he started on his fourth voyage to the north-west, in company with Padre Martin Gonzalez. He arrived at San Dionysio, where the Gila and Colorado unite, on the 28th day of the same month, and observed more closely than before the physical features of the neighboring country. He followed on into the country of the Quiquimas at the Rancheria called by him San Rudesindo. These Indians were found exceedingly affable and docile, and assisted the Padres in every way—he was anxious to establish a mission among them.

On his returning he descended the river to where it empties into the gulf, where he arrived on the 10th of March, 1702. He obtained information of many tribes living on both banks of the river, who all confirmed to him the story of the distance to the Pacific Ocean being only a journey of ten days' travel. On the day last mentioned he camped among the sands or arenal, at the junction of salt and fresh water. The country at the head of the gulf he describes as a complete desert of sand hills; this fact holds good of the ocean mouth of every river in Upper California, as they assimilate very closely thereto; it is the case even with the Golden Gate of San Francisco, which is only the mouth of immense reaches of a great river, not an arm of the sea. In great freshets the water is nearly potable quite close to the harbor of that city.

In 1806, Kino made another expedition to the Colorado countries, of which Venegas gives us no particulars. Full accounts were sent by him to the Spanish government at Madrid. Venegas states that Kino's manuscript of his labors in Sonora, as received in Spain, formed an immense folio volume.

In May, 1721, Padre Pedro Ugarte, in the California built ship, "the Triumph of the Faith," made an expedition from

Lower California to the countries at the head of the Gulf and mouth of the Colorado.

Padre Fernando Consag made an expedition from the bay of San Carlos in lat. 28° of the California Gulf Coast, in four canoes, to the Colorado river and the neighboring shores. His voyage lasted from the 9th of June to the 29th of July 1846, and he made many important discoveries in geography, and noted several interesting features in the physical character of those regions, all of which are related in the third volume of Venegas, in the edition of the work printed in Spanish. The account of Consag is the most full and particular which has been published of this district, up to the year 1855.

The country at the mouth of the Colorado and up to the junction of the Gila appears, from all these and recent accounts, to be of a very peculiar character. From the Gila to near the mouth of the Colorado, it is stated to be densely wooded on each side of its banks, for a breadth of ten and fifteen miles from each shore; the soil very fertile for cotton, (of which there is a native variety,) rice, sugar, and such like products; the climate in the winter very rainy, with cold nights; in the summer it is intensely hot, often 120° in the shade. The land is subject to overflows from the winter rains, and the melting of mountain snows in the summer; when, as Professor W. P. Blake states, it runs westerly in sloughs towards the California coast range: there existing a decided depression in the earth's surface on the desert country running up from the Gulf nearly to the base of the western mountains, for probably over two hundred or more miles, and showing every indication of having been once covered by salt water. The river is very rapid, and exceedingly turbulent and capricious; making many sand-bars below the Gila. The waters of

the Gulf are often discolored by the winter flows to a distance of one hundred miles, and the vicinity of the disembocation is often visited by hurricanes of tremendous power, which have buried whole districts with loose sands. Trees are torn up by the roots, and the banks of the river swept away, with their standing vegetation, which is often seen at the opening of the Gulf at Cape San Lucas.

Venegas states that Father Augustin de Campos, of San Ignacio Mission, who was the bosom companion of Kino, performed his funeral ceremonies, and survived him twenty-five years. Of another old California worthy, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the discoverer of our State, he mentions that Cabrillo had been employed by the Viceroy of Mexico in the contemplated expedition of Pedro de Alvarado, the Adelantado of Guatemala, who was at the time in command of a party in Guadalajara to follow up the asserted discoveries of Friar de Niza, but died by being thrown from his horse before starting. Cabrillo is stated to have been an honorable Portuguese, a brave man, and well skilled and learned in the art of navigation. He sailed from the old port of Natividad in the present State of Jalisco, on the 27th June, 1542, a few weeks before the departure of the Phillipine Expedition of Ruy Lopez de Villalobos.

In Father Alegre's history of the Jesuits of Mexico, edited by Bustamente, and published in Mexico in 1843, a long biography is given of Kino, which, however is a little more than a repetition of the accounts in Venegas and other Jesuit writers prior to 1757. Alegre's work was written in Italy, about the year 1790, where his society found refuge after their expulsion from the Spanish dominions in 1767.

Alegre states that Kino died at the age of seventy years, at his Mission of Dolores, in the beginning of 1711, and that he was a native of the city of Trent in

Italy. He calls him "el grande Apostol de la India," and that he had declined the chair of Mathematics in the University of Ingolstadt, offered him by the Elector of Bavaria, to become a Missionary to the Indians of New Spain. In Mexico, and shortly after his arrival, he showed his great talents in the science of astronomy by his acute arguments with Si-guenza on the occasion of the appearance of the famous Comet of 1680. He was celebrated as a writer in history, in missionary operations, geography, language, mathematics, etc., etc., but none of his works seem to have been published; they are always to be found in a mutilated form, in printed Spanish works after his death. As we are informed by intelligent Sonorians, they still existed in Altar, Oquitoa, or some of the neighboring towns, in 1856, in voluminous manuscripts. He is stated by Alegre to have been forty years a missionary, and to have baptised 40,000 gentiles. And, before he died, he prepared himself for death with extreme devotion, by constant prayers and mortifications in the chapel of his Mission. The people of his Missions used to say of him: "Descubrir tierras, y convertir almas, son los afanes del Padre Kino. Continuo reso, vida sin vicio, no humo, ni polvos, ni cama, ni vino."

In this edition of Alegre's history, Bustamente gives a succinct account of the expulsion of the Jesuits from all parts of New Spain, on the 25th of June, 1767, at dawn of day. They were finally collected at Vera Cruz, and embarked for Havana on the 24th of October following, where they experienced the kindest treatment from the Marquis Bucarelli, then Governor of Cuba, afterwards Viceroy of Mexico, and whose name is so honorably known in the history of Alta California. The expelled fathers left Havana on the 23d of December, and arrived at Cadiz on the 30th of March,

1768, where they were not allowed to land, but were immediately deported to Italy, in which country were soon scattered great numbers of the most learned members of the Company of Jesus, from all parts of Spanish America, bringing with them an immense fund of original information on those countries, and which was afterwards given to the world in the luminous and celebrated works of Abad, Clavijero, Sandiban, Cabos, Maneiro, Lacunza, Marquez, Alegre, and others. Bustamente brings the fragments of their history in Mexico down to the decree of Santa Anna, of the 22d of June, 1843, when they were allowed to enter the country again.

After the death of Kino, his successors, the Fathers Sedelmeyer, Keller, Wincelau, and others, followed in the steps of the founder of Arizona; and between 1730 and 1767, as related in the works of Venegas, Alegre, Junipero Serra by Palou, Clavigero, and other Spanish writers, (many still remaining in Ms. in America and Europe,) explored very fully the tierra incognita on the borders of the Gila, and the country south of that river, to the gulf, and east as far as the presidio of Janos in the Apacharia. The Missions' Indian militia, in connection with the Viceroy's mounted frontier cavalry, were also constantly engaged in beating off the Apaches, who however, finally drove back the settlements of the Spaniards, in the great incursion of 1772, when Jose Galvez, Marquis of Sonora, got beaten so badly, and spent several millions of his Catholic Majesty's treasures, to the great grief of the king's ministers, and the profit of several speculators.

The history of the Indians of Sonora and Sinaloa, who were civilized by the Jesuits, brought down to the present time, would form one of the most interesting and instructive works, on the homology and philology of Spanish Amer-

FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS OF FATHER KINO.

ica. Several valuable *informes* relating to them have appeared in the California papers, particularly an extended one by a German writer, which was published in the San Francisco Chronicle in 1854, and would well repay republication.

The Opates, Yakis, Mayos, Pimas, and other Christian Indians maintain many of the arts taught them by the Jesuits, and are among the smartest aborigines on the Western Continent. They still preserve many of their old customs, habits and traditions, and, as they speak Spanish, open a grand field to the investigation of ethnologists and historians. These tribes are said still to number as many as 100,000 souls, and are the principal miners, artizans, agriculturalists, soldiers and sailors, of the Gulf Coast Countries. Doubtless under a stable government, they would improve in character and circumstances, and stand the shock of the Mississippi flood of civilization; a shock which either kills or cures political and social infirmities. The latest information on these countries (but very meagre as relates to the Indian tribes of Sonora) may be found in the volumes of the Rail Road Survey, of Emory's Mexican Boundary Survey; of Bartlett's Narrative, and several other works published by the U. S. Government, and individuals, between 1848 and 1858.

Probably the Roman Catholics of America may find a competent writer after things get shaken down in the Western Hemisphere—say in 1760—who will explore the old ground of the Jesuit Missionaries, and place before the world a candid history of the labors of this most celebrated of all religious corporations. The defence or the condemnation of the black coats will then do much good or much evil to the dead Jesuits—for they will then have very quietly slept in their graves for at least a hundred and seventy years.

By the incorporation of the Catholic

College of Santa Clara in the year 1855, but established several years before, the Company of Jesus are redivivus in the Californias, and it has become the most flourishing of all the institutions of learning not only of Alta California, but of the Pacific Coast of America.

THE WISTFUL HEART.

Looking back
Wander we through life's long track,
Looking back
Where a parted sun's soft ray
Lingers yet across the way.
Gazing home
As the slow bark clears the foam,
Gazing home;
Seems the haven, far before,
Nothing to that radiant shore.
From thy side
To that shore pale phantoms glide,
Pale beside thee, but they wear
Halos of refulgent air,
Standing there,
And thou becomest—but in vain,
Never will they come again!
Strange it seems,
This vague show of fading dreams,
This wan Present shall at last
Be the bright, calm, irrevocable Past!
O! look on!
Turn thy face from glories gone!
Underneath yon dim sea-line
Founts of deeper glory shine;
Watch and wait, till in thy sight
Shall that dimness change to light,
Pledge of the coming dawn that knows not
night.
It may be so—
I cannot tell—I do not know.
Shall the frail vine forsake its prop, to lean
On cords let down from heaven, unfelt, un-
seen?
I may believe,—
That hinders not that I should gaze and
grieve,
Seeking, I know not what, and loving what
I leave!
Ah! chide me not, the vexed spirit saith,
Love is more strong than Faith.
Is there no art,
Thou weary, wilful Heart.
So to transform thy Faith that it shall be
The shadow of a near Eternity?—
Not leaning on the Hour which cannot last,
Not weeping o'er a perishable Past,
But eagle-eyed—and patient as a dove,
Lifting itself upon the wings of Love!

SEKAH'S STORY.

It was about sunset when we left Nassau to cross over to St. Andrews, for at this hour the land breeze begins to rise, and though it blew softly, it was enough to cause the keel of our narrow peragua to cleave nervously the chasing surges. The night was warm and balmy. The dim light of the young moon only sufficed to tip with silver the white caps of the waves and to throw in strong relief the surges that broke over the coral reefs of Nassau. It was impossible to sleep at such an hour. I turned to my pilot.

"You will find him the most intelligent negro in the Bahamas," my friend had said when first he had recommended him to me, "and doubtless he has enjoyed unusual advantages at some period of his life. Though his age must be great, his bodily and mental powers seem unimpaired."

I knew at a glance he was an Ethiopian—a race rarely brought to America as slaves. Tall, muscular, with nearly straight hair, thin lips, and a prominent nose, yet perfectly black, no ethnologist would hesitate a moment in referring to the western slope of the Abyssinian mountains as his fatherland. His fixed, stony features, and wrinkled forehead, spoke of many a stormy scene of wild passion, and agony of secret grief. Of his early life he had ever maintained an unbroken silence. This night I turned to him to converse.

"Sekah," commenced I, for by this African name he preferred to be called, "Sekah, you have a plantation and houses, but neither wife nor child. How comes it you never married?"

If I had plunged my knife into his side he could not have started more suddenly. For a moment he looked me fixedly in the face with a ferocity that chilled my blood, then slowly let his head sink into his hands with a suppressed groan,

We were both silent.

At length, slowly lifting his hands, and speaking in that low tremulous tone that betokens strongly suppressed emotion, he said:

"My friend, you know not what dreadful memories you called up. I had hoped time had dulled them, but they struck me like a flash from——." He pointed downwards and paused. Again we were silent. At length he continued:

"My friend, I have not known you long, but I think you are different from most men I meet, and I will tell you why I never married. You are too wise to misunderstand me, too good to abuse my confidence.

"You must know, then, that when I was first brought from Africa, I was sold in the slave market of Saint Domingo, at that time the gayest, and most profligate city in the world, famed everywhere for its wealth, its munificence, and especially for the beauty of its women.—But far the most beautiful of all, was Mademoiselle Marie d'Orplan, the only child of my master the Count d'Orplan. He it was who bought me. I was not sent to his plantation in the country, but was kept at his house in town. Those of his slaves whom he retained here were sufficiently well treated, for though the count was not a humane, neither was he a cruel master. Myself, either because he saw in me signs of unusual intelligence, or because he saw that in some other way I was suited for his plans, he retained me to assist in his secret labors. Day and night the count devoted to occult sciences. That I might be the better able to assist him, he appointed his daughter to instruct me in the rudiments of learning. I can still see her little white finger following the line I read, she seated on a low throne, I kneeling at her feet. She was then thirteen years old. Oh Heaven! she was one of thy master pieces! I trembled to look at her

while she but laughed. When I was negligent, she to punish me, threw off her slipper and placed her bare foot on my shoulder; I took and placed it on my lips. Then I was no longer a slave, a workhouse beast, I felt a fire in my blood, and in my heart, and could have died in that happiness!

"The wind is rising," suddenly said Sekah, and getting up he walked to the prow of the boat. He wished to conceal his emotion. When he returned to his seat he was calm.

"I believe I told you," he continued, "that the count loved mysterious sciences. It was his passion. We passed whole days alone in his study, he, the hardy explorer, I, the docile instrument, prying into the darkest secrets of nature. At this time electricity and magnetism attracted much attention in France. Charmed by their strange results, the count plunged into their intricacies, with ardor, ever using me as the subject of his experiments, hesitating not, to endanger my life in their pursuit.

"*'Sekah,'* he said one day, *'we must try animal magnetism. This is the proper season and a favorable day. Nature is opening her stores. Shall I put you to sleep?'*

"*'Master,'* I replied, *'I have but to obey your wishes. Put me to sleep if you can.'* I extended myself on a lounge, and the count commenced the usual motions with his hands. I closed my eyes. The count addressed me:

"*'Speak, Sekah, what do you see?'*

"*'I see you three months from now at your birth-day feast.'*

"*'What then?'*

"*'You are at table with your friends.'*

"*'And then?'* eagerly demanded the count.

"*'Then you call me and say, Sekah, I give you your liberty.'*

"*'You're not asleep, you're not asleep,'*

cried the count, furiously shaking me, *'you are mocking me. You shall never have your liberty. Get out.'*

"But the count was not to be deterred from his schemes. Sometime after, when his resentment toward me had cooled, he called me into his study. His daughter Marie was there. She was clothed in nothing but a muslin robe, so thin, so transparent, as not to conceal the outline of her exquisitely moulded form, and the delicate pink hue of her skin.

"*'You are perhaps aware,'* coldly remarked Sekah, at this stage of his narrative, *'that the colonists never looked on the slaves as men. The females of the family appeared almost as nude before them, and with as little hesitation, as before the pictures and statues.'*

"*'I desire you to put my daughter to sleep,'* said the count to me as I entered, *'by doing as I did the other day. Take her hands in yours, look her steadily in the eyes, think of nothing but her, and as soon as she is asleep call me.—My presence may be an obstacle. There, Marie, lie down on that lounge, and you, Sekah, kneel before her. The room is still too light.'* He drew the shutters closer, and then left us. I was alone with Marie. At that time Marie was sixteen years of age. I do not know why the count chose that day for his experiment, but never did I know of one, of such singular influence. Though not a cloud was visible, we seemed frequently to pass from a blinding mid-day light to the obscurity of night. An unsteady wind, now suddenly violent, now sinking gradually away, anon to recommence with increased fury, moaned and roared alternately in the dense foliage of the garden; the fountains splashed irregularly on the marble pavement; and far off I seemed to hear the cannon of the fort, and the tolling of the bells of the church of La Providence.

"I trembled in every nerve; my eyes

were fixed on those of Marie ; her knees pressed my breast ; her breath fanned my forehead. Little by little the color left her cheeks ; her arms lay powerless on mine ; her form rested motionless on the lounge."

A bitter thought seemed to flash through Sekah's mind. His features twitched nervously, and with his clenched fist he struck the side of the boat so forcibly, that my dog sprang from his sleep with a growl. Without heeding him he continued :

"Marie slept. I would have given the liberty of my mother—my own, in this world and the next, never more to have been separated from that pale and tender phantom that I embraced and pressed in my arms, that I dwelt upon with my eyes and soul. I know not how long I remained in this ecstasy, during which I experienced all the ferocity of a first passion and a deep inward horror at the crime I had committed against a being so superior, in thus contemplating her.

"I thought a poniard had pierced my heart. The Count d'Orplan entered. I had forgotten to call him.

"Has my daughter fainted, that you hold her so? It must be a nervous attack."

"Your daughter has fainted,' I replied to the count, who thus furnished the excuse that saved my life.

"Oh no,' he said after a moment's examination, 'you are mistaken. This pallor and helplessness are characteristic of the magnetic sleep. Let her rest on the lounge.'

"I replaced her as before. Then for once I blessed my color, that impenetrable mask of the emotions. I retired to a corner of the room. The count proceeded to question his daughter.

"What do you see at this moment, Marie?"

"I see trees, fields and meadows—now more trees!"

"Is that all?"

"A sugar house, down there ; far off!"

"Look steadily!"

"It is our sugar house. Oh, how hot it is. But it is nearly night."

"What more?"

"There are our slaves. They are going to the Salt Pond. How many there are! How cautiously they creep along among the bushes! It is an endless procession. It grows night ; it is dark ; but still they come."

"How I shivered with terror, as I heard Marie with difficulty and effort pronounce those words, I, who well knew the nightly meetings of the disaffected slaves at the Salt Pond, and their slowly maturing plans of revolt, I, the leader of a band of conspirators, and deep in all their plots!

"Do you see nothing more, my child,' urged the count, disregarding the evident suffering of his daughter, 'what are the slaves doing?"

"They are speaking to each other in whispers. They dip one foot in the water, and hold up their hands. They kiss a knife which is passed from hand to hand. They embrace each other. Sekah is with them."

"That is not so, master, since I am here,' I cried, without thinking of the imprudence of this premature justification.

"Silence, Sekah,' exclaimed the count, 'do not break the charm. All this is only an uncertain dream. She has not yet experience enough to obtain clear and distinct visions.'

"It grows still darker,' continued Marie, 'I can see nothing. The Salt Pond and slaves have disappeared. Oh, Heavens!' she suddenly cried, 'there they are again. They carry lighted torches. They fire our sugar house. All the sugar houses are burning. It is a sea of fire. It is coming here. Closer, closer. Oh save me, my God, save me. Whither

shall we flee? It is upon us. My dress is blazing. And Sekah—'

"'Wake up, wake up, Mademoiselle Marie,' I shouted rushing from my corner. Marie slowly opened her eyes.

"'What an unpleasant dream I have had. The hurricane must have affected my nerves,' she said, and rising, languidly retired to her chamber.

"Then for the first time I noticed that we were in the height of a terrific hurricane. Ships and houses were destroyed; trees uprooted and hurled through the air.

"Spite of the fury of the storm, I made my way to the Salt Pond that night, where a meeting of the ringleaders of the conspiracy was agreed upon. There I narrated the strange revelation of the daughter of the count. Some were struck with consternation; others believed it merely a scheme of the count to frighten his negroes; all agreed it was a warning to complete our arrangements and hasten the revolt. One month from that night was appointed as the time.—We united in a solemn oath that no white should be spared. Every man, woman, and child of the hated color, must die. The next day the count said to me:

"'Sekah, take four others with you in the yawl, and go to *La Belle Stephanie* which arrived in port last night. Lieutenant Lacordaire is on board. You have probably heard me say, that I have chosen him as my future son-in-law.'

"'Yes, Monsieur le Compte, I will go and bring the Lieutenant Lacordaire,' I replied, but in my heart I said, 'that loses you your life, Count d'Orplan.'"

"I foresee the two events that followed, Sekah," I interrupted, "the Count united his daughter to the Lieutenant, and the massacre of Saint Domingo took place. Your story is finished."

"Not yet, not yet," said Sekah; "as you say, Mademoiselle d'Orplan was mar-

ried, and with the most magnificent ceremonies. The night of the grand ball happened to be the very one fixed for the insurrection. Everything, knives, clubs, muskets, hatchets, torches, were concealed and in readiness. Yet never was there a more beautiful night. At the house of the count was collected every elegance that wealth and power could procure. Bouquets of rare flowers carpeted the pavement, the fountain played with scented and colored water, and the air was laden with a hundred rich perfumes. Hidden among the trees, singers and musicians chanted the happy nuptials. And how triumphant was the count, in viewing the happiness that surrounded his daughter and son-in-law.

"Marie was the queen of the evening. Amid her hair, which was lightly sprinkled with powder of gold, were scattered little roses of diamonds and opals.—The short skirts of her snow white robe, disclosed her infantine feet. She seemed a bright star, as she moved from place to place among her friends.

"At midnight, when the intoxication of the scene was at its height, when all these flowers, this beauty, this mad joy, made me shudder, I approached Marie and in a loud tone, said, 'follow me.'—Passing through an alley of acacias plunged into the dense park, and by a narrow path arrived at a small inlet of the sea, nearly hidden by the rank vegetation. Marie had followed me.

"'Look back,' I said, 'everything will be explained.' The house we had just quitted was wrapt in flames.

"'Sekah,' cried she, 'save my father.'

"'There is neither father nor daughter in Saint Domingo now,' I replied, 'in a few hours, not a white man will be alive. Your father is already dead.'

"She fell senseless at my feet. I placed her in the boat I had in readiness, and returned to take part in the massacre. Ere daylight, the work was finish-

ed. We had destroyed, annihilated, a people, a civilization. When the last star vanished in the morning light, Saint Domingo was called the Republic of Hayti."

"An awful night," I exclaimed, "but Marie?"

"I put Mademoiselle d'Orplan ashore on an island belonging to Spain. There—yes, there she entered the convent of Nuestra Senora de Carmel."

"And you?"

"I was appointed archbishop."

"Archbishop!"

"Yes; in the new republic of Hayti, and held the position till the revolution of 1820."

Sekah was silent.

Wrapping myself in my poncho, I lay down in the bottom of the boat hoping to snatch a few hours sleep before our arrival at St. Andrews, which we safely made by sunrise.

THE GALLANT TAR.

BY J. P. CARLETON.

What a jovial life a sailor leads,
There's none so free from care,
The stormy gale he no more heeds,
Than trifles light as air.

How merrily he goes aloft,
To loose the shiv'ring sail,
And sees his stout and saucy craft,
Scud with the fav'ring gale.

He glories in the jacket blue,
His spirit naught can mar,
Ashore, afloat, he's ever true,
The gallant, dashing, Tar.

And when his race of life has run,
When earth shall fade away,
He hails the last grand signal gun,
The last grand muster day.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

[Continued from page 447.]

At my left hand sat Mary Palmer, and next to her Helen Cromer; both were going to Calcutta—so we would make another, though short passage together. Mary was going to live with a half sister, who was married, and had been settled there some years. She was leaving an uncongenial home to seek one perhaps more so. Dr. Palmer, her father, had married again; her stepmother, to her, had always been kindness itself; so was her father; but it had been an unhappy marriage. Both had high tempers. He absolute, as he had been with his first wife, who was perfectly suited to him; she, *striving* to be absolute, as she had been with her first husband, also suited to her. Neither would give in; married in mature years, with habits formed in a totally different marital state, their quarrels and bickerings were endless, and although both were worthy people, it was too late in life; and the struggle to accommodate themselves to each other was beyond their ability. Of means too limited to permit of separate establishments, they became estranged, cold, and finally rude to each other, rendering the house almost unendurable to Mary, who was the constant referee in their disputes. To escape this, and even with the advice of both of them, she accepted of the offer of a home in India from her mother-in-law's only daughter, whom she had only seen once, many years ago.

Mary Palmer and I were nearly of the same age—she some four months older than myself, and we had been acquainted at home. We were but eighteen at the time I am writing of, and I believe that during the voyage, young as I was, she had learned to love me, as woman loves

but once. I was the only one to whom she could confide her own unhappiness, and upon me she leaned for support, consolation and sympathy. Her beauty was great, but a certain quiet reserve and backwardness to strangers, prevented her being the belle of the ship, as she otherwise would have been. "So sweet and pretty," the passengers used to say, "but so quiet—too quiet." Ah, little did they know the force of character she possessed—the untold depths of her warm affections, that had but to be called into action, to show her in her true colors—her noble unselfishness of heart. I shall have occasion to return to her again in these sketches—certain that her short, happy, but melancholy career, cannot but "point a moral," though perhaps not "adorn a tale."

Miss Cromer had shared her cabin. She was a sweet, wild girl, though always in hot water with the matrons for her breaches of decorum; guileless as a child, and a perfect Hebe in appearance. She was the illegitimate daughter of the brother of one of the superior Judges in Madras. The latter never enquired for her; the stain of her birth might soil his ermine, and as she did not land, but few knew of the relationship. She was consigned to a gentleman, with his family, resident in Calcutta, who was under many obligations to her father. Lovely, lively, well educated and affectionate, she might have happily married, but such was not to be. Three months after her arrival, her affections already won by an excellent young man, who would have assuredly secured her happiness, she fell a victim to the fell destroyer *Cholera*. A handsome marble tombstone marks her resting place, with the simple inscription,

HELEN,
Aged 19.

Having informed Mr. Brooks that I had a draft on Messrs. Binney & Co., we

stepped in his buggy and he drove me there, where he left me for a short time, having to transact some business with his own agents, in the immediate neighborhood. The office into which I was introduced was a lofty room, about twenty feet in height, covered with a matting of split rattan, and furnished with a large writing table, at which sat one of the partners. The table was covered with letters and papers, with numerous leaden weights placed upon them, to prevent them being scattered by the wind of the "punkah." This punkah, suspended from the roof by ropes, was nearly the entire length of the room. It was a long frame of about two and a-half feet in width, constantly pulled to and fro by a native servant, who sat in the adjoining verandah, with a line attached to its centre; a strong current of air was thereby produced, sufficient to disturb the papers, had they not been secured by the weights mentioned, drove off the musquitoes, and caused a delightful coolness.

He received me with that courteous stiffness which is the peculiar characteristic of an Englishman, and read my letter of credit.

"Boy," cried he, and a peon, or office porter of some six feet entered the room. The *boy* was probably forty-nine years old, well made, with regular features and a heavy grizzled beard.

Having dispatched him into an adjoining room, he informed me that he was now busy writing letters for a ship to sail that afternoon, but would be happy to see me at dinner; that a bed was at my service, &c. I had just declined the invitation, when the peon returned with the money, which he had been sent for. Accepting a cigar from the merchant, I strolled on to the verandah, to await the return of Brooke. What a scene of confusion the street below me presented! Jabbering natives; two wheeled bullock bauldies, rude in construction, and creak-

ing dismally as they jogged along; native gentlemens' baudies, with their handsome white hump-backed bullocks, and their pagoda shaped tops; peons with belts, swords, and great breast plates; policemen with their sticks; drunken sailors on liberty; native clerks; European carriages, buggies and palanquins, passed and repassed in constant succession.

Mr. Brooks soon returned, and we went to Messrs. Griffith's large store. Griffith's is par excellence the store of Madras. Here, in an immense room, about fifty or sixty feet by some twenty-five, was to be found everything from a needle to an anchor. Beers, wines, preserves, saddles, guns, pistols, jewelry, cigars, epaulettes, swords, hammers—in fact, a general emporium. Mr. Griffiths came forward and shook hands with Mr. Brooks, whilst to others in the store he only bowed distantly, although they, with the greatest familiarity, were calling out—"Griffiths, have you got a mameluke bit?"—Griffiths, send me six dozen of Hodson, and three cases of pale brandy," &c.

"How different his manner to you," I remarked to Mr. Brooke; "how is it?"

"Oh, I knew him well in England, and was at school with him. His family and ours are intimate, but *here*, you see, he is not admitted into society.

How so—what has he done—anything dishonorable?"

"Oh dear, no; but then he is only a shopkeeper—a retailer of cheese and candles—a pedlar of gloves and eau-de-Cologne."

"Then," said I, "it is only your rich merchants, I suppose, that are admissible?"

"Oh no; riches have nothing to do with it. Griffiths could buy and sell half of them out to-morrow; his education and family are both superior to nine out of ten of our officials; but being a *retail* trader, mark you, he has not the entree of

Government House, and that forms the portals of Madras society.

"Oh," said I, "how exclusive you are."

"We might be more so," said he. Captain Botley may stick you with a horse; Mr. Clifton may insult your wife and shoot you afterwards, trifle with the affections of a beloved sister, and gamble away money due to his creditors; but then they are honorable men, and as such go into *society*; but a retailer, sir, a man who will sell you a bottle of lavender water, of course he is inadmissible. Missionaries and shopkeepers are not respectable—in *Madras*.

Quite a large party met at dinner, and Mr. Brooke gave me the history of several. "That old gentleman has lately married his sixth wife. She is twenty-three and he is sixty-two; but he is very rich. Forty years ago he had his fortune told by a native; it was that he would kill five wives and that the sixth would kill him; *nous verrons*. Doctor Ross, there, kept his wife's corpse in a leaden coffin, in his drawing room, for seven years. She was a half-caste, and her father had settled, by will, a handsome income on the Doctor, as long as she was above ground; so he did keep her *above ground*, and drew the income; but last year the Supreme Court decided that such was not the intention of the testator, and now she is buried. There is the Rev. Mr. Anderson, of the Scotch church. He has a fine appointment. Mrs. Ruce expressed a hope that he found his ministry productive of good to souls. 'Oh,' said he, 'we don't look for that sort of thing here.' Cool, was not it? but then he was what they call a *New Light*. He is a worthy man, however, who preaches short doctrinal sermons regularly, and draws his salary with praiseworthy punctuality.—Mrs. Wilton, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?" They bow. "Is not she" (turning to me) "a splendid woman? She engaged her-

self, three years ago, to a Lieutenant of Infantry, jilted him for a Captain of Cavalry, jilted him for a Colonel of Artillery, and then jilted him for a Civil Servant of fifty. After eighteen months he died, leaving her a widow with a large fortune, and now she is married to her first choice, the Lieutenant. She is of a good, but impoverished family, very fascinating, and being all these, and now very rich, she is very much respected. Oh yes, she is very much respected, as she should be. She is a connexion of our host's wife, otherwise I don't think she is the style of woman his strict principles would encourage him to make a guest of. He now is a specimen of an English officer to be proud of—a daring, dashing officer, a Christian, and a gentleman, respected, nay, loved by all. Why, he thinks that even Griffith is not altogether contemptible; but then he says, 'my father's father sold flour by the sack.' Hush! tell it not in Gath!"

"Why, I am afraid, Brooke, I am nearly in the same fix."

[*To be continued.*]

CURE FOR THE BLUES.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

"*Pereat tristitia, pereant osores.*"—LATIN SONG.

THE chief end of man is not merely to laugh and grow fat; neither is it much of a desideratum never to be able to obtain a view of the toes of one's boots. All, however, prefer to resemble barrels rather than bean poles. Rotund and jocosose, fat and jovial, have begun to be regarded almost as synonymous expressions. Your model of a "good fellow" is never lank, lean and cadaverous; he has a ruddy cheek, fleshy withal, and half eclipsing his peepers; a big belly continually shaking and expanding with every inspiration of mirth, as if the lodging place of some "jolly mud turtle," trying to effect an exit. Such a man is

generally well to do in the world. Which is the cause and which the effect we do not essay to determine. We incline to think the paltry consideration of a few dollars, more or less, makes but little difference with his feelings. His maxim is to take things easy. Strictly speaking, he has no maxims. Taking things easy is his nature. So with those side-shaking expressions of mirth, and that ever present sunshine of satisfaction upon the countenance. All are indigenous, or, at least, if not imbibed with the maternal milk, have become living sprouts engrafted upon the matured stock. Some facetious reader conceives they may be attributable to imbibitions at a later period of his existence—that the smiles literal can be traced to smiles metaphorical. Well, be it so. Ask him; he probably acknowledges the corn—perhaps the *rye*. Unlike yourself, however, he "takes a nip," occasionally, not to drive dull care away, and elevate his spirits, which are ever at high water mark, but merely in the way of good fellowship and sociability.

Apropos of enviable men, who that has read Martin Chuzzlewit will ever forget Mark Tapley? Of all the characters Dickens has portrayed—and their number is legion, each standing out on every page in unmistakable individuality—we admire Mark most. It was impossible for the dear fellow to be down-hearted. Were circumstances never so unfavorable, so far from making him gloomy, they but set his mind at rest; he would then feel that there was some merit in being jolly. Paradoxical as it seems, he was generally so well off that it made him uncomfortable. We have heard a clam out of water given as a symbol of felicity, always supposing it was to be taken in an ironical sense. To Mark, at all events, the comparison is an apt one without the irony. His natural element was where everything was going on swimmingly

about him ;—but to be completely at ease he must find himself where ordinary bi-valves would be fretting and fuming—*get into hot water.*

Men who are always walking on stilts pass over many good things in their journey through life which were intended for their well-being. They not only lose the fragrance of many a modest flower, but, what is more deplorable, their position is not well adapted for digging potatoes. The star-gazer is apt to forget he was designed primarily for a lower sphere of existence, and to neglect more substantial duties. We have faith in a man who can laugh honestly and heartily, rather than in one who is constantly moralizing. It tells us his conscience is in a healthy condition, as well as his physique. A load of guilt upon the soul smothers every feeling of true mirth. A man may smile and be a villain—he is a hypocrite, though, and merely shamming in that—but he can't *laugh*; his attempts are abortions—counterfeits without the clear ring characteristic of genuineness.

There is said to be but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is well to take that step occasionally. A writer asserts that the great admiration which people profess for poetry, sentiment, sublimity, and the like, is ninety-nine parts in a hundred *bosh*, and that the remaining part is owing to a morbid state of the liver or other digestive organs. This statement, *cum grano salis*, contains good common sense. When men get the blues—or the *mitten*, which is much the same thing in results—they become poets, and court the muses. To fully appreciate their high-wrought effusions, the reader must be in a similar delectable frame of mind. Every one of sound mind and body, whether he will admit the fact or not, enjoys a joke—something really laughable and absurd—more than one of Milton's finest passages. We mean, of course, *generally*. There are and should

be times when we are not in the mood to relish trivialities.

How happy all might be, if they only would! One-third of human misery is wholly imaginary; at least another third a direct consequence of malfeasance: counting our remaining ills as blessings in disguise, and what is the deduction? Lachrymal glands are no longer to be brought into requisition, unless it be upon occasions of joy. Items first and third are canceled by cultivating a happy disposition, and determining to look only upon the sunny side of life. Your preacher will tell you how item second may be disposed of, and the accounts balanced. We do not pretend to assert that all have the same temperament. Some men are naturally jovial—possibly others have a natural tendency to melancholy. Much, however, depends upon the will. In the main we may so modify and adjust our dispositions, that what is intrinsically calculated to produce disagreeable feelings cannot gain admittance. There is a spring of fresh water near the Genoese coast, gushing through the sea, and by the mere force of its jet reaching the surface untainted by the surrounding brine. So the outpourings from the fountains of the soul—however deep the sea of trouble about it—should be only of sweet water.

All the sides and angles given, required the construction of the figure. It is very simple to make everybody always happy—in theory. Moralists and philosophers have been doing the same for centuries; but why with no practical result? Simply because we have too much inherent stupidity and perversity in our composition to act for our own interests. Ask a man what is the object of his existence; what is his grand aim and hope in life? Answers to such pertinent questions as these, reason tells us, should be uppermost in the mind of an intelligent being. In nine cases out of ten he is

puzzled for a reply, as you find the object of pursuit to be some *ignis fatuus* never attainable, or some toy, valueless when secured. Suppose the answer to be wealth; press your queries and you will find he has no fixed standard by which his desires are gauged, and, what is even more foolish, is overlooking those very objects for securing which wealth has its only value. The result is the same, be the reply competency, fame, glory, and so on to the end of the category of human aspirations.

The true philosophy of living is to *enjoy to-day*—not forgetful of to-morrow, or seeking selfish gratification, else we defeat our own ends—but bearing in mind that time is fleeting, and the sum of life made up of little things.

THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.

BY G. T. S.

Who has not met with some of this family? They may always be known by the scowl they wear, and the face drawn down to an almost preternatural length.

They are always finding fault with something or somebody. To them all the foundation of the world are out of course. Nothing is right, and everything is wrong. They are determined not to be pleased, and say with the harlequin, "the more you sing to me, the more I wont dance." If you bestow them a favor, you might as well expect gratitude from a she-bear. They seem to be at war with all the world, because the world does not feel as they do. Happiness in others only seems to provoke their ire. They would have the whole world draped in mourning, and every man with a frown on his face, and every house a dungeon.

If you do a piece of work for them, it is never well done, and might have been done better. In the family, they are a perfect terror. At the table, the dishes

are either too hot or too cold, too much seasoned or else not seasoned enough; their tea is generally either "strong as lye, or weak as water;" their bread is "heavy as lead, or sour as vinegar;" meat is not half done, or else overcooked; no child can approach them, they are so "noisy and full of mischief," as if a child might be expected to grow up, and become old and sober and steady at once.

If they are farmers, their cattle are always breaking into other people's enclosures; their cows wont give down their milk, and if they do, it is half water; their horses are vicious, and wont go only when it pleases them. To all this there may be some truth; for dumb working animals instinctively catch the spirit and temper of their employers.

As for the weather, who among them ever saw the sun shine? The blessed light of heaven might as well attempt to penetrate and warm a dungeon fifty feet beneath the earth's surface, as to enter and cheer the recesses of their dark and frost-bound souls.

If they travel, Heaven deliver us from being their companions. They find fault with the weather, the conveyance, the scenery, of the country they pass through, the people, everything. If in a rail road car, it is either too close or too cold to suit their ever changing mood, and every window must either be closed tight or else thrown wide open, to the inconvenience of all their fellow travellers. What to them is that pale woman in the corner, with her sick child? They have enough to do to take care of themselves. Their business is to make *themselves* comfortable. If others dont *like* it they can *lump* it.

If on a steamer, it is the most "miserable concern that they ever traveled on," the berths are hard and narrow, the state rooms too small and "too dirty for the pigs to sleep in; the waiters are saucy and impudent; the passengers are cross

and unaccommodating." The wonder is that others can make themselves merry under such circumstances; to them a smile is a mark of folly, and want of sense, and those who happen to indulge in a laugh are denounced as "poor, shallow, empty-pated fools."

It was once said of a lady that her smile was so sweet that it would make the flowers bloom; but their look is so sour that it would change a pan of milk to bonny-clabber, like the approach of a thunder storm.

Poor, miserable, wo-begone family! they make no one so unhappy as they do themselves; and, sober, right-thinking persons look with pity on the whole selfish, scowling, fretting, fuming, grumbling race.

STOCKTON.

BY S. H. S.

In the tules of the lowlands,
Bordering the San Joaquin,
With its bridges, mills, and Islands,
Lakes around and lakes between,
Stockton looms upon the vision,
With her cupolas and vanes,
And the prestige of position
As the city of the plains.

With her villas neat and pretty,
Hemming in the busy mart—
Of the system now the city
Seems the great commercial heart;
Arteries in all directions
Life unto the hills convey,
Men of fair and all complexions
Strive and labor night and day.

From the golden mountains daily
Comes the ore beladened team;
While her port with colors gaily
Speaks the commerce of the stream;
And her summer fields are teeming
With the golden fruits and grains.
Thus in hopeful promise beaming,
Blooms the city of the plains.

THOSE SLAB STONES AGAIN.

BY DOINGS.

Numerous letters from unknown friends as well as earnest personal solicitations, added to my own desire to unravel the Mystery of the Stones inspired me with an immense pressure of zeal, and I devoted many days to travel and enquiry among those that I thought could furnish me with the least clue.—Had I have felt less interested I should grown weary of the self imposed task, but the hope of success cheered me on, and eventually I was so fortunate as to hear of a very aged Chief who I was told spoke tolerable good English, and who could give me all the information desired—if possible for any one living—if rightly approached. Consequently, one Sunday morning I took up my line of march for his camp, 'twas ten miles distant, but a walk of that distance is nothing for me at any time, and on this occasion so elated was I with the motive of my mission that the smoke of the camp fires came in sight ere I had given them a thought. A few hundred yards more and the rancheria was in full view, 'twas very like all others, a few huts made of poles, bark, and dirt, with open fires before them. The usual number of curs came out to welcome me, barking, snarling, and gritting their cowardly teeth, but knowing their nature full well, and being armed with a heavy stick, I gave them little heed and passed on to the camp. Around the fires squatting upon the ground, were Indians of both sexes and all ages, squalid, dirty, and next to naked. As I drew near I could hear them exchanging words in their own language, but when I came to them not a word was spoken, some smiled, others laughed, and the balance maintained a reserved silence. I paused and resting upon my stick gave my eye an opportu-

nity of scanning the groups, and to my great surprise I saw among the silent ones a face which, although downcast, I recognized as belonging to my old *retainer* SAM; going to him, I touched his shoulder, saying, "Well, old boy, how are you?" A log would have made just as much reply, so giving him a gentle shake, I exclaimed, "Sam, don't you know me?" He raised the most sorrowful looking countenance I ever beheld, and with eyes vacant as burnt holes, looked me full in the face and said, "me no sarvie."—"Why, you ungrateful wretch!" said I, looking Colt's revolvers at him. "You are a bad Injun! didn't I for a long time feed and clothe you, didn't I let you turn my grindstone, and bring wood and water? And the very last time I saw you, didn't I give you pants and boots? And then you ran away, and now refuse to know me! Out upon you for a dog! Where is Ko-ho-to-me?"

"What for you want Ko-ho-to-me?" was his quick reply. "Ko-ho-to-me no here."

"Where is he?"

"Gone in," was the curt answer.

"What! Ko-ho-to-me dead! Sam, you tell a lie; show him to me, I have presents for him!" Sam was silent, and his head hung lower than ever, then rising from the ground, he said "Stop, me go see."

Leaving the group, he entered a hut close by, and returning after a short absence, told me to go in. I entered, and by the dim light discovered, half reclining upon an old blanket, an aged form; it was very old and to all appearances very dirty, with hair white as the newly fallen snow; the form had shrunk away to almost nothingness; the attenuated limbs and sunken cheeks bore witness of a hard struggle 'twixt life and death; the mouth was toothless, and the contracted eyes were sunken deeply in the sockets, and all these constituted the person of Ko-ho-to-me, (The Great.)

It is hardly necessary for me to say that although in substance the report of my interview is accurate, yet in the endeavor to present something more readable than could be told with the words of Ko-ho-to-me, I have used my own.

He was the first to speak, and with a voice much stronger than I thought him capable of, and in very passable English said, "What does the white man want? I am no friend of his."

"Your name, Ko-ho-to-me, is well known among my people; you once saved some of them from starvation in the mountains; we thank you, and would be your friend."

"Friend!" he exclaimed, "yes, such a friend as is the lynx to the hare!—Do you come here to mock me into the Spirit Land? I *have* saved the lives of your men; I was once a great chief, and my young men and warriors counted by thousands; both the mountains and valleys were ours. What are we now?—You have built towns upon our hunting grounds, have taken away all our means of livelihood, have spread disease among us, until but a few, dwarfed and stunted, remain, and live only to bear the curse of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii, and die in misery.—Even I, in my old age, for simply asking bread when I was starving, have been kicked and beaten. Such friends are your people to my race. But you are well spoken," he continued in a milder tone, "I have heard of you; you have given my people bread and meat. Ho-ika-ka, whom you call Sam, has told me. I have no war with you; tell me your business with Ko-ho-to-me. I am weary with talk, I am not strong."

"I desire," said I, drawing from my pocket a large bunch of beads, "you to accept of these, partly as a present, and partly to repay you for telling me the history of Four Slab Stones, which I discovered some ten miles from here. Ho-ika-ka can tell you what I mean."

"The beads are handsome, and the grave of Ko-bo-to-me shall wear them," said the old Chief, as he placed them to his almost sightless eyes, and continued with, "I know what you mean, 'tis of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii nu-i, or in English, the Serpents grave, that you would know—every Indian knows the place, but none ever goes there. The story is long; I am sleepy now; come again when the sun is near his setting, and I will tell you all."

That evening at the appointed time I was again with the old Chief, and from his lips heard the following

LEGEND.

"A good many years ago, how many I cannot tell, Plo-la-wa-hi-tii (the Serpent) was chief of our people. We were not then a race such as you find us now; we were large and muscular, active and daring. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was the largest of the large, and the most powerful of his tribe; in battle he was like a lion, and in passion he was terrible; his people both loved and feared him; the young men delighted to follow him in the hunt or on the war-path, for he was brave and generally successful. In camp he was more loved than feared, for he was gentle and kind.

"The Shu-nos, another tribe, inhabited then what you now call Blue Mountains. Though neighbors, the two could never agree, and being often brought together, fights and quarrels were frequent. When the numbers were equal our people were ever victorious, but the Shu-nos counted more warriors, and it was with difficulty that we, even with the powerful Plo-la-wa-hi-tii for our leader, could keep our grounds.

"Lu-la-ho-do (Singing brook) was a maiden as beautiful as Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was brave, as graceful as a doe, as kind as the sun in summer, fleet of foot, and of all our maidens the most daring.—

Upon her did Plo-la-wa-hi-tii cast the eye of love, he wooed and won, the nuptials were celebrated after the usual Indian custom, and to his wigwam did the happy chief take his youthful bride. So pleasantly did the time pass with Lu-la-ho-do, that for two moons the hunting grounds were neglected, and then the supply of venison being about exhausted, Plo-la-wa-hi-tii called together all his young men and warriors, and set out for a grand hunt, leaving Lu-la-ho-do with the rest of the women, together with the old men and children, in charge of a few runners.

"Kam-ha-nu-ka, (Flying Wind,) chief of the Shu-nos, had seen the "Singing Brook," and for a long time had looked upon her with an evil eye. The movements of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii had been watched, and only three suns after his departure, the "Flying Wind" with all his force came down upon the defenceless camp, and taking Lu-la-ho-do captive, slaughtered all the rest, except a few runners who escaped.

"Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was the happiest of all the chiefs; he had been successful, and his men were laden with the spoils of the forest. Already was he upon his return with his big heart full of expectations, panting to meet his Lu-la-ho-do, when a runner met him and told the sickening tale. Great were the lamentations of his followers, their woe cries rent the air. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii for a moment stood calm, unmoved, spell-bound, and then as the spring freshet comes, hissing, foaming, boiling, rushing headlong, and with its mighty sweeping surge makes playthings of its tributaries, so came the grief of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii. Soon, however, did the boisterous manifestations cease, his tall proud form stood erect, he tore from his head the oak leaf wreath which his young men had placed there that he might meet his Queen with the emblem of success upon his brow, his long thick hair fell

loosely upon his shoulders, his big black eyes fired with unwonted lustre, his nostrils expanded and his lips compressed. His voice was steady, clear and emphatic, his words few, and orders imperative. 'Unburden yourselves of everything save weapons, use no arrows, depend upon the war-club, and follow me.'

"Without war paint or feathers did Plo-la-wa-hi-tii with his army strike across the country for the Blue mountains; all that day and night they travelled rapidly, stopping neither to eat nor rest, and morning brought them near the Shu-nos' camp.

"Kam-ha-nu-ka was expecting an attack, and his braves and warriors were ready at a moment's call. Lu-la-ho-do was a close prisoner within his wigwam and before its door this chief sat with his council, when the appearance of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was made known. Quickly did his people gather about him, and as the attacking party came down the hill, clouds of arrows darted at them, but sped on a harmless way, and like the wind more silently came Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and his brother avengers. Kam-ha-nu-ka was amazed, and his soul shook, for he knew that the Great Spirit was against him. With a cry that echoed long, long among the hills, the parties met. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and his men were like furies, and the Shu-nos, though fresh and in greater numbers, could scarcely hold their ground; the conflict was hand to hand and club to head, and most terrible was the fight. Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was separated from his men, and was surrounded by the enemy, but he knew it not nor cared; the Great Spirit was with him, and his strong arm felled his opponents like straws, and over the bodies of the fallen did he pass on for Kam-ha-nu-ka. But fear was no longer in the breast of that chief, the Evil Spirit was with him, and he was wickedly desperate; darting into his wigwam, he in an instant re-

turned, dragging Lu-la-ho-do by the hair, and in sight of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii dashed out her brains with his war club. If the arm of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii was strong before, it was now like the mighty lightning, and with a single bound and stroke he cleared the way, and over the lifeless body of Lu-la-ho-do met Kam-ha-nu-ka. Both were powerful in war, and now both were terrible, but the Great Spirit was with Plo-la-wa-hi-tii, and as the tree falls beneath the lightning stroke, so did Kam-ha-nu-ka after a short fierce conflict fall by the arm of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii.

"A cry of exultant joy burst from the lips of the victor, but ere it had died away, a dozen arrows from the bows of the cowardly Shu-nos had pierced his heart, and by the side of his murdered Lu-la-ho-do he fell dead.

"The battle was over, the leaders of both parties were slain, and war-cries changed to lamentations. No feelings of animosity were exhibited as the adverse parties met when selecting their dead. Grief was the one chief who ruled them all. The song of the forest bird was hushed, the voices of the wild wood were not heard, the sorrowing brook flowed sadly on with plaintive dirge, for the people of two tribes mourned, and the air was full of sorrow.

"The living of our people carried the dead to the camp-ground of their fathers, and together with the slaughtered old men, women and children, they were burned and buried with the usual rites. The ashes of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii and Lu-la-ho-do were interred where the FOUR SLAB STONES mark the spot, and the immediate surrounding bushes were entwined, leaving only a passage for ingress and egress to the devoted followers who might choose to visit the grave and water it with their tears. The work was hardly finished, dirges were being chanted, when from the grave came a huge serpent, which, wending its way through the en-

twined bushes, encircled them ; it was a hundred feet in length, and though at first it was small in circumference, it commenced and continued to increase in size until it would measure full thirty feet. *It was the Spirit of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii.* When its full size was attained, it moved at first slowly and then rapidly away to the Blue Mountains ; going straight to the camp of the Shu-nos, it destroyed all the men and children, and with their blood made the Red Lake. Returning, it coiled its monstrous form about the grave, and when reduced to its original size, disappeared in the bushes.

"On the following day the remainder of our tribe came here, built their wigwams and made me their chief, and the Shu-nos women came to us, for they were alone, and our young men having no squaws took them to wife, and the race of Diggers sprang from that alliance.

"In former times the Indians every Moon made a pilgrimage to the Plo-la-wa-hi-tii nu-i. I am the last who ever visited the spot, and then all was as on the burial day, excepting, that where the Serpent laid around the bushes, vegetation had ceased to exist, and a barren strip of ground encircled them. The present generation never go there, for they are inferior as a race, and greatly degraded, and the Spirit of Plo-la-wa-hi-tii is troubled when they are near ; do they approach, the earth shakes and strange noises greet the ear—the Serpent does not love them, and they fear his anger. Neither does the Digger go to the Blue Mountain, for to look upon the Red Lake is certain death. But the trail of the Serpent is often seen upon the mountain side where it crosses in its frequent passages from the grave to the Lake and back again."

Such was the burden of the old chief's story ; how much it can be relied upon as a matter of history I leave for you to decide. That the Indians most fervently

believe in the reality of the Serpent and Lake, there can be no doubt, for since my interview with Ko-ho-to-me, I have conversed with many of our people, who affirm that they have often heard them spoken of by the Diggers, and one gentleman informs me that upon a hunting excursion, he and his companion had taken an Indian for their guide, and that upon approaching the Blue Mountain their guide objected proceeding further that way on account of the Lake, but the party determined to go on, and traveled but a short distance, when the Indian turned and fled rapidly toward the valley.

"GOD IS OVER ALL."

One of the old heroes at the battle of Bennington, gave this as his charge to his troops on the eve of battle. "Soldiers ! before you are the Hessians, your wives and children are in the rear, and *God is over all.* Charge !"

Charge ! before you stand the foemen ;

In the morning light

See, their polished steels are gleaming,

Burnished, bristling, bright,

While behind are wives and children—

Rally at their call !

Fight for hearths, and home, and country,

God is over all !

From the mountains and the valleys,

From beneath the sod,

Hark ! a thousand voices crying

To the ear of God !

Justice, human rights and justice,

Though the heavens fall !

Justice in the face of tyrants !

God is over all !

'Tis your father's cry. "We battled

Famine, foes and flood ;

Raised on high a glorious temple,

In the name of God,

And from out our graves we're speaking,

Listen to our call !

Fight for freedom—down with tyrants—

God is over all !" G. T. S.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 516.]

Madam Treсто and Miss Mary were well pleased with Mr. Treсто's success. Miss Mary had intercepted two other letters sent to Amelia from Mr. Philips. She read them to her father.

"He is much in love and distressed at her silence," said Mr. Treсто, "but I think when he finds his darling, as he calls her, Mrs. Douglas, he will feel worse."

"He deserves it," said Mary, with a bitter smile. "Oh! if I could see him when he first hears of it, I think it would be my happiest hour! In three weeks did you say, father?"

"Yes, and you and your mother must coax her into the arrangement. If you do not succeed, why force must be used."

"We can give her a preparation that will stupify her, and she will do unconsciously all we command her to do; therefore, I think it better to say nothing about the matter to her," said Madam Treсто.

"True, wife; she might try to escape if she knew it. Your plan is the best."

After Mr. Treсто left Maryland, Jesse and his sister talked the matter over, and each felt that they had acted a dishonorable part, in giving their consent to this marriage.

"What will you do, dear brother? you have taken the five hundred dollars to bind the contract, and now you must keep your promise."

"Yes, certainly; I wish I could see the girl, I don't relish such a wedding."

"That is impossible," said Sara, "and if we start west, there are many arrangements to make. Where are you thinking of locating, Jesse?"

"In western Missouri. Mr. Felix, of Philadelphia, is a great land speculator,

and I think I will purchase some good land, where there will be a likelihood of a town springing up, and then, you know, Sara, we can grow up with the place."

"Yes, and I think, brother, you had better see Mr. Felix, and have all your matters arranged, as we leave immediately after your marriage."

The next morning Jesse left home for Philadelphia; he arrived in safety at the great city. Early the next morning Jesse called on Mr. Felix, who had a partial acquaintance with Jesse Douglas.

"I have come, Mr. Felix," said Jesse, "to enquire of you relative to the best western localities, for a man to settle in. I am going out there in three weeks; I understand you have the agency of several tracts of land; I would like to purchase one in a desirable place; of course you must have some that will suit me."

"Yes, Mr. Douglas, I have no doubt; there are many such, and you cannot go amiss in western Missouri. Is your sister to accompany you, Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes, Sara will not separate from me."

Mr. Felix took out his map and Jesse selected one that suited him.

"This one I will take, on the Missouri river."

"Well, I have promised that to a Mr. Philips; I will see him, and if he is willing, you can have these three sections for a thousand dollars."

"I wish you could see him now, as I am in somewhat of a hurry."

Mr. Philips was sent for and soon made his appearance.

"Mr. Douglas," said Mr. Felix, by way of introduction. "Mr. Douglas wishes to purchase that Missouri land of yours, Mr. Philips; are you willing to sell it to him for one thousand dollars?"

"Yes, Mr. Douglas, I will resign my right to you. I think you have made a good selection."

"I hope so, Mr. Philips, and I am under many obligations to you."

"Not at all, Mr. Douglas; but if you are going west, you should take a wife with you, by all means, if you wish to prosper."

"I intend to take one with me," said Jesse, "although I am not sure but my sister would be sufficient."

"Come, Douglas, tell us who is your fair one. You had better leave me your sister Sara," said Mr. Felix, who was a widower, with five children.

"The young lady's name is Oldenburgh," replied Mr. Douglas.

"Oldenburgh!" exclaimed Mr. Philips; "where does she live?"

"I can tell you nothing more, gentlemen, unless you both pledge your honor to keep what I say a secret."

"It shall be kept," said both, "now tell us all about it."

Jesse now laid the whole story before his friends in every particular.

"Why, Mr. Douglas, are you not engaging in a very unworthy business? I never thought you or Sara would stoop so low," said Mr. Felix. "That Treсто must be a wretch."

"I assure you, Mr. Felix, my heart is against this proceeding, but pecuniary circumstances have been such, that anything appeared better than seeing my noble sister want."

Mr. Philips could not restrain his indignation towards Treсто. He was well satisfied that Amelia had never received his letters. "Douglas," said he, "I would like to take the bargain off your hands, that is, marry Miss Oldenburgh myself, and you can have the three thousand dollars."

"Are you in love with this girl, Mr. Philips?" enquired Douglas.

"Yes, I will not deny the fact, and I think this whole scheme of Treсто's, is only designed to thwart me in obtaining Miss Oldenburgh, as my wife." At this juncture, Mr. Philips gave Mr. Douglas a history of his acquaintance with Ame-

lia, and his warm attachment to her.

"Come, then, Mr. Philips, go home with me, and when she comes you can take my place. I will resign her to you with my whole heart."

"You are very kind, my friend, to give me such a treasure; and, as you will nevertheless go west, you will do me the honor to accept that tract of land in Missouri, as a present from me."

"You are very good, Mr. Philips, I accept your present with gratitude.—Your participation in this wedding must be kept secret for a month, or until I and my sister can get so far away that he cannot injure us."

"Yes, certainly; this will be very necessary, as Treсто might do you bodily harm," replied Mr. Philips. After all necessary arrangements for Mr. Douglas' journey and Mr. Philips' wedding, the two young men left the city for Maryland. When they arrived, they found poor Sara under serious apprehensions as to her brother's welfare; for, the more she reflected over the hasty bargain with Mr. Treсто, the more she feared and regretted it, and when Mr. Philips and her brother arrived, she was haggard and pale.

"Why, Sara," exclaimed Douglas, "have you been sick since I have been away?" regarding his faithful sister tenderly, as he said "Mr. Philips, Sara; will you not welcome us home."

"Yes, brother, I am ever glad to have you here, even if all things are not as I could wish."

"Courage, Sister," replied Jesse, who appeared in high spirits. "Come, give us some supper, for we are quite hungry. Mr. Philips will excuse me while I assist you."

Following Sara into the kitchen, he said to her "don't look so sad, sister, I have good news for you." And Jesse gave Sara a full history of all his arrangements with Mr. Philips.

"Thank God, Jesse," sobbed Sara,

throwing her arms around his neck, and weeping tears of relief. "You will not now be subject to such a horrible action, as it would be to wed a girl under such circumstances."

Mr. Douglas now returned to the parlor to converse with Mr. Philips, and Sara was not long in getting up a supper that they relished quite as well as their scheme against Mr. Treсто's villainous plot against Amelia. Mr. Philips and Jesse were several days preparing a complete disguise. At length it was finished and Sara was called to see it.

"I declare, Jesse, it is very like you indeed. I did not think a mask could be made to look so life like. You are a little too tall, but that will not be observable."

"I think the change complete," said Mr. Douglas, laughing. "Mr. Treсто will not once think that it is not me."

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Rust, a minister who was let into the secret, to perform the marriage ceremony, "and I will call your name in such a manner that he shall not hear what it is. It makes me laugh now to think how that old scamp, Treсто, will rave and storm. The old reprobate."

"Much depends on you, Mr. Rust," said Douglas, "but I know you are competent to the task, were it more difficult than it is."

"Have no fears Mr. Philips, it is a good work and will prosper."

They were interrupted at this time by the door bell. A messenger announced that Mr. Treсто had just arrived, and wished to see Mr. Douglas, at his rooms in the hotel. Jesse waited upon him immediately. Mr. Treсто was walking the bar room uneasily as Mr. Douglas entered, but soon stopped and grasped his hand eagerly; then led the way to a private room, and pointing to a chair, he turned the key in the door, then seating himself, he began—"You see, Douglas,

I am here with Miss Amelia, as I promised; are you ready to fulfil your engagement as you agreed?"

"Yes," replied Douglas, "I am ready."

"Then come here at nine o'clock this evening," said Mr. Treсто, in a whisper, "and bring a minister with you. You shall have the balance of your money in the morning. I suppose you have made your arrangements to start west tomorrow?"

"Oh yes, we go on the ten o'clock train," answered Jesse, rising and bowing to Mr. Treсто. "I will be here at nine, and I hope the young lady will be ready for the occasion."

"Certainly, Mr. Douglas, no fail I assure you."

Jesse returned home, and after a brief consultation with his friends, they all dressed for the occasion. Jesse with a heavy black wig, bushy whiskers, and mask, completely metamorphosed Mr. Philips. Mr. Rust and Sara pronounced the deception complete. They looked at the clock and perceived that it was half-past eight. "Come," said Mr. Rust, "it is time for us to be going," and they were soon knocking at Mr. Treсто's private room door.

Mr. Treсто opened it, and introduced them to Miss Mary Treсто; Mr. Douglas performing the same courtesy for the minister, and the other gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Fry. Amelia sat in a chair dressed in her bridal robe, in a stupor, the effect no doubt of some drug they had administered to her. A vacant chair stood by her side. Mr. Treсто led Mr. Douglas, as he thought, to it. Miss Mary requested Miss Sara to stand up with her brother's bride. "Prompt her," said Mary in a whisper. "Yes," answered Sara, "I am at your service."

Poor Amelia! the drug had made her a mere machine.

Mr. Rust now requested them to stand up. The masked Mr. Douglas took Ame-

lia's cold and motionless hand. Miss Sara helped her from her chair, and by a little prompting, Amelia answered the questions put to her.

The marriage being complete, as Mr. Tresto did not detect the name of Philips in the place of Douglas, he promptly handed over to Mr. Douglas, twenty-five hundred dollars, to close up the bargain, as he said "my contract with you, Mr. Douglas, is complete."

"Yes, entirely so," said Mr. Philips, "and mine with you is equally satisfactory, I hope, Mr. Tresto."

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, then," said Mr. Philips, "I must return home immediately, as there is much to be done before the train leaves, which is at ten o'clock in the morning." The farewell was now taken and the Douglas party returned home. As soon as they arrived, Miss Sara put Amelia to bed, for she was still under the influence of the awful drug.

Mr. Philips now became alarmed, and would have a physician, who, soon as he saw her, administered an emetic, which soon restored her to her senses. When consciousness returned, all left the room but Sara.

"What is the matter with me?" asked Amelia, endeavoring to rise.

"You are ill, my dear," replied Miss Sara, in a soothing voice.

"Where am I? I feel as if something dreadful had happened. Can you tell me what it is? Where is Miss Mary Tresto and her father; do you know?" demanded Amelia.

"Yes, my dear; they are still at the hotel, I believe."

"Then why am I here?"

"I will tell you. Mr. Tresto and his daughter laid a plot against you, intending to marry you to my brother," and Miss Sara gave Amelia a full account of all the stratagems that the Trestos intended to practice on her; of her bro-

ther's accidental meeting with Mr. Philips, and of Mr. Philips personifying her brother, and marrying her himself.

"Can it be possible that I am really Mrs. Philips?"

"In truth you are, my good girl," replied Miss Sara, pleased that Amelia appeared to be happy at the thought.

"It now appears like a pleasant dream, if it is true, I ask nothing better."

"My dear girl, doubt it not," and Sara kissed the beautiful bride, with a feeling akin to that a fond mother would a darling daughter.

(Concluded next month.)

I KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

During a recent epidemic in New Orleans, a young man died, alone and a stranger, and an aged woman who attended his solitary funeral, stooped down and kissed him in his coffin, saying "*I kiss him for his mother's sake!*"

I kiss him for his mother's sake!

I know not where, in all the land,

Or frozen north, or sunny south,

His childhood's happy home may stand.

I only know that, in that home,

When the first beams of morning break,

His mother's prayer is poured for him,—

And so I kiss him for *her* sake.

Oh how she loved him!—With what care

Watched o'er him all his childhood's days;

Smiled when he smiled; how sweet to her

His infant lisp, and winning ways.

And when to manhood grown, did Time

Aught from that love its vigor take?

Oh no! it only *stronger* grew!

And so I kiss him for *her* sake.

He wandered far in foreign lands;

He died—and none he loved were nigh!

Not e'en his mother hung o'er him,

To catch the last—the parting sigh!

Oh! were she here, as I am now,

I know one last embrace she'd take;

One kiss—ere closed the coffin lid;

And so I kiss him for *her* sake.

Our Social Chair.

AN old Minister "away Down East," writes a friend, used to tell me the following story:—

"Among the boys who belonged to my congregation, was a little, curly-headed, bright-eyed six year old, who was never known to sit still but three minutes in all his life, and those three were spent in trying to hatch up some plan to do mischief. The old tithing man of the parish was a rough, cross-grained, squint-eyed "son of thunder," and why he was chosen to fill that office I never knew, unless it was to strike terror into the hearts of the mischievous urchins who used to be seated in the gallery with the old tithing man at their head, to keep order and stillness in the house. At the least uneasy movement of the body, or the shuffling of a foot, up would spring the old, cross-grained tithing man, and with a look from beneath his shaggy eye-brows that was meant for lightning, and a fearful shake of his rod, he would scowl black as a thunder cloud down on the trembling culprit.

Our little chap of six years hated him as he did poison, and whenever his back was turned, was sure to do something to set the other boys to giggling, or to make a noise, more, however, out of love of fun than of any malice that he bore the tithing man.

One sultry Sabbath afternoon, in the month of August, the old tithing man got tired with keeping his eagle eye forever on the mischievous urchins around him, and feeling with others the effects of the close, sultry atmosphere, he began to nod his head and was soon fast asleep.

Now it chanced that his head had locks as red as a smith's glowing furnace, and they curled tight all over his cranium, which, as it was bowed on the railing of the gallery in front, seemed almost to radiate the intense summer heat.

Six-year old came up softly behind and

seeing that he was too fast asleep to be easily awakened, he commenced running his finger-through his curls of flaming red hair, and drawing it out as a smith will draw a nail-rod from a glowing furnace. He then used the railing of the gallery for an anvil, and laying his finger on it, commenced pounding away at it with his fist, as a smith will shape a heated rod of iron into nails.

The whole congregation saw it, for the gallery was directly in front of the audience, and a universal titter commenced. Some hid their faces in their pocket handkerchiefs, and shook as if their sides would split; others screwed down their faces and tried to look solemn, while some of the less guarded little urchins, who beheld it, laughed outright.

At last the noise awoke the tithing man himself, who arose from his seat with awful dignity and gazed around him, wondering at the cause of the disturbance; but the little nail-maker had slipped away to his seat, where he sat looking as demure as though nothing had happened.

As it was, the tithing man felt his dignity so encroached upon, when he came to learn the facts, that he resigned his position, to the great joy of all the urchins, and our young nail-maker in particular."

—

This reminds us of an incident in our juvenile days, when we were the regular attendant of the Sabbath School—an incident that directly caused our expulsion from the school. While the Church was being newly furnished with pews, we were paraded every Sunday to another church, that was much smaller than ours, on which occasions the scholars were packed in out of the way corners, to make room for the congregations of both churches. Being among the elder boys, (and no doubt among the worst,) it was our lot to be placed just in front of the pulpit, where

the eyes of the officiating minister and those of the whole congregation could be upon us, and keep us in good order. The service went on with accustomed regularity and devoutness until the text was given out. "So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—Rev. chap. 3, verse 16.

On hearing this, we whispered to a playmate sitting beside us (who on that day was fortunate enough to be dressed in a new suit), "Sam, did you hear *that*? look out for your new suit of clothes!" This caused Sam to titter a little, then a little louder, and finally to break into a suppressed sneezing kind of snort, that, like gaping, was infectious, as most of the other boys followed suit, and the laughter became general. The minister and congregation were dumb-founded to such a degree by this unexpected procedure, that the service was brought prematurely to a close. After the congregation had been dismissed, and each of the boys had been questioned and cross-questioned with much delay and difficulty, it was at last made clear who was the guilty party; when, in solemn tones we were addressed on the awful consequences of our course, and, after an ejaculation similar to that addressed towards a criminal upon whom the sentence of death had been pronounced by the judge, we were formally excluded from the school.

Our plea, that "it was unintentional," or "only a few words uttered without thought," were of no avail. "An example must be made," was the conclusion of this tribune of unfaltering, merciful, christian men.

THE following incident in natural history, from the *Crescent City Herald*, is, not only suggestive but prettily told, and well worthy of a place in the Chair:

A few days since while taking a walk in the sunshine, our attention was drawn upwards by the shrill screaming of an Osprey soaring above us. We soon discovered that he held in his grasp a fish, with which he was making his way to tall timber. The cause of his uneasiness, was soon dis-

covered. A large Eagle, the veritable "American Eagle," was after him, under full wing, and was rapidly gaining. The hawk sought to escape by circling upwards, but in vain—the eagle was soon upon him, and darting after him with the swiftness of an arrow, broke his hold upon his prey. The fish fell towards the earth, but the quick movements of the eagle soon arrested it, and grasping it in his talons, soared away in triumph. The hawk did not seem at all pleased with this harsh treatment, and manifested a very vindictive hostility by making several vicious swoops at the king of birds, at the same time protesting in language peculiar to himself, against this highway robbery. We concluded the American Eagle is certainly a filibuster. Shame on him, to blemish his hitherto fair character by outright robbery.

THE following feeling picture of a husband's anxieties and aspirations, during the temporary absence from the State of his heart's idol, and towards one whose beautiful thoughts have often found utterance in the pages of this Magazine, though somewhat tinged with melancholy, will be read with interest by the many admirers of her writings:

My thoughts are out upon the boundless ocean, where the storm king rules with despotic sway, and piles wave upon wave, mountains high. They are not always there—'tis because my treasure is there—she whose heart to my own is joined in ties which time, nor change, nor space, nor aught else but death can sever. And now, while I am thinking of her, a dark, shadowy gloom hangs, like a cloud o'er the horizon, which separates between her and me; and if a believer in the forewarnings and bodings of evil, as many are, it were difficult to resist the conclusion that some accident, some great calamity had or was about to befall her, or the noble steamer, freighted with so many, anxiously looked for by long separated kindred and friends. But all such relics of superstition I repel, and will attribute those gloomy feelings to their true cause—a sense of the void and loneliness caused by the absence of a dearly loved one.

There is however, one thought, unpleas-

ant though it be, which like an intruder comes upon me, although at the midnight hour; when the mind would feign be at peace, and the body will recoil itself within the quiet slumbers of unconscious life: when the wind sighs as it moves the boughs of the locust and cottonwood standing out upon the green, and jars the lattice at the window of the chamber once tenanted by two happy hearts—it is, that some upheaving of the mighty deep, some restless surging of the fathomless waters may, even at that same hour, be beating against the frail bark which bears upon its bosom the precious freight, the life treasure of my soul.

But casting off the heart sickening allusions of a possible, dreaded reality, alone and communing with the innermost feelings and affections of a heart, by the tender and endearing associations of the past, made keenly alive to a sense of its own loneliness—the anxious solicitude for the imperiled object of its love finds expression in a prayer:

"Oh God, thou who holdest the wind and the storm in the hollow of thy hand, and ridest upon the surface of the deep, if there be one petition, one supplication allowed to approach nearer than all others to the throne of Divine mercy, may it be the fervent prayer, in faith and sincerity, offered for the welfare and safety of the heart's *nearest, dearest friend*, while exposed to the perils of the boisterous deep."

LENAUD.

Sacramento, April 22, 1860.

It is a pleasant pastime to watch the ever varying phases of Indian life and character, especially when admitting the aphorism that "straws tell which way the wind blows." The following is from the *North Californian*, and will speak for itself:

Riding by Mad River the other day, we came upon a pleasing and suggestive spectacle. An old lady of aboriginal derivation, was apparently surveying her melowered beauties in the pool. Closer inspection revealed the fact that she was trying on a few yards of salmon ware—wicker worked twigs—a *la* crinoline. The prime

difficulty seemed to be in making a perfect fit *over* a calico gown and three blankets. We regret that hurry alone prevented our witnessing the complete result. Deriving much comfort from the incident, we left—reflecting how that the "deformed thief, fashion," was, after all, the boldest missionary.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A young Indian (a Digger) failed in his attentions to a young squaw. She made complaint to an old chief, who appointed a hearing or trial. The lady laid the case before the Judge, and explained the nature of the promise made to her. It consisted of sundry visits to her wigwam, "many undefinable attentions" and presents, a bunch of feathers, and several yards of red flannel. This was the charge. The faithless swain denied the "undefinable attentions" *in toto*. He had visited her father's wigwam for the purpose of passing away time, when it was not convenient to hunt; and had given the feathers and flannel from friendly motives, and nothing further. During the latter part of the defense the squaw fainted. The plea was considered invalid, and the offender sentenced to give the lady "a yellow feather, a brooch that was then dangling from his nose, and a dozen coon skins."

ALTHOUGH not decked in all the gewgaws of pampered wealth, nor clothed in the trappings of royalty, although not *the* chair of State, yet that I hold a high and honorable position in the government, none will deny. To the privilege of occupying a seat upon me, men of genius, of talent and learning have aspired, but few have succeeded. All consider it an honor, not a mere empty one—but one coupled with substance and emolument, even for a limited time, to have a seat upon me.

To show my brother and sister Chairs the importance of my position, I have but to refer them to the every day proceedings of our own Legislative bodies and those of other states.

Listen to the announcements and dictations emanating from this department of the government. "The Chair rules the motion out of order." "If there be no objection the gentleman from *Alturas* will have leave to *make* a motion—the Chair hears no objection"—and if it be the desire of the *Chair* that no motion should

be made, it is one of the privileges of the *Chair*, to hear none, even though many should be made. Also, "the *Chair* is of the opinion the ayes have it"—and should the *Chair* so desire and the sound for the *noes* be much the louder, yet it is the privilege of the *Chair* to announce *its* opinion that the "ayes have it." Again,—“the *Chair* rules that the point of order is not well taken,” and should any one feel dissatisfied with the ruling and appeal from the decision of the *Chair*, the question shall the decision of the *Chair* stand as the judgment of the House?—is put, and generally carried.

However, it is not every successful aspirant to a seat upon this *Chair* who retires with honor, from the position. It is not the province of this *Chair* to confer honor, but simply an opportunity to develop genius and a fitness and qualification to preside over deliberative bodies, and to preserve order and harmony amid the storms of excitement attendant upon a conflict of mental powers.

As for my ancestry, it dates far back in the world's history, and has always been associated with the liberty of the people and in opposition to oppression and tyranny. Do you enquire of my future? I answer—when human freedom is trampled in the dust—when the liberty of speech and of the press is no longer enjoyed as a right—when crowned heads, potentates and sovereigns, rule the world as with a hand of iron, then and not till then will there cease to be a

SPEAKER'S CHAIR.

Sacramento, April 27, 1860.

EXCELLENT yarns will bear telling twice, which remark will premise the reason for the following being found in our social chair.

In a tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkansas, I arrived at the ferry on Cache river. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the ferry-flat lay tied to a "snag" in the edge of the water. Several bear-skins, deer-skins, and coon-skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery; but

the door was closed, and no bar-keeper, ferry-man, or other person was in sight—I halloed at the top of my voice some half dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I proceeded to read as follows:

"NOATIS.

"ef enny boddie cums hear arter lickier, or to git Akross the Rivver, They kin jist blo This hear Horne, and ef i dont cum, when my wife betsey up at the House heers the Horne a bloin' sheel cum down and sel the lickier, or set em Akross the Rivver,—ime gwine a fishin'. no credit when ime away from hum. *john Wilson.*

"N. B.—Them that can't read will have to go too the Hous arter Betsey: 'taint but half a mile thar."

In obedience to the "noatis" I took the "blowing-horn" which was stuck in a crack of the wall, close by the door, and gave it a "toot" or two, which reverberated far around the cane and swamp, and in a few moments was answered by a voice scarcely less loud and reverberating than that of the horn. It seemed to be about half a mile up the river; and in about fifteen minutes a stalwart female made her appearance, and asked if I wanted "licker."

"No, madam, I want to cross the river."

"Don't you want some lickier *just*?"

"No, madam, I don't drink. I never touch liquor of any description."

"Never tech lickier! Why, you must be a preacher, then ain't you?"

"No, madam, I am simply a temperance man. I wish to get across the river, if you please. Do you row the boat?"

"Oh yes; I can take you over in less than no time. Fetch me yer boss."

I obeyed; asking, as I led the horse into the boat, "Did your husband write that advertisement on the door there?"

"No, Si-r-r. Schoolmaster Jones writ that. My old man hain't got no larnin'."

The old woman rowed the boat safely across that ugly stream; and, handing her the ferry-fee, I bade her good-morning, believing then, as I still do, that she was one of the happiest women and best wives I ever saw; perfectly contented with her lot, because she knew no better.

BORROWING is a bad thing at the best; but "borrowing trouble" is perhaps the most foolish investment of "foreign capital" that a man or woman can make. An amusing instance of this species of "operation" is set forth in a down-East news-

paper, wherein a man relates his experience, in a financial way, on the occasion of the failure of a local bank :

"As soon as I heerd of it, my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I got any bills on that bank? I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact.' So I put on my coat, and I 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way. And when I got there, I looked keerfully, and found that I hadn't got no bills onto that bank—*nor any other*. Then I felt easier."

There have been a thousand instances of "borrowing trouble" when it was not a whit better "secured" than in the present example.

MANY of the curious may like to look over the following statement of the ages of several eminent English writers, whose compositions are often republished in *Harpers Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated paper*, and others, without any credit whatever, so that they may appear original, while they are only selected.

James Hannay, 32; Julia Kavanagh, 35; Matthew Arnold, 35; Florence Nightingale, 36; Rev. C. Kingsley, 40; Captain Mayne Reid, 41; G. H. Lewes, 42; Tom Taylor, 42; Shirley Brooks, 43; Albert Smith, 43; William Howard Russell, 43; Professor Aytoun, 46; R. Browning, 47; C. Mackay, 47; C. Dickens, 47; W. M. Thackeray, 48; A. Tennyson, 49; Fanny Kemble, 49; Sir Archibald Alison, 49; Mark Lemon, 50; Edward Miall, 50; R. M. Milnes, 50; W. E. Gladstone, 50; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 51; Charles Lever, 53; Professor Maurice, 54; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 54; Benjamin Disraeli, 54; Harrison Ainsworth, 54; Mary Howitt, 55; H. Martineau, 57; Mrs. Gore, 59; S. C. Hall, 59; Mrs. Marsh, 60; Barry Cornwall, 60; Samuel Lover, 61; Albany Fonblaque, 62; Rev. G. R. Gleig, 63; T. Carlyle, 64; W. Howitt, 64; Sir John Bowring, 67; Rev. H. H. Millman, 68; J. P. Collier, 70; Francis Trollope, 72; W. J. Fox, 73; Sir W. Napier, 74; Rev. Dr. Croly, 74; Lord Brougham, 81; and Walter Savage Landor, 84.

The *Alameda Herald* tells the following anecdote of our ex-Governor Weller, which is worth preserving in the Social Chair:—

"It seems that, recently, one of those persons that are often met with in this country seeking employment, came to the

premises of his Excellency and found him pruning his vineyard, which employment made it necessary to divest him of his coat, and altogether gave him the appearance of a real laborer. The stranger approached the Governor, and the following colloquy ensued: "I say Cap, does the man that owns these premises want to hire any more help?" "No sir, I think not; he has all the help he wants at present." "Right nice place, this." "Yes, this is a very good farm." "Well, Cap, if it is a fair question, what wages do you get here?" "Oh, I only get my board and clothes, and nothing to brag of at that." "You must be harder up than I am, to work for them prices." The Governor allowed his interrogator to depart without correcting his mistake, and he continued to use the pruning knife."

THE following excellent morceau from the *North Californian* is guaranteed authentic.

Willie W. , *ætat* 4, height two feet 9 inches; complexion florid, hair curly; eyes large, blue, and expressive of perpetual astonishment; temperament sanguine and impulsive. Rushes frantically home from church on Communion Sunday—dives into the maternal arms—gasps "Oh, Ma! Ma! the minister brought his lunch with him, he did, he did, *I saw it on the table*."

THE following 'item' will partially explain why so few made money in the early days of gold seeking in California, and give a striking contrast to the prices of articles, as well as of labor, between that time and the present:

A gentleman who kept a store at Spanish Bar, on the Middle Fork of the American river, in 1850, sends the following transcript from his books to the *Grass Valley National*:

NATHANIEL ELLIS Bought, Jan. 1, 1850.		
400 lbs. Flour,	\$400 00
115 " Mess Pork,	115 00
6 " Salt,	5 00
47 " Beans,	42 40
10 " Butter,	25 00
10 " Sugar,	10 00
1½ " Sole Leather,	1 50

\$598 90

The prices above given, were less than

the ordinary retail rates — Ellis having bought to sell again. Those were the days when ounce diggings wouldn't pay. At the date of the bill, however, trading was not so lucrative as it had been a few months previous. Drinks and cigars had come down from one dollar to four bits each, and whiskey from one ounce to five dollars a bottle.

The Fashions.

On the morning of the day usually devoted to this department by its editress, a fire broke forth in an adjoining building,

and by its fearful ravages swept away the building owned by her and all its contents, so that her attention has naturally been otherwise engaged; but with the kind indulgence of our readers, she hopes to meet them again next month.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

As this was compiled, and by some oversight mislaid until it was too late for insertion this month, we are reluctantly compelled to defer its publication until next.

Editor's Table.

THE present number completes THE FOURTH VOLUME OF THE CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. Four years, with their anxieties and gratifications, their toils and pleasures, their disappointments and hopes, their sorrows and joys, have rolled away into the irrevocable past, since its first publication. Like the miner, who year after year keeps drifting ahead in his tunnel with the hope and expectation that "pay dirt" will be found "just a little further in," have we labored unflinchingly on. Unlike many an industrious company of miners, who toil on, on, without even receiving a sufficient remuneration from the drift to pay for the mining tools, candles, blasting powder, fuse and other essential etceteras required in their work, we have met with an amount of success that has enabled us from its proceeds, to defray the cost of the materials used—but *no more*. As yet, every dollar that has been received has been paid out for engravings, composition, press-work, paper, binding, and other requisite expenses, directly incurred by the work, without allowing anything for our current personal expenses even. There are but few who prefer, even if they can afford it, to "work for nothing and board themselves," and we cannot confess to being exceptions to that rule.

This is not all, inasmuch as before the first number of this Magazine was issued we traveled from one end of the State to the other, in search of sketches and information of and about California, with which to embellish and enrich our work, so that it might be the more worthy of the great end we had in view; in which employment nearly four years of time and some six thousand dollars in money were expended, and of which no return whatever has yet been made.

The fact is we committed a financial error at the commencement of publication, in placing the subscription price of a California *illustrated* Magazine at \$3 00 per year, 25 cents per single number—instead of \$4 00 per year, and 37½ cents per single number. For a Magazine with the same amount of reading matter, *without illustrations*, some little profit might have been realized. The Pioneer Magazine, containing 64 pages, without illustrations, was \$5 00 per year, or 50 cents per single number. The Pacific Expositor, containing about the same amount of reading matter as the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, without illustrations, is \$3 00 per year, or 37½ cents per single number. The Pacific Medical Journal, of about the same size, without illustrations, is \$5 00 per year, or 50 cents

per number. The Hesperian, and California Culturist, both of which are published at an outlay not exceeding that of the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, are, the former at \$4 00 per year, and the latter \$5 00 per year. We mention this not by any means as a reflection upon those excellent journals, but to show, that, relying upon a much larger circulation, ours was commenced, and has been continued, at too low a price, for an *illustrated* California work.

With these facts before our friends, not for complaint, will they please allow us to suggest, *that each subscriber and purchaser endeavor to get at least one more to join him*, so that our circulation may be doubled—and which, while it will afford some little towards our personal expenses, will also enable us to add improvements now in contemplation.

—
If any of our subscribers have any numbers of this Magazine for March, 1857, which they do not intend to bind into a volume, we are authorized to offer \$1 00 each for two copies of that date, or for four current numbers. It will also very much oblige us, if any persons having numbers one and nine for July, 1856, and March, 1857, if they do not require them for binding, to send them to our office, and we will forward in return two or even three of the current month, or exchange them for almost any other numbers.

—
SINCE our last issue, the entire State has been thrown into great excitement by the painful tidings of the massacre of several whites, at different points on the Carson River, Territory of Nevada, by the Indians, and their houses burned to the ground. As this was deemed the commencement of a protracted Indian war in that section, military companies were formed immediately and started out, one of which, numbering some 105 men, came upon the enemy near Pyramid Lake, who being well armed and in great numbers, forced the whites to retreat, with a loss of twenty-one men killed, besides others being wounded.

A number of horses, and all the supplies were taken by the Indians. As soon as this news was sent from one end of the State to the other, several military companies were called out and others formed, to march at once to the seat of war. Public meetings were convened and subscriptions raised to provide all the necessary supplies. At the request of Governor J. G. Downey, all the arms and ammunition required were placed by Gen. Clarke at the service of the State.

Each of the Washoe mining districts were declared under martial law, and all the able bodied men to be found were ready to render assistance. Fearing an attack at Virginia City, all the women and children were gathered within a fire-proof building, and defenses erected around it. Much of this alarm was altogether unnecessary, as none of the hostile Indians were found to be within fifty miles.

It would seem from the information at hand, that the Pah Utah, Pitt River, Shoshones and other Indians, to the number of about 1500, are in league together, instigated and commanded by some unprincipled whites, generally thought to be Mormons; but whether this is founded in fact or not has yet to be proved. Be that as it may, the peaceful settlements in Nevada Territory are harassed by Indian aggressions and excesses. It is rumored that a white man entered the hut of one of the principal chiefs of the Pah Utahs, and without the least provocation deliberately shot him down, and in revenge for this his people attacked the whites. We give this as rumor only, although it may be true.

—
It is a humiliating fact, that nearly the entire newspaper press, not only of this State but of the United States, and Europe, for the time being, unhappily, has overlooked its great and ennobling mission of human elevation and refinement, and polluted its columns by publishing the particulars of the recent brutal encounter between two pugilists; and thus winked at, or pandered to, one of the most demoral-

izing exhibitions the world ever saw. Not only has the subject been forced upon the public through the journals of the day, as an item of news, but column upon column of biographical, historical and descriptive pugilism have been presented, that directly magnified its actors into great men and heroes, as when a city has been saved from destruction, or a country delivered from ruthless invasion.

Now we ask our brethren of the press, if this be right? If it is well, that such brutalizing encounters should be magnified into importance as items of news, even, outside the columns of journals devoted almost exclusively to such themes; to say nothing of "full particulars" being inconsiderately thrust into family circles, and almost necessarily made the subject of conversation at the dinner table or in the drawing-room? Are its tendencies such as will foster progress, or promote the weal of any people? Let the ebbing of this tide of demoralization, just forced to flow, but be closely watched, and it will give the answer.

We omitted to mention, last month, that the portrait of Padre Junipero Serra, daguerreotyped from a painting in the Convent of San Fernando, city of Mexico, was obtained through the kindness of Major Wm. Rich, Secretary of Legation of the United States in Mexico in 1853, and who will please accept our thanks.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

☞ This month will complete our *Fourth Volume* — see Editor's Table. We most cordially, and with heart-feeling gratitude, return our sincere thanks to our many kind friends, who, from month to month, have sent us articles and subscriptions for our magazine during the past year. We hope they are not yet weary in well doing, but intend to continue their favors in the next, and for many years to come.

We shall be most happy at any time to receive offerings to California literature

from its numerous friends, and from those, too, who have not before written for this magazine.

Any persons sending us their address with their articles, will always receive a reply by letter, with the assurance that even though their favors should prove unsuitable, their rejection will be strictly confidential.

B. T.—There is an unfairness in your arguments that precludes the acceptance of your article.

M. P.—Sunshine may be oppressive and almost unendurable, but we do not see how the same truth will apply to happiness.

D.—Yours are always welcome.

E.—We shall be pleased to receive other articles from your pen.

D. P.—If you write to the State Superintendent of Education, he will give you the information required. We cannot.

A., Oroville.—You cannot have read our notices to contributors, or you would have found that nothing which occurs of *sect* or *party* is admissible in this magazine. Scientific, historical, or descriptive matter upon California, is always acceptable.

C. B.—Send it and let us see it. Include your name and address.

G.—We cannot insert a portion until the whole is completed, and in our possession. A little reflection will satisfactorily explain the necessity for such a rule.

C.—Thank you for your many good wishes. We hope that every bucketful of pay-dirt in your claim will be spotted with gold; for such men, when rich, generally use it well. Don't let your present success make you forget your past misfortunes, or those of others whose "row of stumps" to-day are quite as hard to "hoe" as your's were six months ago.

To Everybody.—Now is a good time to subscribe. Don't forget this, as our next No. commences the *Fifth Volume* and new year of HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. We want to double our circulation this next year. Who will help us? Now, too, is a good time to form clubs. Begin at once, and send down your subscriptions.

